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GERMAN FAIRY TALES

AND

POPULAR STORIES,

AS

TOLD BY GAMMER GRETHEL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE COLLECTION OF MM. GRIMM,

By EDGAR TAYLOR.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DESIGNS

By GEORGE CRUIKSHANK AND LUDWIG GRIMM.

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PREFACE.

NEARLY fifteen years ago the English public had its first regular introduction to the curious and amusing popular Tales circulating among the Germans, as collected, and so admirably edited, by the learned and excellent MM. Grimm, brethren not only in kindred but in literary taste and industry.

Another race of that class of readers for whose entertainment such stories are more peculiarly adapted has since arisen, and the Translators have been induced once again to resort to the sources from whence they drew their former supply, for the purpose of re-arranging, revising, and adding to their budget, so as to produce it in a new form, and with the omission of those parts for which it is probable least interest will be felt.

Such as it is, they present their compilation to their young friends, and will add, in substance, a few of the observations which they before prefixed in explanation of them.

They admit, as they did then, that they were first induced to compile this little work by the eager relish with which a few of the tales were received by the young friends to whom they were narrated. In this feeling the Translators did not hesitate to avow their own participation; added years have left them pretty much in the same position; and Sir Walter Scott, in his letter to one of the translators (which will be found at the end of this volume), has given to their feelings the sanction of his weighty authority. Popular fictions and traditions are somewhat gone out of fashion; yet most will own them to be associated with the brightest recollections of their youth. They

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are, like the Christmas Pantomime, ostensibly brought forth to tickle the palate of the young, but are often received with as keen an appetite by those of graver years. There is, moreover, a debt of gratitude due to these ancient friends and comforters. "They have been the revivers of drowsy age at midnight; old and young have with such tales chimed mattins till the cock crew in the morning; batchelors and maides have compassed the Christmas fire-block till the curfew bell rang candle out: the old shep-heard and the young plow-boy, after their daye's labor, have carold out the same to make them merrye with; and who but they have made long nightes seem short, and heavy toyles easie?"

Much might be urged against that too rigid and philosophic (we may rather say, unphilosophic) exclusion of works of fancy and fiction from the libraries of children, which is advocated by some. Our imagination is surely as susceptible of improvement by exercise as our judgment or our memory; and so long as such fictions only are presented to the young mind as do not interfere with the important department of moral education, there can surely be no objection to the pleasurable employment of a faculty in which so much of our happiness in every period of life consists.

But the amusement of the hour was not the Translators' only object. The rich collection from which the following tales are selected is very interesting in a literary point of view, as affording a new proof of the wide and early diffusion of these gay creations of the imagination; apparently flowing from some great and mysterious fountain-head, whence Calmuck, Russian, Celt, Scandinavian, and German, in their various ramifications, have imbibed their earliest lessons of moral instruction.

It is probably owing principally to accidental causes that some countries have carefully preserved their ancient stores of fiction, while they have been suffered, in England, to pass to oblivion or corruption, notwithstanding the patriotic example of a few such names as Hearne, Spelman, and Le Neve; who did not disdain to turn towards them the light of their carefully-trimmed lamp, scanty and ill-furnished as it often was. A very interesting and ingenious article in

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the "Quarterly Review" (No. XLI.), to which the Translators readily acknowledge their particular obligations, first revived attention to the subject, and showed how wide a field lay open, interesting to the antiquarian as well as to the reader who only seeks amusement.

Since that period, and especially since the appearance of the Translators' first publication, the subject has been actively enough investigated. Mr. Keightley, in his "*Fairy Mythology*" and his "*Tales and Popular Fictions*," has pretty well exhausted the subject, and has elevated it into a branch of literary science, from which probably the public will be glad to turn to the practical and more amusing form in which the stories themselves elucidate their own nature and history.

The collection from which the following Tales are mainly taken is one of great extent, obtained for the most part by MM. Grimm from the mouths of German peasants. The result of their labours ought to be peculiarly interesting to English readers, inasmuch as many of their national tales are proved to be of the highest northern antiquity, and common to the parallel classes of society in countries whose populations have been long and widely disjoined. Strange to say, "Jack, commonly called the Giant-killer, and Thomas Thumb," as the Quarterly Reviewer observes, "landed in England from the very same hulls and warships which conveyed Hengist and Horsa, and Ebba the Saxon." The Cat, whose identity and London citizenship, in the story of Whittington, appeared so certain; Tom Thumb, whose parentage Hearne had traced; and the Giant-destroyer of Tylney, are equally renowned among the humblest inhabitants of Munster and Paderborn.

The connexion between the popular tales of remote and unconnected regions is very remarkable, in the richest collection of this sort of narrative which any country can boast—disguised as it is under a bombastic and almost unreadable style—we mean the "*Pentamerone, overo Trattenemiento de li Piccerille*,"—"Fun for the Little Ones,"—published by Giov. Battista Basile, early in the 17th century, as compiled from the stories current among the Neapolitans. It is singular that the German and the Neapolitan

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tales (though the latter were till lately quite unknown to foreigners, and never, we believe, translated), bear the strongest and most minute resemblances. The elements of some of "*The Nights* [*Notti piacevoli*] *of Straparola*" were published first in 1550; but in the latter collection this class of fictions occupies apparently only an accidental station, the bulk of his tales being of the Italian School of Novelle. The *Pentamerone* seems drawn from original sources, and was probably compiled without any knowledge of *Straparola*, although the latter is earlier in date. The two works have only four pieces in common. The French "*Contes des Fées*" have many points in common with the *Pentamerone* and the German Stories.

The nature and immediate design of the present publication exclude the introduction of some of those stories which would, in a literary point of view, be most curious. With a view to variety, the Translators have rather avoided than selected those, the leading incidents of which are already familiar to the English reader; and have therefore often deprived themselves of the interest which comparison would afford. There were also many stories of great merit, and tending highly to the elucidation of ancient mythology, customs, and opinions, which the fastidiousness of modern taste, especially in works likely to attract the attention of youth, warned them to pass by. In those tales which they have selected they have occasionally made variations which divers considerations dictated. They have, however, generally noticed these variations, when they are substantial, in the Notes; but, in most cases, the alteration consists merely in the curtailment of adventures or details, not affecting the main plot or character of the story; or amounts to little more than the license necessarily taken in recounting a popular story, according to the humour of the reciter.

A few Notes are added, but the Translators trust it will always be borne in mind that their little work makes no literary pretensions; that its immediate design precludes several of the subjects which would be most attractive to many as matters of research; that professedly critical dissertations would therefore be out of place; and that such

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subjects have, as before observed, been abundantly elucidated in works professedly directed to that object.

With regard to style, the Translators have been anxious to adopt that which they have ever found, by experience, most suitable to the class of readers whose tastes and capacities they had mainly in view; and, indeed, that which appears in every respect best adapted to the subject—namely, the purely English elements of our language. From these they have very rarely, and only under the pressure of almost absolute necessity, departed.

Our GAMMER GRETHEL, the supposed narrator of the stories, in fact lived, though under a different name. She was the Frau Viehmännin, the wife of a peasant in the neighbourhood of Hesse-Cassel, and from her mouth a great portion of the stories were written down by MM. Grimm. She died not long after MM. Grimm's first publication, her family having suffered much in the latter part of the last French war. M. Ludwig Grimm himself sketched her intelligent and characteristic features for the frontispiece to a later edition of his brother's collection; and we, with great satisfaction, place a copy of it at the head of this volume. His designs, also, form the bases of our illustrations of ROSE-BUD, THE GOOSE-GIRL (tailpiece), SNOWDROP, and HANSEL AND GRETHEL. Most of the others are from the old designs of Geo. Cruikshank; the whole being now engraved on wood by Byfield.



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Oh, the happy, happy season,
Ere bright Fancy bent to Reason;
When the spirit of our stories
Filled the mind with unseen glories;
Told of creatures of the air,
Spirits, fairies, goblins, rare,
Guarding man with tenderest care;
When before the blazing hearth,
Listening to the tale of mirth,
Sons and daughters, mother, sire,
Neighbours, all drew round the fire;
Lending open ear and faith
To what some learned gossip saith!
But the fays and all are gone,
Reason, Reason, reigns alone;
Every grace and charm is fled,
All by dulness banished!
Thus we ponder, slow and sad,
After Truth the world is mad;
Ah, believe me, Error too
Hath its charms, nor small, nor few.

From Voltaire.

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CONTENTS.

EVENING THE FIRST.

PAGE

THE GOLDEN GOOSE 1
THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE 6
THE FOX'S BRUSH 14
FAIRY SONG 24

EVENING THE SECOND.

ROSE-BUD 25
FRITZ AND HIS FRIENDS 31
THE ELFIN GROVE 37

EVENING THE THIRD.

THE JEW IN THE BUSH 46
ASHPUTTEL 51
THE WAITS OF BREMEN 61

EVENING THE FOURTH.

RUMPEL-STILTS-KEN 67
BRUIN AND THE TITS 72
THE NOSE-TREE 76

EVENING THE FIFTH.

THE GOOSE-GIRL 86
KING GRIZZLE-BEARD 96
THE MAN IN THE BAG 101
KARL KATZ 106

EVENING THE SIXTH.

THE BEAR AND THE SKRATTEL 115
HANS IN LUCK 128
TOM THUMB 137

Digitized by Google

EVENING THE SEVENTH.

PAGE
SNOW-DROP 147
THE FOUR CRAFTS-MEN 157
CAT-SKIN 163
SONG TO THE LADY-BIRD 170

EVENING THE EIGHTH.

JORINDA AND JORINDEL 171
THUMBLING THE DWARF AND THUMBLING THE GIANT . 175
THE WATER OF LIFE 185

EVENING THE NINTH.

THE BLUE LIGHT 195
THE THREE CROWS 202
CHANTICLEER AND PARTLET 206
THE FROG-PRINCE 214

EVENING THE TENTH.

THE ELVES AND THE COBBLER 219
CHERRY THE FROG-BRIDE 222
THE DANCING SHOES 231

EVENING THE ELEVENTH.

MASTER SNIP 238
GIANT GOLDEN-BEARD 246
PEE-WIT 255
SPITZ AND THE SPARROW 261

EVENING THE TWELFTH.

HANSEL AND GRETHEL 266
LILY AND THE LION 280
DONKEY-WORT 288
HEADS OFF 296

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GAMMER GRETHEL.

WHO SHE WAS AND WHAT SHE DID.



GAMMER GRETHEL was an honest, good-humoured farmer's wife, who, a while ago, lived far off in Germany.

She knew all the good stories that were told in that country; and every evening about Christmas time the boys and girls of the neighbourhood gathered round her to hear her tell them some of her budget of strange stories.

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One Christmas, being in that part of the world, I joined the party; and begged her to let me write down what I heard, for the benefit of my young friends in England. And so, for twelve merry evenings, beginning with Christmas eve, we met and listened to her budget.

Many a time have my acquaintances, of both sexes, called for a chapter out of my Tale-book: and as I have reason to think that there may be a great many more—not only of boys and girls, but of men and women too—than I know, or should like the trouble of reading to, who would be glad to have been of Gammer Grethel's party, or at least would like to know how it was that she so much amused her friends, I at last resolved to print the collection, for the benefit of all those who may wish to read it.

"And so, Gentle Reader," as a worthy old writer has said with regard to some similar matter of amusement, "craving thy kind acceptance, I wish thee as much willingness to the reading, as I have been forward in the printing: and so I end,—Farewell."

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EVENING THE FIRST.

THE GOLDEN GOOSE—THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE—THE FOX'S BRUSH.

THE GOLDEN GOOSE.*

THERE was a man who had three sons. The youngest was called Dummling—which is much the same as Dunderhead, for all thought he was more than

* "Die Goldene Gans" of Grimm; from Hesse and Paderborn. "The manner in which Loke, in the *Edda*, hangs to the eagle is," MM. Grimm observe, "better understood after a perusal of the story of the Golden Goose, to which the lads and lasses who touch it adhere." —*Quart. Rev.* XLI. They add that the Golden Goose, buried at the root of an oak, and fated to be the reward of virtue, and to bring

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half a fool—and he was at all times mocked and ill-treated by the whole household.

It happened that the eldest son took it into his head one day to go into the wood to cut fuel; and his mother gave him a nice pasty and a bottle of wine to take with him, that he might refresh himself at his work. As he went into the wood, a little old man bid him good day, and said, "Give me a little piece of meat from your plate, and a little wine out of your bottle, for I am very hungry and thirsty." But this clever young man said, "Give you my meat and wine? No, I thank you, I should not have enough left for myself:" and away he went. He soon began to cut down a tree; but he had not worked long before he missed his stroke, and cut himself, and was forced to go home to have the wound dressed. Now it was the little old man that sent him this mischief.

Next went out the second son to work: and his mother gave him too a pasty and a bottle of wine. And the same little old man met him also, and asked him

blessing on its owner, seems only one of the various types by which, in these tales, happiness, wealth, and power, are conferred on the favourites of fortune. The prize is here poetically described as so attractive, that whatever approaches clings to it as to a magnet.

The Dummling is drawn with his usual characteristics; he is sometimes inferior in stature, sometimes in intellect, and at other times in both: his resemblance to the Däumling or Thumbling is obvious; and though his name has now an independent meaning, we should suspect it to have been originally the same: unless the appearance of the character in the *Pentamerone*, iii. 8, by the unambiguous name of "Lo Gnorante," be against our theory. We leave this singular personage in the hands of MM. Grimm; referring also to the *Altdeutsche Wälder*, where our hero is pointed out as appearing under the appellation of "Dummeklare," in the Romance of *Parcifal*.

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for something to eat and drink. But he too thought himself very clever, and said, "The more you eat the less there would be for me: so go your way!" The little man took care that he too should have his reward, and the second stroke that he aimed against a tree hit him on the leg; so that he too was forced to go home.

Then Dummling said, "Father, I should like to go and cut wood too." But his father said, "Your brothers have both lamed themselves; you had better stay at home, for you know nothing about the business of wood-cutting." But Dummling was very pressing; and at last his father said, "Go your way! you will be wiser when you have smarted for your folly." And his mother gave him only some dry bread and a bottle of sour beer. But when he went into the wood, he met the little old man, who said, "Give me some meat and drink, for I am very hungry and thirsty." Dummling said, "I have only dry bread and sour beer; if that will suit you we will sit down and eat it, such as it is, together." So they sat down; and when the lad pulled out his bread, behold it was turned into a rich pasty: and his sour beer, when they tasted it, was delightful wine. They ate and drank heartily; and when they had done, the little man said, "As you have a kind heart, and have been willing to share everything with me, I will send a blessing upon you. There stands an old tree; cut it down, and you will find something at the root." Then he took his leave, and went his way.

Dummling set to work, and cut down the tree; and when it fell, he found, in a hollow under the roots, a

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goose with feathers of pure gold. He took it up, and went on to a little inn by the roadside, where he thought to sleep for the night on his way home. Now the landlord had three daughters; and when they saw the goose they were very eager to look what this wonderful bird could be, and wished very much to pluck one of the feathers out of its tail. At last the eldest said, "I must and will have a feather." So she waited till Dummling was gone to bed, and then seized the goose by the wing; but to her great wonder there she stuck, for neither hand nor finger could she get away again. Then in came the second sister, and thought to have a feather too; but the moment she touched her sister, there she too hung fast. At last came the third, and she also wanted a feather; but the other two cried out, "Keep away! for Heaven's sake, keep away!" However, she did not understand what they meant. "If they are there," thought she, "I may as well be there too." So she went up to them; but the moment she touched her sisters she stuck fast, and hung to the goose, as they did. And so they kept company with the goose all night in the cold.

The next morning Dummling got up and carried off the goose under his arm. He took no notice at all of the three girls, but went out with them sticking fast behind. So wherever he travelled, they too were forced to follow, whether they would or no, as fast as their legs could carry them.

In the middle of a field the parson met them; and when he saw the train, he said, "Are you not ashamed of yourselves, you bold girls, to run after a young man

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in that way over the fields? Is that good behaviour?" Then he took the youngest by the hand to lead her away; but as soon as he touched her he too hung fast, and followed in the train; though sorely against his will, for he was not only in rather too good plight for running fast, but just then he had a little touch of the gout in the great toe of his right foot. By and bye up came the clerk; and when he saw his master, the parson, running after the three girls, he wondered greatly, and said, "Holla! holla! your reverence! whither so fast? there is a christening to-day." Then he ran up and took him by the gown; when, lo and behold, he stuck fast too. As the five were thus trudging along, one behind another, they met two labourers with their mattocks coming from work; and the parson cried out lustily to them to help him. But scarcely had they laid hands on him, when they too fell into the rank; and so they made seven, all running together after Dummling and his goose.

Now Dummling thought he would see a little of the world before he went home; so he and his train journeyed on, till at last they came to a city where there was a king who had an only daughter. The princess was of so thoughtful and moody a turn of mind that no one could make her laugh; and the king had made known to all the world, that whoever could make her laugh should have her for his wife. When the young man heard this, he went to her, with his goose and all its train; and as soon as she saw the seven all hanging together, and running along, treading on each other's heels, she could not help bursting into a long and loud

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laugh. Then Dummling claimed her for his wife, and married her; and he was heir to the kingdom, and lived long and happily with his wife.

But what became of the goose and the goose's tail, I never could hear.

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE.*

THERE was once a fisherman who lived with his wife in a pigstye, close by the sea-side. The fisherman used to go out all day long a-fishing; and one day, as he sat on the shore with his rod, looking at the sparkling waves and watching his line, all on a sudden his float was dragged away deep into the water: and in drawing it up he pulled out a great fish. But the fish said, "Pray let me live! I am not a real fish; I am an enchanted prince: put me in the water again, and let me go!" "Oh! ho!" said the man, "you need not make so many words about the matter; I will have nothing to do with a fish that can talk: so swim away, Sir, as

* "De Fischer un siine Fru" of Grimm; a story in the Pomeranian Low German dialect, which is admirably adapted to this species of narrative, and particularly pleasing to an English ear, as bearing a remarkable affinity to his own language, or rather that of the Lowland Scotch. Take the second sentence as a specimen: "Daar satt he eens an de see, bi de angel, un sach in dat blanke water; un he sach immer (ever) na de angel," &c. During the fervour of popular feeling on the downfall of the power of the late Emperor of France, this tale became a great favourite in Germany. In the original, the last object of the wife's desire is to be as "de lewe Gott" (der liebe Gott, le bon Dieu). We have somewhat softened the boldness of the lady's ambition.

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soon as you please!" Then he put him back into the water, and the fish darted straight down to the bottom, and left a long streak of blood behind him on the wave.

When the fisherman went home to his wife in the pigstye, he told her how he had caught a great fish, and how it had told him it was an enchanted prince, and how, on hearing it speak, he had let it go again. "Did not you ask it for anything?" said the wife. "No," said the man; "what should I ask for?" "Ah!" said the wife, "we live very wretchedly here, in this nasty dirty pigstye; do go back and tell the fish we want a snug little cottage."

The fisherman did not much like the business: however, he went to the sea-shore; and when he came there the water looked all yellow and green. And he stood at the water's edge, and said,—

"O man of the sea!
Hearken to me!
My wife Ilsabill
Will have her own will,
And hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

Then the fish came swimming to him, and said, "Well, what is her will? what does your wife want?" "Ah!" said the fisherman, "she says that when I had caught you, I ought to have asked you for something before I let you go; she does not like living any longer in the pigstye, and wants a snug little cottage." "Go home, then," said the fish; "she is in the cottage already!" So the man went home, and saw his wife standing at the door of a nice trim little cottage.

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"Come in, come in!" said she; "is not this much better than the filthy pigstye we had?" And there was a parlour, and a bedchamber, and a kitchen; and behind the cottage there was a little garden, planted with all sorts of flowers and fruits; and there was a courtyard behind, full of ducks and chickens. "Ah!" said the fisherman, "how happily we shall live now!" "We will try to do so, at least," said his wife.

Everything went right for a week or two, and then Dame Ilsabill said, "Husband, there is not near room enough for us in this cottage; the courtyard and the garden are a great deal too small; I should like to have a large stone castle to live in: go to the fish again and tell him to give us a castle." "Wife," said the fisherman, "I don't like to go to him again, for perhaps he will be angry; we ought to be easy with this pretty cottage to live in." "Nonsense!" said the wife; "he will do it very willingly, I know; go along, and try!"

The fisherman went, but his heart was very heavy: and when he came to the sea, it looked blue and gloomy, though it was very calm; and he went close to the edge of the waves, and said,—

"O man of the sea!
Hearken to me!
My wife Ilsabill
Will have her own will,
And hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"Well, what does she want now?" said the fish. "Ah!" said the man, dolefully, "my wife wants to live in a stone castle." "Go home, then," said the fish; "she is standing at the gate of it already." So away

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went the fisherman, and found his wife standing before the gate of a great castle. "See," said she, "is not this grand?" With that they went into the castle together, and found a great many servants there, and the rooms all richly furnished, and full of golden chairs and tables; and behind the castle was a garden, and around it was a park half a mile long, full of sheep, and goats, and hares, and deer; and in the courtyard were stables and cow-houses. "Well," said the man, "now we will live cheerful and happy in this beautiful castle for the rest of our lives." "Perhaps we may," said the wife; "but let us sleep upon it, before we make up our minds to that." So they went to bed.

The next morning when Dame Ilsabill awoke it was broad daylight, and she jogged the fisherman with her elbow, and said, "Get up, husband, and bestir yourself, for we must be king of all the land." "Wife, wife," said the man, "why should we wish to be king? I will not be king." "Then I will," said she. "But, wife," said the fisherman, "how can you be king? the fish cannot make you a king." "Husband," said she, "say no more about it, but go and try! I will be king." So the man went away quite sorrowful to think that his wife should want to be king. This time the sea looked a dark gray colour, and was overspread with curling waves and ridges of foam as he cried out,—

"O man of the sea!
Hearken to me!
My wife Ilsabill
Will have her own will,
And hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

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"Well, what would she have now?" said the fish. "Alas!" said the poor man, "my wife wants to be king." "Go home," said the fish; "she is king already."

Then the fisherman went home; and as he came close to the palace he saw a troop of soldiers, and heard the sound of drums and trumpets. And when he went in he saw his wife sitting on a high throne of gold and diamonds, with a golden crown upon her head; and on each side of her stood six fair maidens, each a head taller than the other. "Well, wife," said the fisherman, "are you king?" "Yes," said she, "I am king." And when he had looked at her for a long time, he said, "Ah, wife! what a fine thing it is to be king! now we shall never have anything more to wish for as long as we live." "I don't know how that may be," said she; "never is a long time. I am king, it is true; but I begin to be tired of that, and I think I should like to be emperor." "Alas, wife! why should you wish to be emperor?" said the fisherman. "Husband," said she, "go to the fish! I say I will be emperor." "Ah, wife!" replied the fisherman, "the fish cannot make an emperor I am sure, and I should not like to ask him for such a thing." "I am king," said Ilsabill, "and you are my slave; so go at once!"

So the fisherman was forced to go; and he muttered as he went along, "This will come to no good, it is too much to ask; the fish will be tired at last, and then we shall be sorry for what we have done." He soon came to the sea-shore; and the water was quite black and muddy, and a mighty whirlwind blew over

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the waves and rolled them about, but he went as near as he could to the water's brink, and said,—

"O man of the sea!
Hearken to me!
My wife Ilsabill
Will have her own will,
And hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"What would she have now?" said the fish. "Ah!" said the fisherman, "she wants to be emperor." "Go home," said the fish; "she is emperor already."

So he went home again; and as he came near he saw his wife Ilsabill sitting on a very lofty throne made of solid gold, with a great crown on her head full two yards high; and on each side of her stood her guards and attendants in a row, each one smaller than the other, from the tallest giant down to a little dwarf no bigger than my finger. And before her stood princes, and dukes, and earls: and the fisherman went up to her and said, "Wife, are you emperor?" "Yes," said she, "I am emperor." "Ah!" said the man, as he gazed upon her, "what a fine thing it is to be emperor!" "Husband," said she, "why should we stop at being emperor? I will be pope next." "O wife, wife!" said he, "how can you be pope? there is but one pope at a time in Christendom." "Husband," said she, "I will be pope this very day." "But," replied the husband, "the fish cannot make you pope." "What nonsense!" said she; "if he can make an emperor, he can make a pope: go and try him."

So the fisherman went. But when he came to the shore the wind was raging, and the sea was tossed up

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and down in boiling waves, and the ships were in trouble, and rolled fearfully upon the tops of the billows. In the middle of the heavens there was a little piece of blue sky, but towards the south all was red, as if a dreadful storm was rising. At this sight the fisherman was dreadfully frightened, and he trembled so that his knees knocked together: but still he went down near to the shore, and said,—

"O man of the sea!
Hearken to me!
My wife Ilsabill
Will have her own will,
And hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"What does she want now?" said the fish. "Ah!" said the fisherman, "my wife wants to be pope." "Go home," said the fish; "she is pope already."

Then the fisherman went home, and found Ilsabill sitting on a throne that was two miles high. And she had three great crowns on her head, and around her stood all the pomp and power of the church. And on each side of her were two rows of burning lights, of all sizes, the greatest as large as the highest and biggest tower in the world, and the least no larger than a small rushlight. "Wife," said the fisherman, as he looked at all this greatness, "are you pope?" "Yes," said she, "I am pope." "Well, wife," replied he, "it is a grand thing to be pope; and now you must be easy, for you can be nothing greater." "I will think about that," said the wife. Then they went to bed: but Dame Ilsabill could not sleep all night for thinking what she should be next. At last, as she was dropping

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asleep, morning broke, and the sun rose. "Ha!" thought she, as she woke up and looked at it through the window, "after all I cannot prevent the sun rising." At this thought she was very angry, and wakened her husband, and said, "Husband, go to the fish and tell him I must be lord of the sun and moon." The fisherman was half asleep, but the thought frightened him so much that he started and fell out of bed. "Alas, wife!" said he, "cannot you be easy with being pope?" "No," said she, "I am very uneasy as long as the sun and moon rise without my leave. Go to the fish at once!"

Then the man went shivering with fear; and as he was going down to the shore a dreadful storm arose, so that the trees and the very rocks shook. And all the heavens became black with stormy clouds, and the lightnings played, and the thunders rolled; and you might have seen in the sea great black waves, swelling up like mountains with crowns of white foam upon their heads. And the fisherman crept towards the sea, and cried out, as well as he could,—

"O man of the sea!
Hearken to me!
My wife Ilsabill
Will have her own will,
And hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"What does she want now?" said the fish. "Ah!" said he, "she wants to be lord of the sun and moon." "Go home," said the fish, "to your pigstye again."

And there they live to this very day.

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THE FOX'S BRUSH.*

THE King of the East had a beautiful garden, and in the garden stood a tree that bore golden apples. Lest any of these apples should be stolen, they were always counted; but about the time when they began to grow ripe, it was found that every night one of them was gone. The king became very angry at this, and told the gardener to keep a watch under the tree all night.

The gardener set his eldest son to watch, but about twelve o'clock he fell asleep, and in the morning another of the apples was missing.

Then the second son was set to watch, and at midnight he too fell asleep, and in the morning another apple was gone.

Then the third son offered to keep watch: but the gardener at first would not let him, for fear some harm should come to him. However, at last he yielded, and

* "Der Goldene Vogel" of Grimm, a Hessian story; told also, with slight variations, in Paderborn. The substance of this tale, in which the Golden Bird is generally called the Phœnix, is of great antiquity. Perinskiold, in the catalogue to Hickes, mentions the *Saga of Artus Fagra*, and describes the contents thus: "Hist. de tribus fratribus, Carolo, Vilhielmo, atque Arturo, cogn. Fagra, regis Angliæ filiis, qui ad inquirendum Phœnicem, ut eâ curaretur morbus immedicabilis patris illorum, in ultimas usque Indiæ oras missi sunt." It appears that the same subject forms a Danish popular tale. The youngest and successful son is a character of perpetual recurrence in the German tales. He is generally despised for diminutive stature, or supposed inferiority of intellect, and passes by the contemptuous appellation of the "Dummling" (see our No. 1), and of whom we shall have occasion to say more hereafter.

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the young man laid himself under the tree to watch. As the clock struck twelve he heard a rustling noise in the air, and a bird came flying and sat upon the tree. This bird's feathers were all of pure gold; and as it was snapping at one of the apples with its beak, the gardener's son jumped up and shot an arrow at it. The arrow, however, did the bird no harm, it only dropped a golden feather from its tail, and flew away. The golden feather was then brought to the king in the morning, and all his court were called together. Every one agreed that it was the most beautiful thing that had ever been seen, and that it was worth more than all the wealth of the kingdom: but the king said, "One feather is of no use to me, I must and will have the whole bird."

Then the gardener's eldest son set out to find this golden bird, and thought to find it very easily; and when he had gone but a little way, he came to a wood, and by the side of the wood he saw a fox sitting. The lad was fond of a little sporting, so he took his bow and made ready to shoot at it. Then Mr. Reynard, who saw what he was about, and did not like the thoughts of being shot at, cried out, "Softly, softly! do not shoot me, I can give you good counsel. I know what your business is, and that you want to find the golden bird. You will reach a village in the evening, and when you get there you will see two inns, built one on each side of the street. The right-hand one is very pleasant and beautiful to look at, but go not in there. Rest for the night in the other, though it may seem to you very poor and mean." "What can such a beast

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as this know about the matter?" thought the silly lad to himself. So he shot his arrow at the fox, but he missed it, and it only laughed at him, set up its tail above its back, and ran into the wood.

The young man went his way, and in the evening came to the village where the two inns were. In the right-hand one were people singing, and dancing, and feasting; but the other looked very dirty, and poor. "I should be very silly," said he, "if I went to that shabby house, and left this charming place:" so he went into the smart house, and ate and drank at his ease; and there he stayed, and forgot the bird and his country too.

Time passed on, and as the eldest son did not come back, and no tidings were heard of him, the second son set out, and the same thing happened to him. He met with the fox sitting by the roadside, who gave him the same good advice as he had given his brother: but when he came to the two inns, his eldest brother was standing at the window where the merry-making was, and called to him to come in; and he could not withstand the temptation, but went in, joined the merry-making, and there forgot the golden bird and his country in the same manner.

Time passed on again, and the youngest son too wished to set out into the wide world, to seek for the golden bird; but his father would not listen to him for a long while, for he was very fond of his son, and was afraid that some ill-luck might happen to him also, and hinder his coming back. However, at last it was agreed he should go; for, to tell the truth, he would

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not rest at home. As he came to the wood he met the fox, who gave him the same good counsel that he had given the other brothers. But he was thankful to the fox, and did not shoot at him, as his brothers had done. Then the fox said, "Sit upon my tail, and you will travel faster." So he sat down: and the fox began to run, and away they went over stock and stone, so quickly that their hair whistled in the wind.

When they came to the village, the young man was wise enough to follow the fox's counsel, and, without looking about him, went straight to the shabby inn, and rested there all night at his ease. In the morning came the fox again, and met him as he was beginning his journey, and said, "Go straight forward till you come to a castle, before which lie a whole troop of soldiers fast asleep and snoring; take no notice of them, but go into the castle, and pass on and on till you come to a room where the golden bird sits in a wooden cage: close by it stands a beautiful golden cage; but do not try to take the bird out of the shabby cage and put it into the handsome one, otherwise you will be sorry for it." Then the fox stretched out his brush again, and the young man sat himself down, and away they went over stock and stone, till their hair whistled in the wind.

Before the castle gate all was as the fox had said: so the lad went in, and found the chamber, where the golden bird hung in a wooden cage. Below stood the golden cage; and the three golden apples, that had been lost, were lying close by its side. Then he thought to himself, "It will be a very droll thing to bring away such a fine bird in this shabby cage;" so he opened

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the door and took hold of the bird, and put it into the golden cage. But it set up at once such a loud scream, that all the soldiers awoke; and they took him prisoner, and carried him before the king.

The next morning the court sat to judge him; and when all was heard, it doomed him to die, unless he should bring the king the golden horse, that could run as swiftly as the wind. If he did this he was to have the golden bird given him for his own.

So he set out once more on his journey, sighing, and in great despair; when, on a sudden, he met his good friend the fox taking his morning's walk. "Hey-day, young gentleman!" said Reynard; "you see now what has happened from your not listening to my advice. I will still, however, tell you how you may find the golden horse, if you will but do as I bid you. You must go straight on till you come to the castle, where the horse stands in his stall. By his side will lie the groom fast asleep and snoring; take away the horse softly; but be sure to let the old leathern saddle be upon him, and do not put on the golden one that is close by." Then the young man sat down on the fox's tail; and away they went over stock and stone, till their hair whistled in the wind.

All went right, and the groom lay snoring, with his hand upon the golden saddle. But when the lad looked at the horse, he thought it a great pity to keep the leathern saddle upon it. "I will give him the good one," said he: "I am sure he is worth it." As he took up the golden saddle, the groom awoke, and cried out so loud, that all the guards ran in and took

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him prisoner; and in the morning he was brought before the king's court to be judged, and was once more doomed to die. But it was agreed that if he could bring thither the beautiful princess, he should live, and have the horse given him for his own.

Then he went his way again very sorrowful; but the old fox once more met him on the road, and said, "Why did you not listen to me? If you had, you would have carried away both the bird and the horse. Yet I will once more give you counsel. Go straight on, and in the evening you will come to a castle. At twelve o'clock every night the princess goes to the bath: go up to her as she passes, and give her a kiss, and she will let you lead her away; but take care you do not let her go and take leave of her father and mother." Then the fox stretched out his tail, and away they went over stock and stone till their hair whistled again.

As they came to the castle all was as the fox had said; and at twelve o'clock the young man met the princess going to the bath, and gave her the kiss; and she agreed to run away with him, but begged with many tears that he would let her take leave of her father. At first he said, "No!" but she wept still more and more, and fell at his feet, till at last he yielded; but the moment she came to her father's door the guards awoke, and he was taken prisoner again.

So he was brought at once before the king, who lived in that castle. And the king said, "You shall never have my daughter, unless in eight days you dig away the hill that stops the view from my window." Now this hill was so big that all the men in the whole

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world could not have taken it away: and when he had worked for seven days, and had done very little, the fox came and said, "Lie down and go to sleep! I will work for you." In the morning he awoke, and the hill was gone; so he went merrily to the king, and told him that now it was gone he must give him the princess.

Then the king was obliged to keep his word, and away went the young man and the princess. But the fox came and said to him, "That will not do; we will have all three,—the princess, the horse, and the bird." "Ah!" said the young man, "that would be a great thing; but how can it be?"

"If you will only listen," said the fox, "it can soon be done. When you come to the king of the castle where the golden horse is, and he asks for the beautiful princess, you must say, 'Here she is!' Then he will be very glad to see her, and will run to welcome her; and you will mount the golden horse that they are to give you, and put out your hand to take leave of them; but shake hands with the princess last. Then lift her quickly on to the horse, behind you; clap your spurs to his side, and gallop away as fast as you can."

All went right: then the fox said, "When you come to the castle where the bird is, I will stay with the princess at the door, and you will ride in and speak to the king; and when he sees that it is the right horse, he will bring out the bird: but you must sit still, and say that you want to look at it, to see whether it is the true golden bird or not; and when you get it into your hand, ride away as fast as you can."

This, too, happened as the fox said: they carried off

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the bird; the princess mounted again, and off they rode till they came to a great wood. On their way through it they met their old friend Reynard again; and he said, "Pray kill me, and cut off my head and my brush!" The young man would not do any such thing to so good a friend: so the fox said, "I will at any rate give you good counsel: beware of two things! ransom no one from the gallows, and sit down by the side of no brook!" Then away he went. "Well," thought the young man, "it is no hard matter, at any rate, to follow that advice."

So he rode on with the princess, till at last they came to the village where he had left his two brothers And there he heard a great noise and uproar: and when he asked what was the matter, the people said, "Two rogues are going to be hanged." As he came nearer, he saw that the two men were his brothers, who had turned robbers. At the sight of them in this sad plight his heart was very heavy, and he cried out, "Can nothing save them from such a death?" but the people said "No!" unless he would bestow all his money upon the rascals, and buy their freedom, by repaying all they had stolen. Then he did not stay to think about it, but paid whatever was asked; and his brothers were given up, and went on with him towards their father's home.

Now the weather was very hot; and as they came to the wood where the fox first met them, they found it so cool and shady under the trees, by the side of a brook that ran close by, that the two brothers said, "Let us sit down by the side of this brook and rest a while, to eat and drink." "Very well!" said he, and

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forgot what the fox had said, and sat down on the side of the brook: and while he thought of no harm coming to him they crept behind him, and threw him down the bank, and took the princess, the horse, and the bird, and went home to the king their master, and said, "All these we have won by our own skill and strength." Then there was great merriment made, and the king held a feast, and the two brothers were welcomed home; but the horse would not eat, the bird would not sing, and the princess sat by herself in her chamber, and wept bitterly.

The youngest son fell to the bottom of the bed of the stream. Luckily, it was nearly dry, but his bones were almost broken, and the bank was so steep that he could find no way to get out. As he stood bewailing his fate, and thinking what he should do, to his great joy he spied his old and faithful friend the fox, looking down from the bank upon him. Then Reynard scolded him for not following his advice, which would have saved him from all the troubles that had befallen him. "Yet," said he, "silly as you have been, I cannot bear to leave you here; so lay hold of my brush, and hold fast!" Then he pulled him out of the river, and said to him, as he got upon the bank, "Your brothers have set a watch to kill you if they find you making your way back." So he dressed himself as a poor piper, and came playing on his pipe to the king's court. But he was scarcely within the gate when the horse began to eat, and the bird to sing, and the princess left off weeping. And when he got to the great hall, where all the court sat feasting, he went straight up to the king, and told him all his brothers' roguery.

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Then it made the king very angry to hear what they had done, and they were seized and punished; and the youngest son had the princess given to him again; and he married her; and after the king's death he was chosen king in his stead.

After his marriage he went one day to walk in the wood, and there the old fox met him once more, and besought him, with tears in his eyes, to be so kind as to cut off his head and his brush. At last he did so, though sorely against his will, and in the same moment the fox was changed into a prince, and the princess knew him to be her own brother, who had been lost a great many years; for a spiteful fairy had enchanted him, with a spell that could only be broken by some one getting the golden bird, and by cutting off his head and his brush.



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SONG.

Oh ! let us be fairies, if fairies are free
From heartless, dull fancies, that plague you and me :
If labyrinths of fashion ne'er tangle their feet,
Nor pleasure brings sorrow, nor kindness deceit !

The fairies ! the fairies ! oh, be they indeed
Gay children of nature, whose home is the mead ?
Who toil not, and care not ; who, blessing and blest,
Just live out their summer, and close it in rest ?

There's wisdom with fairies : I'll visit their school,
They'll show me their Order, and teach me their Rule ;
And if they adopt me, why fare thee well, earth !
We want not each other, in mourning or mirth !

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EVENING THE SECOND.

ROSE-BUD—FRITZ AND HIS FRIENDS—THE ELFIN GROVE.

ROSE-BUD.*

A KING and queen once upon a time reigned in a country a great way off, where there were in those days fairies. Now this king and queen had plenty of money,

* "Dornröschen" of Grimm, a Hessian story. We have, perhaps, in our alteration of the heroine's name, lost one of the links of connexion, which MM. Grimm observe between this fable and that of the ancient tradition of the restoration of Brynhilda, by Sigurd, as narrated in the *Edda* of Sæmund in *Volsunga Saga*. Sigurd pierces the enchanted fortifications, and rouses the heroine. "Who is it," said

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and plenty of fine clothes to wear, and plenty of good things to eat and drink, and a coach to ride out in every day: but though they had been married many years they had no children, and this grieved them very much indeed. But one day as the queen was walking by the side of the river, at the bottom of the garden, she saw a poor little fish, that had thrown itself out of the water, and lay gasping and nearly dead on the bank. Then the queen took pity on the little fish, and threw it back again into the river; and before it swam away it lifted its head out of the water and said, "I know what your wish is, and it shall be fulfilled, in return for your kindness to me—you will soon have a daughter." What the little fish had foretold soon came to pass; and the queen had a little girl, so very beautiful that the king could not cease looking on it for joy, and said he would hold a great feast and make merry, and show the child to all the land. So he asked his kinsmen, and nobles, and friends, and neighbours. But the queen said, "I will have the fairies also, that they might be kind and good to our little daughter." Now

she, "of might sufficient to rend my armour and to break my sleep?" She afterwards tells the cause of her trance: "Two kings contended: one hight Hialmgunnar, and he was old but of mickle might, and Odin had promised him the victory. I felled him in fight, but Odin struck my head with the sleepy-thorn [the Thorn-rose or Dog-rose, see *Altdeutsche Wälder*, i. 135], and said I should never be again victorious, and should be hereafter wedded."—Herbert's *Miscell. Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 23. Though the allusion to the Sleep-rose is preserved in our heroine's name, she suffers from the wound of a spindle, as in the *Pentamerone* of G. B. Basile, v. 5. The further progress of Sigurd's, or Siegfried's, adventures will be seen in "Heads Off," another of the stories of Grimm's collection, to be found at the end of our volume.

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there were thirteen fairies in the kingdom; but as the king and queen had only twelve golden dishes for them to eat out of, they were forced to leave one of the fairies without asking her. So twelve fairies came, each with a high red cap on her head, and red shoes with high heels on her feet, and a long white wand in her hand: and after the feast was over they gathered round in a ring and gave all their best gifts to the little princess. One gave her goodness, another beauty, another riches, and so on till she had all that was good in the world.

Just as eleven of them had done blessing her, a great noise was heard in the courtyard, and word was brought that the thirteenth fairy was come, with a black cap on her head, and black shoes on her feet, and a broomstick in her hand: and presently up she came into the dining-hall. Now as she had not been asked to the feast she was very angry, and scolded the king and queen very much, and set to work to take her revenge. So she cried out, "The king's daughter shall, in her fifteenth year, be wounded by a spindle, and fall down dead." Then the twelfth of the friendly fairies, who had not yet given her gift, came forward, and said that the evil wish must be fulfilled, but that she could soften its mischief; so her gift was, that the king's daughter, when the spindle wounded her, should not really die, but should only fall asleep for a hundred years.

However, the king hoped still to save his dear child altogether from the threatened evil; so he ordered that all the spindles in the kingdom should be bought up

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and burnt. But all the gifts of the first eleven fairies were in the meantime fulfilled; for the princess was so beautiful, and well-behaved, and good, and wise, that every one who knew her loved her.

It happened that, on the very day she was fifteen years old, the king and queen were not at home; and she was left alone in the palace. So she roved about by herself, and looked at all the rooms and chambers; till at last she came to an old tower, to which there was a narrow staircase ending with a little door. In the door there was a golden key, and when she turned it the door sprang open, and there sat an old lady spinning away very busily. "Why, how now, good mother," said the princess, "what are you doing there?" "Spinning," said the old lady, and nodded her head; humming a tune, while buzz! went the wheel. "How prettily that little thing turns round!" said the princess, and took the spindle and began to try and spin. But scarcely had she touched it, before the fairy's prophecy was fulfilled; the spindle wounded her, and she fell down lifeless on the ground.

However, she was not dead, but had only fallen into a deep sleep; and the king and the queen, who just then came home, and all their court, fell asleep too; and the horses slept in the stables, and the dogs in the court, the pigeons on the house-top, and the very flies slept upon the walls. Even the fire on the hearth left off blazing, and went to sleep; the jack stopped, and the spit that was turning about with a goose upon it for the king's dinner stood still; and the cook, who was at that moment pulling the kitchen-boy

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by the hair to give him a box on the ear for something he had done amiss, let him go, and both fell asleep; the butler, who was slily tasting the ale, fell asleep with the jug at his lips: and thus everything stood still, and slept soundly.

A large hedge of thorns soon grew round the palace, and every year it became higher and thicker; till at last the old palace was surrounded and hidden, so that not even the roof or the chimneys could be seen. But there went a report through all the land of the beautiful sleeping Rose-Bud (for so the king's daughter was called): so that, from time to time, several kings' sons came, and tried to break through the thicket into the palace. This, however, none of them could ever do; for the thorns and bushes laid hold of them, as it were with hands; and there they stuck fast, and died wretchedly.

After many many years there came a king's son into that land: and an old man told him the story of the thicket of thorns; and how a beautiful palace stood behind it, and how a wonderful princess, called Rose-Bud, lay in it asleep, with all her court. He told, too, how he had heard from his grandfather that many many princes had come, and had tried to break through the thicket, but that they had all stuck fast in it, and died. Then the young prince said, "All this shall not frighten me, I will go and see this Rose-Bud." The old man tried to hinder him, but he was bent upon going.

Now that very day the hundred years were ended; and as the prince came to the thicket, he saw nothing but beautiful flowering shrubs, through which he went

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with ease, and they shut in after him as thick as ever. Then he came at last to the palace, and there in the court lay the dogs asleep; and the horses were standing in the stables; and on the roof sat the pigeons fast asleep, with their heads under their wings. And when he came into the palace, the flies were sleeping on the walls; the spit was standing still; the butler had the jug of ale at his lips, going to drink a draught; the maid sat with a fowl in her lap ready to be plucked; and the cook in the kitchen was still holding up her hand, as if she was going to beat the boy.

Then he went on still further, and all was so still that he could hear every breath he drew; till at last he came to the old tower, and opened the door of the little room in which Rose-Bud was; and there she lay, fast asleep on a couch by the window. She looked so beautiful that he could not take his eyes off her, so he stooped down and gave her a kiss. But the moment he kissed her she opened her eyes and awoke, and smiled upon him; and they went out together; and soon the king and queen also awoke, and all the court, and gazed on each other with great wonder. And the horses shook themselves, and the dogs jumped up and barked; the pigeons took their heads from under their wings, and looked about and flew into the fields; the flies on the walls buzzed again; the fire in the kitchen blazed up; round went the jack, and round went the spit, with the goose for the king's dinner upon it; the butler finished his draught of ale; the maid went on plucking the fowl; and the cook gave the boy the box on his ear.

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And then the prince and Rose-Bud were married, and the wedding feast was given; and they lived happily together all their lives long.

FRITZ AND HIS FRIENDS.*

Honest Fritz had worked hard all his life, but ill luck befell him; his cattle died, his barns were burned, and he lost almost all his money. So at last he said, "Before it is all gone I will buy goods, and go out into the world, and see whether I shall have the luck to mend my fortune."

The first place he came to was a village, where the boys were running about, crying and shouting. "What is the matter?" asked he. "See here!" said they, "we have got a mouse that we make dance to please us. Do look at him; what a droll sight it is! how he

* "Die treuen Thiere" of Grimm, from the *Schwalmgegend*, in Hesse. It is singular that nearly the same story is to be found in the *Relations of Ssidi Kur*, a collection of tales current among the Calmuck Tartars. A benevolent Brahmin there receives the grateful assistance of a mouse, a bear, and a monkey, whom he has severally rescued from the hands of their tormentors. — *Quart. Rev.* No. XLI. p. 99. There is a very similar story, "Lo Scarafone, lo Sorece, e lo Grillo," in the *Pentamerone*, iii. 5. Another in the same work, iv. 1, "La Preta de lo Gallo," embraces the incidents of the latter part of our tale. The *Gesta Romanorum* also contains a fable somewhat similar in plot, though widely different in details. The cunning device of the mouse reminds MM. Grimm of Loke, in the form of a fly, stinging the sleeping Freya till she throws off her necklace. Mrs. Jameson has given us a Canadian Indian's legend, having a similar basis.

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jumps about!" But the man pitied the poor little thing, and said, "Let the poor mouse go, and I will give you money." So he gave them some money, and took the mouse and let it run: and it soon jumped into a hole that was close by, and was out of their reach.

Then he travelled on and came to another village: and there the boys had got an ass, that they made stand on its hind legs, and tumble and cut capers. Then they laughed and shouted, and gave the poor beast no rest. So the good man gave them too some of his money, to let the poor thing go away in peace.

At the next village he came to, the young people were leading a bear, that had been taught to dance, and were plaguing the poor thing sadly. Then he gave them too some money, to let the beast go; and Master Bruin was very glad to get on his four feet, and seemed quite at his ease and happy again.

But now our traveller found that he had given away all the money he had in the world, and had not a shilling in his pocket. Then said he to himself, "The king has heaps of gold in his strong box that he never uses; I cannot die of hunger: so I hope I shall be forgiven if I borrow a little from him, and when I get rich again I will repay it all."

So he managed to get at the king's strong box, and took a very little money; but as he came out the guards saw him, and said he was a thief, and took him to the judge. The poor man told his story; but the judge said that sort of borrowing could not be suffered, and that those who took other people's money must be

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punished; so the end of his trial was that Fritz was found guilty, and doomed to be thrown into the lake, shut up in a box. The lid of the box was full of holes to let in air; and one jug of water and one loaf of bread were given him.

Whilst he was swimming along in the water very sorrowfully, he heard something nibbling and biting at the lock. All on a sudden it fell off, the lid flew open, and there stood his old friend the little mouse, who had done him this good turn. Then came the ass and the bear too, and pulled the box ashore; and all helped him because he had been kind to them.

But now they did not know what to do next, and began to lay their heads together; when on a sudden a wave threw on the shore a pretty white stone, that looked like an egg. Then the bear said, "That's a lucky thing! this is the wonderful stone; whoever has it needs only to wish, and everything that he wishes for comes to him at once." So Fritz went and picked up the stone, and wished for a palace and a garden, and a stud of horses; and his wish was fulfilled as soon as he had made it. And there he lived in his castle and garden, with fine stables and horses; and all was so grand and beautiful, that he never could wonder and gaze at it enough.

After some time some merchants passed by that way. "See," said they, "what a princely palace! The last time we were here it was nothing but a desert waste." They were very eager to know how all this had happened, and went in and asked the master of the palace how it had been so quickly raised. "I have

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done nothing myself," said he; "it is the wonderful stone that did all." "What a strange stone that must be!" said they. Then he asked them to walk in, and showed it to them.

They asked him whether he would sell it, and offered him all their goods for it; and the goods seemed so fine and costly, that he quite forgot that the stone would bring him in a moment a thousand better and richer things; and he agreed to make the bargain. Scarcely was the stone, however, out of his hands before all his riches were gone, and poor Fritz found himself sitting in his box in the water, with his jug of water and loaf of bread by his side.

However, his grateful friends, the mouse, the ass, and the bear, came quickly to help him; but the mouse found she could not nibble off the lock this time, for it was a great deal stronger than before. Then the bear said, "We must find the wonderful stone again, or all we can do will be fruitless."

The merchants, meantime, had taken up their abode in the palace; so away went the three friends, and when they came near, the bear said, "Mouse, go in and look through the keyhole, and see where the stone is kept: you are small, nobody will see you." The mouse did as she was told, but soon came back and said, "Bad news! I have looked in, and the stone hangs under the looking-glass by a red silk string, and on each side of it sits a great black cat with fiery eyes, watching it."

Then the others took counsel together, and said, "Go back again, and wait till the master of the palace

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is in bed asleep; then nip his nose and pull his hair." Away went the mouse, and did as they told her; and the master jumped up very angrily, and rubbed his nose, and cried, "Those rascally cats are good for nothing at all; they let the mice bite my very nose, and pull the hair off my head." Then he hunted them out of the room; and so the mouse had the best of the game.

Next night, as soon as the master was asleep, the mouse crept in again; and (the cats being gone) she nibbled at the red silken string to which the stone hung, till down it dropped. Then she rolled it along to the door; but when it got there the poor little mouse was quite tired, and said to the ass, "Put in your foot, and lift it over the threshold." This was soon done; and they took up the stone, and set off for the water-side. Then the ass said, "How shall we reach the box?" "That is easily managed, my friend," said the bear: "I can swim very well; and do you, donkey, put your fore feet over my shoulders;—mind and hold fast, and take the stone in your mouth;—as for you, mouse, you can sit in my ear."

Thus all was settled, and away they swam. After a time, Bruin began to brag and boast: "We are brave fellows, are not we?" said he; "what do you think, donkey?" But the ass held his tongue, and said not a word. "Why don't you answer me?" said the bear; "you must be an ill-mannered brute not to speak when you are spoken to." When the ass heard this, he could hold no longer; so he opened his mouth, and out dropped the wonderful stone. "I could not speak," said he; "did not you know I had the stone in my

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mouth? Now it is lost, and that is your fault." "Do but hold your tongue and be easy!" said the bear; "and let us think what is to be done now."

Then another council was held: and at last they called together all the frogs, their wives and families, kindred and friends; and said, "A great foe of yours is coming to eat you all up; but never mind, bring us up plenty of stones, and we will build a strong wall to guard you." The frogs hearing this were dreadfully frightened, and set to work, bringing up all the stones they could find. At last came a large fat frog, pulling along the wonderful stone by the silken string; and when the bear saw it he jumped for joy, and said, "Now we have found what we wanted." So he set the old frog free from his load, and told him to tell his friends they might now go home to their dinners as soon as they pleased.

Then the three friends swam off again for the box, and the lid flew open, and they found they were but just in time, for the bread was all eaten and the jug of water almost empty. But as soon as honest Fritz had the stone in his hand, he wished himself safe in his palace again; and in a moment he was there, with his garden, and his stables, and his horses; and his three faithful friends lived with him, and they all spent their time happily and merrily together as long as they lived. And thus the good man's kindness was rewarded; and so it ought, for—One good turn deserves another.

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THE ELFIN GROVE.*

As an honest woodman was sitting one evening, after his work was done, talking with his wife, he said, "I hope the children will not run into that grove by the side of the river; it looks more gloomy than ever; the old oak tree is sadly blasted and torn; and some odd folks, I am sure, are lurking about there, but who they are nobody knows." The woodman, however, could not say that they brought ill luck, whatever they were; for every one said that the village had thriven more than ever of late, that the fields looked gayer and greener, that even the sky was of a deeper blue, and that the moon and stars shed a brighter light. So, not knowing what to think, the good people very wisely let the new comers alone; and, in truth, seldom said or thought anything at all about them.

That very evening, the woodman's daughter Roseken, and her playfellow Martin, ran out to have a game of hide-and-seek in the valley. "Where can he be hidden?" said she; "he must have gone towards the grove; perhaps he is behind the old oak tree:" and down she ran to look. Just then she spied a little dog

* Abridged from a story in Tieck's *Phantasus*, founded on an old and well-known tradition, but considerably amplified by him. We have reduced it nearer to its primitive elements; but it is, of course, to a great extent a fancy piece, and does not pretend to that authenticity of popular currency which is claimed for the other stories. The principal incident resembles that in "Karl Katz;" and, more closely, that which has been turned to so much account by Mr. Hogg, in the *Queen's Wake*.

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that jumped and frisked round her, and wagged his tail, and led her on towards the grove. Then he ran into it, and she soon jumped up the bank by the side of the old oak to look for him; but was overjoyed to see a beautiful meadow, where flowers and shrubs of every kind grew upon turf of the softest green; gay butterflies flew about; the birds sang sweetly; and what was strangest, the prettiest little children sported about like fairies on all sides; some twining the flowers, and others dancing in rings upon the smooth turf beneath the trees. In the midst of the grove, instead of the hovels of which Roseken had heard, she could see a palace, that dazzled her eyes with its brightness.

For a while she gazed on the fairy scene, till at last one of the little dancers ran up to her, and said, "And so, pretty Roseken, you are come at last to see us? We have often seen you play about, and wished to have you with us." Then she plucked some of the fruit that grew near, and Roseken at the first taste forgot her home, and wished only to see and know more of her fairy friends. So she jumped down from the bank and joined the merry dance.

Then they led her about with them, and showed her all their sports. One while they danced by moonlight on the primrose banks, at another time they skipped from bough to bough, among the trees that hung over the cooling streams, for they moved as lightly and easily through the air as on the ground: and Roseken went with them everywhere, for they bore her in their arms wherever they wished to go. Sometimes they would throw seeds on the turf, and

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little trees would spring up; and then they would set their feet upon the branches, and rise as the trees grew under them, till they danced upon the boughs in the air, wherever the breezes carried them, singing merry songs.

At other times they would go and visit the palace of their queen: and there the richest food was spread before them, and the softest music was heard; and all around grew flowers, which were always changing their hues, from scarlet to purple, and yellow, and emerald. Sometimes they went to look at the heaps of treasure which were piled up in the royal stores; for little dwarfs were always employed in searching the earth for gold. Small as this fairy land looked from without, it seemed within to have no end; a mist hung around it to shield it from the eyes of men; and some of the little elves sat perched upon the outermost trees, to keep watch lest the step of man should break in and spoil the charm.

"And who are you?" said Roseken one day. "We are what are called elves in your world," said one whose name was Gossamer, and who had become her dearest friend: "we are told you talk a great deal about us. Some of our tribes like to work you mischief, but we who live here seek only to be happy; we meddle little with mankind, and when we do come among them it is to do them good." "And where is your queen?" said Roseken. "Hush! hush! you cannot see or know her: you must leave us before she comes back, which will be now very soon, for mortal step cannot come where she is. But you will know that she is here,

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when you see the meadows gayer, the rivers more sparkling, and the sun brighter."

Soon afterwards Gossamer told Roseken the time was come to bid her farewell; and she gave her a ring in token of their friendship, and led her to the edge of the grove. "Think of me," said she; "but beware how you tell what you have seen, or try to visit any of us again: for if you do, we shall quit this grove and come back no more." Turning back, Roseken saw nothing but the old oak and the gloomy grove she had known before. "How frightened my father and mother will be!" thought she, as she looked at the sun, which had risen some time. "They will wonder where I have been all night, and yet I must not tell them what I have seen."

Then she hastened homewards, wondering, however, as she went, to see that the leaves, which were yesterday so fresh and green, were now falling dry and yellow around her. The cottage, too, seemed changed; and when she went in, there sat her father, looking some years older than when she saw him last, and her mother, whom she hardly knew, was by his side. Close by was a young man. "Father," said Roseken, "who is this?" "Who are you that call me father?" said he; "are you—no, you cannot be—our long-lost Roseken?" But they soon saw that it was their Roseken; and the young man, who was her old friend and playfellow Martin, said, "No wonder you had forgotten me in seven years; do not you remember how we parted, seven years ago, while playing in the field?" We

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thought you were quite lost; but I am glad to see that some one has taken care of you, and brought you home at last." Roseken said nothing, for she could not tell all; but she wondered at the strange tale, and felt gloomy at the change from fairy land to her father's cottage.

Little by little she came to herself, thought of her story as a mere dream, and soon became Martin's bride. Everything seemed to thrive around them; and Roseken thought of her friends, and so called her first little girl Elfie. The little thing was loved by every one. It was pretty and very good-tempered. Roseken thought that it was very like a little elf; and all, without knowing why, called it the fairy-child.

One day, while Roseken was dressing her little Elfie, she found a piece of gold hanging round her neck by a silken thread; and knew it to be of the same sort as she had seen in the hands of the fairy dwarfs. Elfie seemed sorry at its being seen, and said that she had found it in the garden. But Roseken watched her, and soon found that she went every afternoon to sit by herself in a shady place behind the house. So one day she hid herself to see what the child did there, and to her great wonder Gossamer was sitting by her side. "Dear Elfie," she was saying, "your mother and I used to sit thus when she was young and lived among us. Oh, if you could but come and do so too! But since our queen came to us it cannot be; yet I will come and see you, and talk to you whilst you are a child; when you grow up we must part for ever."

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Then she plucked one of the roses that grew around them, and breathed gently upon it, and said, "Take this for my sake! it will now keep fresh for a whole year."

Then Roseken loved her little Elfie more than ever; and when she found that she spent some hours of almost every day with the elf, she used to hide herself and watch them without being seen; till one day, when Gossamer was bearing her little friend through the air from tree to tree, her mother was so frightened lest her child should fall, that she could not help screaming out; and Gossamer set her gently on the ground, and seemed angry, and flew away. But still she used sometimes to come and play with her little friend; and would soon, perhaps, have done so the same as before, had not Roseken one day told her husband the whole story: for she could not bear to hear him always wondering and laughing at their little child's odd ways, and saying he was sure there was something in the grove that brought them no good. So, to show him that all she said was true, she took him to see Elfie and the fairy; but no sooner did Gossamer know that he was there (which she did in an instant), than she changed herself into a raven, and flew off into the grove.

Roseken burst into tears, and so did Elfie, for she knew she should see her dear friend no more; but Martin was restless and bent upon following up his search after the fairies, so when night came he stole away towards the grove. When he came to it nothing

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was to be seen but the old oak, and the gloomy grove, and the hovels; and the thunder rolled, and the wind whistled. It seemed that all about him was angry, so he turned homewards, frightened at what he had done.

In the morning all the neighbours flocked around, asking one another what the noise and bustle of the last night could mean; and when they looked about them, their trees seemed blighted and the meadows parched, the streams were dried up, and everything seemed troubled and sorrowful.

But yet they all thought that, somehow or other, the grove had not near so forbidding a look as it used to have. Strange stories were told: how one had heard flutterings in the air, another had seen the grove as it were alive with little beings, that flew away from it. Each neighbour told his tale, and all wondered what could have happened. But Roseken and her husband knew what was the matter, and bewailed their folly; for they foresaw that their kind neighbours, to whom they owed all their luck, were gone for ever.

Among the bystanders none told a wilder story than the old ferryman, who plied across the river at the foot of the grove. He told how at midnight his boat was carried away, and how hundreds of little beings seemed to load it with treasures: how a strange piece of gold was left for him in the boat as his fare; how the air seemed full of fairy forms fluttering around; and how at last a great train passed over, that seemed to be guarding their leader to the meadows on the other side;

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and how he heard soft music floating around; and how sweet voices sang as they hovered overhead,—

Fairy Queen!
Fairy Queen!
Mortal steps are on the green;
Come away!
Haste away!
Fairies, guard your Queen!
Hither, hither, Fairy Queen!
Lest thy silvery wing be seen;
O'er the sky,
Fly, fly, fly!
Fairies, guard your lady Queen!
O'er the sky,
Fly, fly, fly!
Fairies, guard your Queen!

Fairy Queen!
Fairy Queen!
Mortal steps no more are seen;
Now we may
Down and play
O'er the daisied green.
Lightly, lightly, Fairy Queen!
Trip it gently o'er the green!
Fairies gay,
Trip away,
Round about your lady Queen!
Fairies gay,
Trip away,
Round about your Queen!

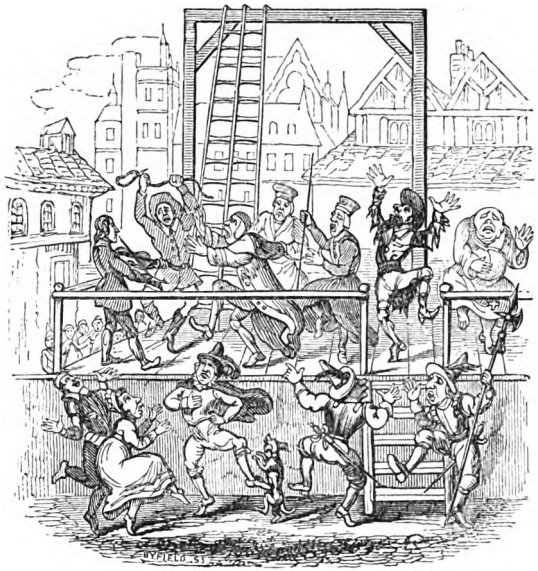
Poor Elfie mourned their loss the most; and would spend whole hours in looking upon the rose that her playfellow had given her, and singing over it the pretty airs she had taught her: till at length, when the year's

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charm had passed away, and it began to fade, she planted the stalk in her garden, and there it grew and grew, till she could sit under the shade of it, and think of her friend Gossamer.



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EVENING THE THIRD.

THE JEW IN THE BUSH — ASHPUTTEL — THE WAITS OF BREMEN.

THE JEW IN THE BUSH.*

A FAITHFUL servant had worked hard for his master, a thrifty farmer, for three long years, and had been paid no wages. At last it came into the man's head

* "Der Jude im Dorn" of Grimm. The dance-inspiring instrument will be recognised, in its most romantic and dignified form, as Oberon's Horn in *Huon de Bordeaux*. The dance in the bush forms the subject of two old German dramatic pieces of the 16th century. A disorderly monk occupies the place of the Jew; the waggish musician is called Dulla, whom MM. Grimm connect with Tyll or Dill Eulen-

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that he would not go on thus any longer: so he went to his master and said, "I have worked hard for you a long time, and without pay too. I will trust to you to give me what I ought to have for my trouble; but something I must have, and then I must take a holiday."

The farmer was a sad miser, and knew that his man was simple-hearted; so he took out three crowns, and thus gave him a crown for each year's service. The poor fellow thought it was a great deal of money to have, and said to himself, "Why should I work hard and live here on bad fare any longer? Now that I am rich I can travel into the wide world, and make myself

spiegel (Owl-glass), and the Swedish and Scandinavian word Thulr (*facetus, nugator*), the clown and minstrel of the populace. In *Herauds ok Bosa Saga*, the table, chairs, &c. join the dance. Merlin, in the old romance, is entrapped into a bush by a charm given him by his mistress Viviane.

In England we have *A Mery Geste of the Frere and the Boye*, first "emprynted at London in Flete-streete, at the sygne of the Sonne, by Wynkyn de Worde," and edited by Ritson, in his *Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry*. The boy receives

. . . . "A bowe
Byrdes for to shete,"

and a pipe of marvellous power (to be found also in our "Hansel and Grethel")—

"All that may the pype here
Shall not themselfe stere,
But laugh and lepe aboute."

The third gift is a most special one, for the annoyance of his stepdame. The dancing trick is first played on a "Frere," who loses

"His cope and his scapelary,
And all his other wede,"

and the urchin's ultimate triumph is over the "offycyall" before whom he is brought.

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merry." With that he put his money into his purse, and set out, roaming over hill and valley.

As he jogged along over the fields, singing and dancing, a little dwarf met him, and asked him what made him so merry. "Why, what should make me downhearted?" said he; "I am sound in health and rich in purse, what should I care for? I have saved up my three years' earnings, and have it all safe in my pocket." "How much may it come to?" said the manikin. "Three whole crowns," replied the countryman. "I wish you would give them to me," said the other; "I am very poor." Then the good man pitied him, and gave him all he had; and the little dwarf said, "As you have such a kind heart, I will grant you three wishes—one for each crown; so choose whatever you like." Then the countryman rejoiced at his good luck, and said, "I like many things better than money: first, I will have a bow that will bring down every thing I shoot at; secondly, a fiddle that will set every one dancing that hears me play upon it; and thirdly, I should like to be able to make every one grant me whatever I ask." The dwarf said he should have his three wishes; so he gave him the bow and fiddle, and went his way.

Our honest friend journeyed on his way too; and if he was merry before, he was now ten times more so. He had not gone far before he met an old Jew. Close by them stood a tree, and on the topmost twig sat a thrush, singing away most joyfully. "Oh, what a pretty bird!" said the Jew: "I would give a great deal of my money to have such a one." "If that's all,"

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said the countryman, "I will soon bring it down." Then he took up his bow—off went his arrow—and down fell the thrush into a bush that grew at the foot of the tree. The Jew, when he saw he could have the bird, thought he would cheat the man; so he put his money into his pocket again, and crept into the bush to find the prize. But as soon as he had got into the middle, his companion took up his fiddle and played away; and the Jew began to dance and spring about, capering higher and higher in the air. The thorns soon began to tear his clothes, till they all hung in rags about him; and he himself was all scratched and wounded, so that the blood ran down. "Oh, for Heaven's sake!" cried the Jew, "mercy, mercy, master! pray stop the fiddle! What have I done to be treated in this way?" "What hast thou done? Why thou hast shaved many a poor soul close enough," said the other; "thou art only meeting thy reward." So he played up another tune yet merrier than the first. Then the Jew began to beg and pray; and at last he said he would give plenty of his money to be set free. But he did not come up to the musician's price for some time, and he danced him along brisker and brisker. The higher the Jew danced, the higher he bid; till at last he offered a round hundred crowns, that he had in his purse, and had just gained by cheating some poor fellow. When the countryman saw so much money, he said, "I will agree to the bargain." So he took the purse, put up his fiddle, and travelled on, very well pleased with his bargain.

Meanwhile, the Jew crept out of the bush, half

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naked and in a piteous plight; and began to ponder how he should take his revenge, and serve his late companion some trick. At last he went to the judge, and said that a rascal had robbed him of his money, and beaten him soundly into the bargain; and that the fellow who did it carried a bow at his back, and had a fiddle hanging round his neck. Then the judge sent out his bailiffs to bring up the man, wherever they should find him; and so the poor countryman was soon caught, and brought up to be tried.

The Jew began to tell his tale, and said he had been robbed of his money. "Robbed, indeed!" said the countryman; "why you gave it me for playing you a tune, and teaching you to dance!" But the judge told him that was not likely; and that the Jew, he was sure, knew better what to do with his money. So he cut the matter short by sending him off to the gallows.

And away he was taken; but as he stood at the foot of the ladder he said, "My Lord Judge, may it please your worship to grant me but one boon?" "Any thing but thy life," replied the other. "No," said he, "I do not ask my life; only let me play one tune upon my fiddle for the last time." The Jew cried out, "Oh, no! no! no! for Heaven's sake don't listen to him! don't listen to him!" But the judge said, "It is only for this once, poor man! he will soon have done." The fact was, he could not say no, because the dwarf's third gift enabled him to make every one grant whatever he asked, whether they liked it or not.

Then the Jew said, "Bind me fast, bind me fast, for pity's sake!" But the countryman seized his

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fiddle, and struck up a merry tune; and at the first note, judge, clerks, and gaoler, were set a-going; all began capering, and no one could hold the Jew. At the second note the hangman let his prisoner go, and danced also; and by the time he had played the first bar of the tune, all were dancing together—judge, court, Jew, and all the people who had followed to look on. At first the thing was merry and joyous enough; but when it had gone on awhile, and there seemed to be no end of either playing or dancing, all began to cry out, and beg him to leave off: but he stopped not a whit the more for their begging, till the judge not only gave him his life, but paid him back the hundred crowns.

Then he called to the Jew, and said, "Tell us now, you rogue, where you got that gold, or I shall play on for your amusement only." "I stole it," said the Jew, before all the people; "I acknowledge that I stole it, and that you earned it fairly." Then the countryman stopped his fiddle, and left the Jew to take his place at the gallows.

ASHPUTTEL.*

THE wife of a rich man fell sick; and when she felt that her end drew nigh, she called her only daughter to her bedside, and said, "Always be a good girl,

* "Aschen-puttel" of Grimm. Several versions of this story are current in Hesse and Zwehrn, and it is one of the most universal currency. We understand that it is popular among the Welsh, as it is

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and I will look down from heaven and watch over you." Soon afterwards she shut her eyes and died, and was buried in the garden; and the little girl went every day to her grave and wept, and was always good and kind to all about her. And the snow fell and spread a beautiful white covering over the grave; but by the time the spring came, and the sun had melted it away again, her father had married another wife. This new wife had two daughters of her own, that she brought home with her; they were fair in face but foul at heart, and it was now a sorry time for the poor little girl. "What does the good-for-nothing thing want in the parlour?" said they; "they who would eat bread should first earn it: away with the kitchen-maid!" Then they took away her fine clothes, and gave her an old grey frock to put on, and laughed at her, and turned her into the kitchen.

There she was forced to do hard work; to rise early before daylight, to bring the water, to make the fire, to cook, and to wash. Besides that, the sisters plagued her in all sorts of ways, and laughed at her. In the

also among the Poles; and Schottky found it among the Servian fables. Rollenhagen in his *Froschmäuseler* (a satire of the sixteenth century), speaks of the tale of the despised Aschen-pössel: and Luther illustrates from it the subjection of Abel to his brother Cain. MM. Grimm trace out several other proverbial allusions, even in the Scandinavian traditions. And lastly, the story is in the Neapolitan *Pentamerone*, under the title of "Cennerentola." An ancient Danish ballad has the incident of the mother hearing from her grave the sorrows of her child ill-used by the step-mother, and ministering thence to its relief. "The Slipper of Cinderella finds a parallel, though somewhat sobered, in the history of the celebrated Rhodope;" so says the Editor of the late edition of Warton, vol. i. (86).

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evening when she was tired, she had no bed to lie down on, but was made to lie by the hearth among the ashes; and as this, of course, made her always dusty and dirty, they called her Ashputtel.

It happened once that the father was going to the fair, and asked his wife's daughters what he should bring them. "Fine clothes," said the first; "Pearls and diamonds," cried the second. "Now, child," said he to his own daughter, "what will you have?" "The first twig, dear father, that brushes against your hat when you turn your face to come homewards," said she. Then he bought for the first two the fine clothes and pearls and diamonds they had asked for: and on his way home, as he rode through a green copse, a hazel twig brushed against him, and almost pushed off his hat: so he broke it off and brought it away; and when he got home he gave it to his daughter. Then she took it, and went to her mother's grave and planted it there; and cried so much that it was watered with her tears; and there it grew and became a fine tree. Three times every day she went to it and cried; and soon a little bird came and built its nest upon the tree, and talked with her, and watched over her, and brought her whatever she wished for.

Now it happened that the king of that land held a feast, which was to last three days; and out of those who came to it his son was to choose a bride for himself. Ashputtel's two sisters were asked to come; so they called her up, and said, "Now, comb our hair, brush our shoes, and tie our sashes for us, for we are going to dance at the king's feast." Then she did as

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she was told; but when all was done she could not help crying, for she thought to herself, she should so have liked to have gone with them to the ball; and at last she begged her mother very hard to let her go. "You, Ashputtel!" said she; "you who have nothing to wear, no clothes at all, and who cannot even dance—you want to go the ball?" And when she kept on begging, she said at last, to get rid of her, "I will throw this dish-full of peas into the ash-heap; and if in two hours' time you have picked them all out, you shall go to the feast too."

Then she threw the peas down among the ashes; but the little maiden ran out at the back door into the garden, and cried out—

"Hither, hither, through the sky,
Turtle-doves and linnets, fly!
Blackbird, thrush, and chaffinch gay,
Hither, hither, haste away!
One and all come help me, quick!
Haste ye, haste ye!—pick, pick, pick!"

Then first came two white doves, flying in at the kitchen window; next came two turtle-doves; and after them came all the little birds under heaven, chirping and fluttering in; and they flew down into the ashes. And the little doves stooped their heads down and set to work, pick, pick, pick; and then the others began to pick, pick, pick: and among them all they soon picked out all the good grain, and put it into a dish, but left the ashes. Long before the end of the hour the work was quite done, and all flew out again at the windows.

Then Ashputtel brought the dish to her mother, overjoyed at the thought that now she should go to

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the ball. But the mother said, "No, no! you slut, you have no clothes, and cannot dance; you shall not go." And when Ashputtel begged very hard to go, she said, "If you can in one hour's time pick two of those dishes of peas out of the ashes, you shall go too." And thus she thought she should at last get rid of her. So she shook two dishes of peas into the ashes.

But the little maiden went out into the garden at the back of the house, and cried out as before—

"Hither, hither, through the sky,
Turtle-doves and linnets, fly!
Blackbird, thrush, and chaffinch gay,
Hither, hither, haste away!
One and all come help me, quick!
Haste ye, haste ye!—pick, pick, pick!"

Then first came two white doves in at the kitchen window; next came two turtle-doves; and after them came all the little birds under heaven, chirping and hopping about. And they flew down into the ashes; and the little doves put their heads down and set to work, pick, pick, pick; and then the others began, pick, pick, pick; and they put all the good grain into the dishes, and left all the ashes. Before half an hour's time all was done, and out they flew again. And then Ashputtel took the dishes to her mother, rejoicing to think that she should now go to the ball. But her mother said, "It is all of no use, you cannot go; you have no clothes, and cannot dance, and you would only put us to shame:" and off she went with her two daughters to the ball.

Now when all were gone, and nobody left at home,

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Ashputtel went sorrowfully and sat down under the hazel-tree, and cried out—

"Shake, shake, hazel-tree,
Gold and silver over me!"

Then her friend the bird flew out of the tree, and brought a gold and silver dress for her, and slippers of spangled silk; and she put them on, and followed her sisters to the feast. But they did not know her, and thought it must be some strange princess, she looked so fine and beautiful in her rich clothes; and they never once thought of Ashputtel, taking it for granted that she was safe at home in the dirt.

The king's son soon came up to her, and took her by the hand and danced with her, and no one else: and he never left her hand; but when any one else came to ask her to dance, he said, "This lady is dancing with me."

Thus they danced till a late hour of the night; and then she wanted to go home: and the king's son said, "I shall go and take care of you to your home;" for he wanted to see where the beautiful maiden lived. But she slipped away from him, unawares, and ran off towards home; and as the prince followed her, she jumped up into the pigeon-house and shut the door. Then he waited till her father came home, and told him that the unknown maiden, who had been at the feast, had hid herself in the pigeon-house. But when they had broken open the door they found no one within; and as they came back into the house, Ashputtel was lying, as she always did, in her dirty frock

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by the ashes, and her dim little lamp was burning in the chimney. For she had run as quickly as she could through the pigeon-house and on to the hazel-tree, and had there taken off her beautiful clothes, and put them beneath the tree, that the bird might carry them away, and had laid down again amid the ashes in her little grey frock.

The next day when the feast was again held, and her father, mother, and sisters were gone, Ashputtel went to the hazel-tree, and said—

"Shake, shake, hazel-tree,
Gold and silver over me!"

And the bird came and brought a still finer dress than the one she had worn the day before. And when she came in it to the ball, every one wondered at her beauty: but the king's son, who was waiting for her, took her by the hand, and danced with her; and when any one asked her to dance, he said as before, "This lady is dancing with me."

When night came she wanted to go home; and the king's son followed her as before, that he might see into what house she went: but she sprang away from him all at once into the garden behind her father's house. In this garden stood a fine large pear-tree full of ripe fruit; and Ashputtel, not knowing where to hide herself, jumped up into it without being seen. Then the king's son lost sight of her, and could not find out where she was gone, but waited till her father came home, and said to him,—"The unknown lady who danced with me has slipt away, and I think she must

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have sprung into the pear-tree." The father thought to himself, "Can it be Ashputtel?" So he had an axe brought; and they cut down the tree, but found no one upon it. And when they came back into the kitchen, there lay Ashputtel among the ashes; for she had slipped down on the other side of the tree, and carried her beautiful clothes back to the bird at the hazel-tree, and then put on her little grey frock.

The third day, when her father and mother and sisters were gone, she went again into the garden, and said—

"Shake, shake, hazel-tree,
Gold and silver over me!"

Then her kind friend the bird brought a dress still finer than the former one, and slippers which were all of gold: so that when she came to the feast no one knew what to say, for wonder at her beauty: and the king's son danced with nobody but her; and when any one else asked her to dance, he said, "This lady is *my* partner, Sir."

When night came she wanted to go home; and the king's son would go with her, and said to himself, "I will not lose her this time;" but however she again slipt away from him, though in such a hurry that she dropped her left golden slipper upon the stairs.

The prince took the shoe, and went the next day to the king his father, and said, "I will take for my wife the lady that this golden slipper fits. Then both the sisters were overjoyed to hear it; for they had beautiful feet, and had no doubt that they could wear the golden

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slipper. The eldest went first into the room where the slipper was, and wanted to try it on, and the mother stood by. But her great toe could not go into it, and the shoe was altogether much too small for her. Then the mother gave her a knife, and said, "Never mind, cut it off; when you are queen you will not care about toes; you will not want to walk." So the silly girl cut off her great toe, and thus squeezed on the shoe, and went to the king's son. Then he took her for his bride, and set her beside him on his horse, and rode away with her homewards.

But in their way home they had to pass by the hazel-tree that Ashputtel had planted; and on the branch sat a little dove singing—

"Back again! back again! look to the shoe!
The shoe is too small, and not made for you!
Prince! prince! look again for thy bride,
For she's not the true one that sits by thy side."

Then the prince got down and looked at her foot; and he saw, by the blood that streamed from it, what a trick she had played him. So he turned his horse round, and brought the false bride back to her home, and said, "This is not the right bride; let the other sister try and put on the slipper." Then she went into the room and got her foot into the shoe, all but the heel, which was too large. But her mother squeezed it in till the blood came, and took her to the king's son: and he set her as his bride by his side on his horse, and rode away with her.

But when they came to the hazel-tree the little dove sat there still, and sang—

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"Back again! back again! look to the shoe!
The shoe is too small, and not made for you!
Prince! prince! look again for thy bride,
For she's not the true one that sits by thy side."

Then he looked down, and saw that the blood streamed so much from the shoe, that her white stockings were quite red. So he turned his horse and brought her also back again. "This is not the true bride," said he to the father; "have you no other daughters?" "No," said he; there is only a little dirty Ashputtel here, the child of my first wife; I am sure she cannot be the bride." The prince told him to send her. But the mother said, "No, no, she is much too dirty; she will not dare to show herself." However, the prince would have her come; and she first washed her face and hands, and then went in and courtesied to him, and he reached her the golden slipper. Then she took her clumsy shoe off her left foot, and put on the golden slipper; and it fitted her as if it had been made for her. And when he drew near and looked at her face he knew her, and said, "This is the right bride." But the mother and both the sisters were frightened, and turned pale with anger as he took Ashputtel on his horse, and rode away with her. And when they came to the hazel-tree, the white dove sang—

"Home! home! look at the shoe!
Princess! the shoe was made for you!
Prince! prince! take home thy bride,
For she is the true one that sits by thy side!"

And when the dove had done its song, it came flying, and perched upon her right shoulder, and so went home with her.

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THE WAITS OF BREMEN.*

An honest farmer had once an ass, that had been a faithful, hardworking slave to him for a great many years, but was now growing old, and every day more and more unfit for work. His master therefore was tired of keeping him to live at ease like a gentleman, and so began to think of putting an end to him. But the ass, who was a shrewd hand, and saw that some mischief was in the wind, took himself slily off, and began his journey towards Bremen. "There," thought he to himself, "as I have a good voice, I may chance to be chosen town-musician."

* The "Bremer Stadtmusikanten" of Grimm; current in Paderborn. Rollenhagen, who in the sixteenth century wrote his poem called *Froschmäuseler* (a collection of popular satirical dramatic scenes, in which animals are the acting characters), has admirably versified the leading incidents of this story. The occupant parties who are ejected by the travellers are, with him, wild beasts, not robbers. The Germans are eminently successful in their beast stories. The origin of them it is not easy to trace: as early as the age of the Minnesingers (in the beginning of the thirteenth century) a collection of fables, told with great spirit and humour by Boner, was current; but they are more Æsopian, and have not the dramatic and instructive character of the tales before us, which bear the features of the oldest Oriental fables. In later times *Reineke de Voss* seems to be the matured result of this taste, and whether originating in Germany or elsewhere, it had there its chief popularity. To that cycle belong many of the tales collected by MM. Grimm; and accordingly the fox is constantly present, and displays everywhere the same characteristics. The moral tendency of these delightful fables is almost invariably exemplary; they always give their rewards to virtue and humanity, and afford protection to the weaker but more amiable animals against their wily or violent aggressors. Man is sometimes introduced, but generally to his disadvantage, and for the purpose of reproof and correction, as in "Spitz and the Sparrow."

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After he had travelled a little way, he spied a dog lying by the road-side, and panting as if he were very tired. "What makes you pant so, my friend?" said the ass. "Alas!" said the dog, "my master was going to knock me on the head, because I am old and weak, and can no longer make myself useful to him in hunting; so I ran away: but what can I do to earn my livelihood?" "Hark ye!" said the ass; "I am going to Bremen to turn musician: come with me, and try what you can do in the same way." The dog said he was willing, and on they jogged together, arm in arm.

They had not gone far before they saw a cat sitting in the middle of the road, with tears in her eyes, and making a most rueful face. "Pray, my good lady," said the ass, "what's the matter with you? you look quite out of spirits!" "Ah, me!" said Grimalkin; "how can a body be in good spirits when one's life is in danger? Because I am beginning to grow old, and had rather lie at my ease by the fire than run about the house after the mice, my mistress laid hold of me and was going to drown me; and though I have been lucky enough to get away from her, I know not how I am to live." "Oh!" said the ass, "by all means go with us to Bremen; you are a good night-singer, and may make your fortune as one of the Waits." The cat was pleased with the thought; so she wiped her eyes with her pocket-handkerchief and joined the party.

Soon afterwards, as they were passing by a farm-yard, they saw a cock perched upon a gate, and screaming out with all his might and main. "Bravo!"

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said the ass; "upon my word you make a famous noise; pray what is all this about?" "Why," said the cock, "I was just now telling all our neighbours that we were to have fine weather for our washing-day; and yet my mistress and the cook don't thank me for my pains, but threaten to cut off my head to-morrow, and make broth of me for the guests that are coming on Sunday!" "Heaven forbid!" said the ass; "come with us, Master Chanticleer: anything will be better than staying here to have your head cut off! Besides, who knows? If we take care to sing in tune, we may get up a concert of our own: so come along with us!' "With all my heart," said the cock: so they all four went on jollily together towards Bremen.

They could not, however, reach the town the first day; so, when night came on, they turned off the high-road into a wood to sleep. The ass and the dog laid themselves down under a great tree, and the cat climbed up into the branches; while the cock, thinking that the higher he sat the safer he should be, flew up to the very top of the tree; and then, according to his custom, before he sounded his triumph and went to sleep, looked out on all sides to see that everything was well. In doing this, he saw afar off something bright; and calling to his companions, said, "There must be a house no great way off, for I see a light." "If that be the case," said the ass, "we had better change our quarters, for our lodging here is not the best in the world!" "Besides," added the dog, "I should not be the worse for a bone or two, or a bit of meat." "And maybe," said Puss, as she licked her whiskers,

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"a stray mouse will be found somewhere about the premises." So they walked off the spot together towards the place where Chanticleer had seen the light; and as they drew near, it became larger and brighter, till they at last came close to a lonely house, where a gang of robbers lived.

The ass, being the tallest of the company, marched up to the window and peeped in. "Well, Donkey," said Chanticleer, "what do you see?" "What do I see?" replied the ass; "why I see a table spread with all kinds of good things, and robbers sitting round it making merry." "That would be a noble lodging for us," said the cock. "Yes," said the ass, "if we could only get in." So they laid their heads together, to see how they could get the robbers out; and at last they hit upon a plan. The ass set himself upright on his hind-legs, with his fore-feet resting against the window; the dog got upon his back; the cat scrambled up to the dog's shoulders, and the cock flew up and sat upon puss. When all were ready, Chanticleer gave the signal by pulling puss's tail; Grimalkin mewed, and up struck the whole band of music. The ass brayed, the dog barked, the cat mewed, and the cock crowed. Then they all broke through the window at once, and came tumbling into the room, amongst the broken glass, with a hideous clatter! The robbers, who had not been a little frightened by the opening concert, had now no doubt that some frightful hobgoblins had broken in upon them, and scampered away as fast as they could.

The coast once clear, our travellers soon sat down

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and despatched what the robbers had left with as much eagerness as if they had not hoped to eat again for a month. As soon as they had had enough, they put out the lights, and each once more sought out a resting-place to his own liking. The donkey laid himself down upon a heap of straw in the yard; the dog stretched himself upon a mat behind the door ; the cat rolled herself up on the hearth before the warm ashes; the cock perched upon a beam on the top of the house: and, as all were rather tired with their journey, they soon fell asleep.

But about midnight, when the robbers saw from afar that the lights were out and that all was quiet, they began to think that they had been in too great a hurry to run away; and one of them, who was bolder than the rest, went to see what was going on. Finding everything still, he marched into the kitchen, and groped about till he found a match, in order to light a candle. Espying the glittering fiery eyes of the cat, he mistook them for live coals, and held the match to them to light it. But the cat, not understanding such a joke, sprang at his face, and spit, and scratched at him. This frightened him dreadfully, and away he ran to the back door; but there the dog jumped up and bit him in the leg. As he was crossing over the yard, the ass kicked him; and the cock, who had been awakened by the noise, crowed with all his might.

At this the robber ran back as fast as he could to his comrades, and told the captain "how a horrid witch had got into the house, and had spit at him, and had

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scratched his face with her long bony fingers;—how a man with a knife in his hand had hidden himself behind the door, and stabbed him in the leg;—how a black monster stood in the yard and struck him with a club;—and how the devil sat upon the top of the house and cried out, 'Throw the rascal up here!'" After this the robbers never dared to go back to the house; but the musicians were so pleased with their quarters, that they never found their way to Bremen, but took up their abode in the wood: and there they live, I dare say, to this very day—"Jolly companions every one."



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EVENING THE FOURTH.

RUMPEL-STILTS-KEN—BRUIN AND THE TITS—THE NOSE-TREE.

RUMPEL-STILTS-KEN.*

By the side of a wood, in a country a long way off, ran a fine stream of water; and upon the stream there stood a mill. The miller's house was close by, and the

* "Rumpelstilzchen" of Grimm. A story of considerable currency, told with several variations. We remember to have heard a similar story from Ireland, in which the song ran,—

'Little does my lady wot
That my name is Trit-a-Trot."

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miller, you must know, had a very beautiful daughter. She was, moreover, very shrewd and clever; and the miller was so proud of her, that he one day told the king of the land, who used to come and hunt in the wood, that his daughter could spin gold out of straw. Now this king was very fond of money; and when he heard the miller's boast his greediness was raised, and he sent for the girl to be brought before him. Then he led her to a chamber in his palace where there was a great heap of straw, and gave her a spinning-wheel, and said, "All this must be spun into gold before morning, as you love your life." It was in vain that the poor maiden said that it was only a silly boast of her father, for that she could do no such thing as spin straw into gold: the chamber door was locked, and she was left alone.

In the "Tour ténébreuse et les jours lumineux, Contes Anglois, tirez d'une ancienne chronique composée par Richard surnommé Cœur de Lion, Roy d'Angleterre, Amst. 1708," the story of "Ricdin-Ricdon" contains the same incident. The song of the dwarf is as follows: —

"Si jeune et tendre femelle
N'aimant qu'enfantins ébats,
Avoit mis dans sa cervelle
Que Ricdin-Ricdon, je m'appelle,
Point ne viendroit dans mes laqs:
Mais sera pour moi la belle
Car un tel nom ne sçait pas."

There is a good deal of learned and mythologic speculation in MM. Grimm, as to the spinning of gold, for which we must refer the reader to their work. The dwarf has here, as usual, his abode in the almost inaccessible part of the mountains. In the original he rends himself asunder, in his efforts to extricate the foot which, in his rage, he had struck into the ground.

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She sat down in one corner of the room, and began to bewail her hard fate; when on a sudden the door opened, and a droll-looking little man hobbled in, and said, "Good morrow to you, my good lass; what are you weeping for?" "Alas!" said she, "I must spin this straw into gold, and I know not how." "What will you give me," said the hobgoblin, "to do it for you?" "My necklace," replied the maiden. He took her at her word, and sat himself down to the wheel, and whistled and sang,—

"Round about, round about,
Lo and behold!
Reel away, reel away,
Straw into gold!"

And round about the wheel went merrily; the work was quickly done, and the straw was all spun into gold.

When the king came and saw this, he was greatly astonished and pleased; but his heart grew still more greedy of gain, and he shut up the poor miller's daughter again with a fresh task. Then she knew not what to do, and sat down once more to weep; but the dwarf soon opened the door, and said, "What will you give me to do your task?" "The ring on my finger," said she. So her little friend took the ring, and began to work at the wheel again, and whistled and sang,—

"Round about, round about,
Lo and behold!
Reel away, reel away,
Straw into gold!"

till, long before morning, all was done again.

The king was greatly delighted to see all this glit-

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tering treasure ; but still he had not enough : so he took the miller's daughter to a yet larger heap, and said, "All this must be spun to-night ; and if it is, you shall be my queen." As soon as she was alone the dwarf came in, and said, "What will you give me to spin gold for you this third time?" "I have nothing left," said she. "Then say you will give me," said the little man, "the first little child that you may have when you are queen." "That may never be," thought the miller's daughter: and as she knew no other way to get her task done, she said she would do what he asked. Round went the wheel again to the old song, and the manikin once more spun the heap into gold. The king came in the morning, and, finding all he wanted, was forced to keep his word ; so he married the miller's daughter, and she really became queen.

At the birth of her first little child she was very glad, and forgot the dwarf, and what she had said. But one day he came into her room, where she was sitting playing with her baby, and put her in mind of it. Then she grieved sorely at her misfortune, and said she would give him all the wealth of the kingdom if he would let her off, but in vain; till at last her tears softened him, and he said, "I will give you three days' grace, and if during that time you tell me my name, you shall keep your child."

Now the queen lay awake all night, thinking of all the odd names that she had ever heard ; and she sent messengers all over the land to find up new ones. The next day the little man came, and she began with TIMOTHY, ICHABOD, BENJAMIN, JEREMIAH, and all

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the names she could remember; but to all and each of them he said, "Madam, that is not my name."

The second day she began with all the comical names she could hear of, BANDY-LEGS, HUNCH-BACK, CROOK-SHANKS, and so on; but the little gentleman still said to every one of them, "Madam, that is not my name."

The third day one of the messengers came back, and said, "I travelled two days without hearing of any other names; but yesterday, as I was climbing a high hill, among the trees of the forest where the fox and the hare bid each other good night, I saw a little hut; and before the hut burnt a fire; and round about the fire a funny little dwarf was dancing upon one leg, and singing,—

"'Merrily the feast I'll make,
To-day I'll brew, to-morrow bake;
Merrily I'll dance and sing,
For next day will a stranger bring.
Little does my lady dream
Rumpel-stilts-ken is my name!'"

When the queen heard this she jumped for joy, and as soon as her little friend came she sat down upon her throne, and called all her court round to enjoy the fun; and the nurse stood by her side with the baby in her arms, as if it was quite ready to be given up. Then the little man began to chuckle at the thoughts of having the poor child, to take home with him to his hut in the woods; and he cried out, "Now, lady, what is my name?" "Is it JOHN?" asked she. "No, madam!" "Is it TOM?" "No,

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madam!" "Is it JEMMY?" "It is not." "Can your name be RUMPEL-STILTS-KEN?" said the lady slily. "Some witch told you that!—some witch told you that!" cried the little man, and dashed his right foot in a rage so deep into the floor, that he was forced to lay hold of it with both hands to pull it out.

Then he made the best of his way off, while the nurse laughed and the baby crowed; and all the court jeered at him for having had so much trouble for nothing, and said, "We wish you a very good morning, and a merry feast, Mr. RUMPEL-STILTS-KEN!"

BRUIN AND THE TITS.*

ONE bright summer's day, as Mr. Bruin the bear and his friend the wolf were taking a walk together arm-in-arm in a wood, they heard a bird singing merrily. "Hist, hist! brother, stop a bit!" said the bear; "what can that dear bird be that sings so sweetly?" "My dear friend Bruin," said the wolf, "why, don't you know? that is his majesty the king of birds. We must take care to show him all kinds of honour." (Now

* "Der Zaunkönig und der Bär" of Grimm, from Zwehrn. We have Reynard here in his proper character; and the smaller animals triumphing by superior wit over the larger, in the same manner as, in many of the Northern traditions, the dwarfs obtain a constant superiority over their opponents the giants. In *Tuhti Nameh's* eighth fable [Calcutta and London, 1801], an elephant is punished for an attack upon the sparrow's nest, by an alliance which she forms with another bird, a frog, and a bee.

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between ourselves, you must know, Master Wolf was a wag, and was hoaxing Bruin; for the bird was after all neither more nor less than a tom-tit.) "If that be the case," said the bear gravely, "I should very much like to see the royal palace; so pray come along and show it me!" "Softly! my dear friend," said the wolf, "we cannot see it just yet, for her majesty is not at home; we had better call again when the queen comes home."

Soon afterwards the queen came with food in her beak, and she and the king her husband began to feed their young ones. "Now for it!" said the bear; "the family are at dinner." So he was about to follow them, and see what was to be seen. "Stop a little, Master Bruin!" said the wolf; "we must wait now till their majesties are gone again." So they marked the hole where they had seen the nest, and went away.

But the bear, being very eager to see the royal palace, soon slipped away, wishing his friend good morning, and came back again, and peeping into the nest, saw five or six young birds lying at the bottom of it. "What nonsense!" said Bruin: "this is not a royal palace; I never saw such a filthy place in my life; and you are no royal children, you little base-born brats!" As soon as the young tom-tits heard this they were very angry, and screamed out, "We are not base-born, you brute of a bear! our father and mother are good honest people: and you shall be well paid for your slander!" At this the bear grew frightened, and ran away to his den. But the young tits kept crying and screaming; and when their father and mother

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came home and showed them food, they all said, "We will not touch a bit, no, not the leg of a fly, though we should die of hunger, till that rascal Bruin has been well trounced for calling us base-born brats." "Make yourselves easy, my darlings!" said the old king; "you may be sure he shall have his due."

So he went out and stood before the bear's den, and cried out with a loud voice, "Bruin the bear! thou hast shamefully slandered our lawful children: we therefore hereby declare bloody war against thee and thine; which shall never cease until thou hast had thy due, thou wicked one!" Now when the bear heard this, he called together the ox, the ass, the stag, and all the beasts of the earth, in order to talk about what he should do, and how to get up an army. And the tom-tit, on his side, gathered together all the birds of the air, both great and small; and a very large army of hornets, gnats, bees, and flies, and other insects.

As the time drew near when the war was to begin, the tom-tit sent out spies, to see who was the commander-in-chief of the enemy's forces. And the gnat (who was by far the cleverest spy of them all) flew backwards and forwards in the wood where the bear's troops were, and at last hid himself under a leaf on a tree, close by which the orders of the day were given out. Then the bear, who was standing so near the tree that the gnat could hear all he said, called to the fox, and said, "Reynard, you are the cleverest of all the beasts; therefore you shall be our chief, and lead us to battle: but we must first agree upon some signal, by which we may know what you want us to do." "Be-

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hold," said the fox, "I have a fine, long, bushy tail, which looks like a plume of red feathers, and gives me a very warlike air: now bear in mind, when you see me raise up my tail, you may be sure that the battle goes well, and that you have nothing to do but to rush down upon the enemy with all your force. On the other hand, if I drop my tail, the day is lost; and you must run away as fast as you can." Now when the gnat had heard all this, she flew back to the tom-tit, and told him everything that had passed.

At length the day came when the battle was to be fought; and as soon as it was light, behold! the army of beasts came rushing forward, with such a fearful sound that the earth shook. And his majesty the tom-tit, with his troops, came flying along in warlike array, flapping and fluttering, and beating the air, so that it was quite frightful to hear; and both armies set themselves in order of battle upon the field. Now the tom-tit gave orders to a troop of hornets, that at the first onset they should march straight towards Captain Reynard, and fixing themselves about his tail, should sting him with all their might and main.

The hornets did as they were told: and when Reynard felt the first sting, he started aside and shook one of his legs, but still held up his tail with wonderful bravery. At the second sting he was forced to drop his tail for a moment. But when the third hornet had fixed itself, he could bear it no longer, but clapped his tail between his legs, and scampered away as fast as he could. As soon as the beasts saw this, they thought of course all was lost, and scoured across the country

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in the greatest dismay, leaving the birds masters of the field.

Then the king and queen flew back to their children, and said, "Now, children, eat, drink, and be merry, for the battle is won!" But the young birds said, "No! no! not till Master Bruin has humbly begged our pardon for calling us base-born."

So the king flew off to the bear's den, and cried out, "Thou villain bear! come forthwith to my abode, and humbly beseech my children to forgive thee for the reproach thou hast cast upon them; for if thou wilt not do this, every bone in thy wretched body shall be broken into twenty pieces!"

Then the bear was forced to crawl out of his den very sulkily, and do what the king bade him; and after that the cloth was laid, and the table spread, and the young birds sat down together, and ate and drank, and made merry till midnight.

THE NOSE-TREE.*

Did you ever hear the story of the three poor soldiers, who, after having fought hard in the wars, set out on their road home, begging their way as they went?

* This story comes from Zwehrn, and has been given by MM. Grimm only in an abridged form in their notes; but we wished to preserve the adventures substantially, as connected with our "Donkey-Wort," and as illustrating the antiquity and general diffusion of the leading incidents of both. The usual excrescence is a horn or horns; not, as here, "nasus, qualem noluerit ferre rogatus Atlas."

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They had journeyed on a long way, sick at heart with their bad luck at thus being turned loose on the world in their old days; when one evening they reached a deep gloomy wood, through which lay their road. Night came fast upon them, and they found that they must, however unwillingly, sleep in this wood; so, to make all as safe as they could, it was agreed that two should lie down and sleep, while a third sat up and watched, lest wild beasts should break in and tear them to pieces. When he was tired he was to wake one of the others, and sleep in his turn; and so on with the third, so as to share the work fairly among them.

The two who were to rest first soon lay down and fell fast asleep; and the other made himself a good fire under the trees, and sat down by its side to keep watch. He had not sat long before, all on a sudden, up came a little dwarf in a red jacket. "Who is there?" said he. "A friend," said the soldier. "What sort of a friend?" "An old broken soldier," said the other, "with his two comrades, who have nothing left to live on; come, sit down and warm yourself." "Well, my worthy fellow," said the little man, "I will do what I can for you; take this and show it to your comrades in the morning." So he took out an old cloak and gave it to the soldier; telling him, that whenever he put it over his shoulders anything that he wished for would be done for him. Then the little man made him a bow and walked away.

The second soldier's turn to watch soon came, and the first laid him down to sleep; but the second man

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had not sat by himself long before up came the dwarf in the red jacket again. The soldier treated him in as friendly way as his comrade had done, and the little man gave him a purse, which he told him would be always full of gold, let him draw as much as he would out of it.

Then the third soldier's turn to watch came; and he also had little Red-jacket for his guest, who gave him a wonderful horn, that drew crowds around it whenever it was played, and made every one forget his business to come and dance to its beautiful music.

In the morning each told his story, and showed the gift he had got from the elf: and as they all liked each other very much, and were old friends, they agreed to travel together to see the world, and, for a while, only to make use of the wonderful purse. And thus they spent their time very joyously; till at last they began to be tired of this roving life, and thought they should like to have a home of their own. So the first soldier put his old cloak on, and wished for a fine castle. In a moment it stood before their eyes: fine gardens and green lawns spread round it, and flocks of sheep, and goats, and herds of oxen were grazing about; and out of the gate came a grand coach with three dapple-grey horses, to meet them and bring them home.

All this was very well for a time, but they found it would not do to stay at home always; so they got together all their rich clothes, and jewels, and money, and ordered their coach with three dapple-grey horses, and set out on a journey to see a neighbouring king.

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Now this king had an only daughter, and as he saw the three soldiers travelling in such grand style, he took them for kings' sons, and so gave them a kind welcome. One day, as the second soldier was walking with the princess, she saw that he had the wonderful purse in his hand. Then she asked him what it was, and he was foolish enough to tell her,—though, indeed, it did not much signify what he said, for she was a fairy, and knew all the wonderful things that the three soldiers brought. Now this princess was very cunning and artful; so she set to work and made a purse, so like the soldier's that no one would know one from the other; and then she asked him to come and see her, and made him drink some wine that she had got ready for him, and which soon made him fall fast asleep. Then she felt in his pocket, and took away the wonderful purse, and left the one she had made in its place.

The next morning the soldiers set out home; and soon after they reached their castle, happening to want some money, they went to their purse for it, and found something indeed in it; but to their great sorrow, when they had emptied it, none came in the place of what they took. Then the cheat was soon found out; for the second soldier knew where he had been, and how he had told the story to the princess, and he guessed that she had played him a trick. "Alas!" cried he, "poor wretches that we are, what shall we do?" "Oh!" said the first soldier, "let no grey hairs grow for this mishap: I will soon get the purse back." So he threw his cloak across his shoulders, and wished himself in the princess's chamber.

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There he found her sitting alone, telling up her gold, that fell around her in a shower from the wonderful purse.

But the soldier stood looking at her too long; for she turned round, and the moment she saw him she started up and cried out with all her force, "Thieves! thieves!" so that the whole court came running in, and tried to seize on him. The poor soldier now began to be dreadfully frightened in his turn, and thought it was high time to make the best of his way off; so, without thinking of the ready way of travelling that his cloak gave him, he ran to the window, opened it, and jumped out; and unluckily, in his haste, his cloak caught and was left hanging, to the great joy of the princess, who knew its worth.

The poor soldier made the best of his way home to his comrades on foot, and in a very downcast mood; but the third soldier told him to keep up his heart, and took his horn and blew a merry tune. At the first blast a countless troop of foot and horse came rushing to their aid, and they set out to make war against their enemy. Then the king's palace was besieged, and he was told that he must give up the purse and cloak, or that not one stone should be left upon another. And the king went into his daughter's chamber and talked with her; but she said, "Let me try first if I cannot beat them some way or another." So she thought of a cunning scheme to overreach them; and dressing herself out as a poor girl, with a basket on her arm, she set out by night with her maid, and went into the enemy's camp, as if she wanted to sell trinkets.

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In the morning she began to ramble about, singing ballads so beautifully that all the tents were left empty, and the soldiers ran round in crowds, and thought of nothing but hearing her sing. Amongst the rest came the soldier to whom the horn belonged, and as soon as she saw him she winked to her maid, who slipped slily through the crowd, and went into his tent where it hung, and stole it away. This done, they both got safely back to the palace, the besieging army went away, the three wonderful gifts were all left in the hands of the princess, and the three soldiers were as penniless and forlorn as when little Red-jacket found them in the wood.

Poor fellows! they began to think what was now to be done. "Comrades," at last said the second soldier, who had had the purse, "we had better part; we cannot live together, let each seek his bread as well as he can." So he turned to the right, and the other two went to the left, for they said they would rather travel together. Then on the second soldier strayed till he came to a wood (now this was the same wood where they had met with so much good luck before), and he walked on a long time till evening began to fall, when he sat down tired beneath a tree, and soon fell asleep.

Morning dawned, and he was greatly delighted, at opening his eyes, to see that the tree was laden with the most beautiful apples. He was hungry enough, so he soon plucked and ate first one, then a second, then a third apple. A strange feeling came over his nose: when he put the apple to his mouth something was in the way. He felt it—it was his nose, that grew and

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grew till it hung down to his breast. It did not stop there—still it grew and grew. "Heavens!" thought he, "When will it have done growing?" And well might he ask, for by this time it reached the ground as he sat on the grass,—and thus it kept creeping on, till he could not bear its weight or raise himself up; and it seemed as if it would never end, for already it stretched its enormous length all through the wood, over hill and dale.

Meantime his comrades were journeying on, till on a sudden one of them stumbled against something. "What can that be?" said the other. They looked, and could think of nothing that it was like but a nose. "We will follow it and find its owner, however," said they. So they traced it up, till at last they found their poor comrade, lying stretched along under the apple-tree



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What was to be done? They tried to carry him, but in vain. They caught an ass that was passing, and raised him upon its back; but it was soon tired of carrying such a load. So they set down in despair, when before long up came their old friend the dwarf with the red jacket. "Why, how now, friend?" said he, laughing: "well, I must find a cure for you, I see." So he told them to gather a pear from another tree that grew close by, and the nose would come right again. No time was lost; and the nose was soon brought to its proper size, to the poor soldier's joy.

"I will do something more for you yet," said the dwarf: "take some of those pears and apples with you; whoever eats one of the apples will have his nose grow like yours just now; but if you give him a pear, all will come right again. Go to the princess, and get her to eat some of your apples; her nose will grow twenty times as long as yours did: then look sharp, and you will get what you want from her."

Then they thanked their old friend very heartily for all his kindness; and it was agreed that the poor soldier, who had already tried the power of the apple, should undertake the task. So he dressed himself up as a gardener's boy, and went to the king's palace, and said he had apples to sell, so fine and so beautiful as were never seen there before. Every one that saw them was delighted, and wanted to taste; but he said they were only for the princess; and she soon sent her maid to buy his stock. They were so ripe and rosy that she soon began eating; and had not eaten above a dozen before she too began to wonder what ailed her

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nose, for it grew and grew down to the ground, out at the window, and over the garden, and away, nobody knows where.

Then the king made known to all his kingdom, that whoever would heal her of this dreadful disease should be richly rewarded. Many tried, but the princess got no relief. And now the old soldier dressed himself up very sprucely as a doctor, and said he could cure her. So he chopped up some of the apple, and, to punish her a little more, gave her a dose, saying he would call to-morrow and see her again. The morrow came, and, of course, instead of being better, the nose had been growing on all night as before; and the poor princess was in a dreadful fright. So the doctor then chopped up a very little of the pear and gave her, and said he was sure that would do good, and he would call again the next day. Next day came, and the nose was to be sure a little smaller, but yet it was bigger than when the doctor first began to meddle with it.

Then he thought to himself, "I must frighten this cunning princess a little more before I shall get what I want from her;" so he gave her another dose of the apple, and said he would call on the morrow. The morrow came, and the nose was ten times as bad as before. "My good lady," said the doctor, "something works against my medicine, and is too strong for it; but I know by the force of my art what it is: you have stolen goods about you, I am sure; and if you do not give them back, I can do nothing for you." But the princess denied very stoutly that she had anything of the kind. "Very well," said the doctor, "you may do

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as you please, but I am sure I am right, and you will die if you do not own it." Then he went to the king, and told him how the matter stood. "Daughter," said he, "send back the cloak, the purse, and the horn, that you stole from the right owners."

Then she ordered her maid to fetch all three, and gave them to the doctor, and begged him to give them back to the soldiers; and the moment he had them safe he gave her a whole pear to eat, and the nose came right. And as for the doctor, he put on the cloak, wished the king and all his court a good day, and was soon with his two brothers; who lived from that time happily at home in their palace, except when they took an airing to see the world, in their coach with the three dapple-grey horses.

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EVENING THE FIFTH.

THE GOOSE-GIRL—KING GRIZZLE-BEARD—THE MAN IN THE BAG—KARL KATZ.

THE GOOSE-GIRL.*

THE king of a great land died, and left his queen to take care of their only child. This child was a daughter, who was very beautiful; and her mother

* "Die Gänse-magd" of MM. Grimm; a story from Zwehrn. In the *Pentamerone*, iv. 7, there is a story which remarkably agrees with the present in some of its circumstances. The intended bride is thrown overboard, while sailing to her betrothed husband, and the

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loved her dearly, and was very kind to her. And there was a good fairy too, who was fond of the princess, and helped her mother to watch over her. When she grew up, she was betrothed to a prince who lived a great way off; and as the time drew near for her to be married, she got ready to set off on her journey to his country. Then the queen her mother packed up a great many costly things; jewels, and gold, and silver; trinkets, fine dresses, and in short everything that became a

false one takes her place. The king is dissatisfied with the latter, and in his passion sends the brother of the lost lady (who had recommended his sister) to keep his geese. The true bride, who has been saved by a beautiful mermaid, or sea-nymph, rises from the water, and feeds the geese with princely food and rose-water. The king watches, observes the fair lady combing her beautiful locks, from which pearls and diamonds fall; and the fraud is discovered. The story of the goose-girl is certainly a very remarkable one, and has several traits of very original and highly traditional character. Tacitus mentions the divination of the ancient Germans by horses. Saxo Grammaticus also tells how the heads of horses offered in sacrifices were cut off: and the same practice among the Wendi is mentioned by Prætorius. The horse without head is mentioned by the Quarterly Reviewer, as appearing in a Spanish story, and he vouches for its having also migrated into this country. "A friend," he adds, "has pointed out a passage in Plato, *De Legibus*, lib. vi., in which the sage alludes to a similar superstition among the Greeks." Where the horse got his name of Falada, MM. Grimm profess not to know, though the coincidence of the first syllable inclines them to assign to it some consanguinity with Roland's steed. The golden and silvery hair is often met with in these tales, and the speaking charm given the princess (which in the original is a drop of blood, not a lock of hair) is also not uncommon.

In the original, an oath is extorted by force from the true bride, and it is that which prevents her disclosure of the story to the king, who finds out a plan for her evading the oath, by telling the tale into the oven's mouth, whence of course it reaches him, though in a sufficiently second-hand way to save the fair lady's conscience.

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royal bride. And she gave her a waiting-maid to ride with her, and give her into the bridegroom's hands; and each had a horse for the journey. Now the princess's horse was the fairy's gift, and it was called Falada, and could speak.

When the time came for them to set out, the fairy went into her bed-chamber, and took a little knife, and cut off a lock of her hair, and gave it to the princess, and said, "Take care of it, dear child; for it is a charm that may be of use to you on the road." Then they all took a sorrowful leave of the princess; and she put the lock of hair into her bosom, got upon her horse, and set off on her journey to her bridegroom's kingdom.

One day, as they were riding along by a brook, the princess began to feel very thirsty; and she said to her maid, "Pray get down, and fetch me some water in my golden cup out of yonder brook, for I want to drink." "Nay," said the maid, "if you are thirsty, get off yourself, and stoop down by the water and drink; I shall not be your waiting-maid any longer." Then she was so thirsty that she got down, and knelt over the little brook, and drank; for she was frightened, and dared not bring out her golden cup; and she wept and said, "Alas! what will become of me?" And the lock answered her, and said,

"Alas! alas! if thy mother knew it,
Sadly, sadly, would she rue it."

But the princess was very gentle and meek, so she said nothing to her maid's ill behaviour, but got upon her horse again.

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Then all rode further on their journey, till the day grew so warm, and the sun so scorching, that the bride began to feel very thirsty again; and at last, when they came to a river, she forgot her maid's rude speech, and said, "Pray get down, and fetch me some water to drink in my golden cup." But the maid answered her, and even spoke more haughtily than before: "Drink if you will, but I shall not be your waiting-maid." Then the princess was so thirsty that she got off her horse, and lay down, and held her head over the running stream, and cried and said, "What will become of me?" And the lock of hair answered her again,

> "Alas! alas! if thy mother knew it,
> Sadly, sadly, would she rue it."

And as she leaned down to drink the lock of hair fell from her bosom, and floated away with the water. Now she was so frightened that she did not see it; but her maid saw it, and was very glad, for she knew the charm; and she saw that the poor bride would be in her power, now that she had lost the hair. So when the bride had done drinking, and would have got upon Falada again, the maid said, "I shall ride upon Falada, and you may have my horse instead:" so she was forced to give up her horse, and soon afterwards to take off her royal clothes and put on her maid's shabby ones.

At last, as they drew near the end of their journey, this treacherous servant threatened to kill her mistress if she ever told any one what had happened. But Falada saw it all, and marked it well.

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Then the waiting-maid got upon Falada, and the real bride rode upon the other horse, and they went on in this way till at last they came to the royal court. There was great joy at their coming, and the prince flew to meet them, and lifted the maid from her horse, thinking she was the one who was to be his wife; and she was led upstairs to the royal chamber; but the true princess was told to stay in the court below.

Now the old king happened just then to have nothing else to do; so he amused himself by sitting at his kitchen-window, looking at what was going on; and he saw her in the court-yard. As she looked very pretty, and too delicate for a waiting-maid, he went up into the royal chamber to ask the bride who it was she had brought with her, that was thus left standing in the court below. "I brought her with me for the sake of her company on the road," said she; "pray give the girl some work to do, that she may not be idle." The old king could not for some time think of any work for her to do; but at last he said, "I have a lad who takes care of my geese; she may go and help him." Now the name of this lad, that the real bride was to help in watching the king's geese, was Curdken.

But the false bride said to the prince, "Dear husband, pray do me one piece of kindness." "That I will," said the prince. "Then tell one of your slaughterers to cut off the head of the horse I rode upon, for it was very unruly, and plagued me sadly on the road;" but the truth was, she was very much afraid lest Falada should some day or other speak, and tell all she had done to the princess. She carried her point, and

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the faithful Falada was killed: but when the true princess heard of it, she wept, and begged the man to nail up Falada's head against a large dark gate of the city, through which she had to pass every morning and evening, that there she might still see him sometimes. Then the slaughterer said he would do as she wished; and cut off the head, and nailed it up under the dark gate.

Early the next morning, as she and Curdken went out through the gate, she said sorrowfully,

"Falada, Falada, there thou hangest!"

and the head answered,

"Bride, bride, there thou gangest:
Alas! alas! if thy mother knew it,
Sadly, sadly, would she rue it."

Then they went out of the city, and drove the geese on. And when she came to the meadow, she sat down upon a bank there, and let down her waving locks of hair, which were all of pure silver; and when Curdken saw it glitter in the sun, he ran up, and would have pulled some of the locks out, but she cried,

"Blow, breezes, blow!
Let Curdken's hat go!
Blow, breezes, blow!
Let him after it go!
O'er hills, dales, and rocks,
Away be it whirl'd,
Till the silvery locks
Are all comb'd and curl'd!"

Then there came a wind, so strong that it blew off Curdken's hat; and away it flew over the hills: and he was forced to turn and run after it; till, by the time he

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came back, she had done combing and curling her hair, and had put it up again safe. Then he was very angry and sulky, and would not speak to her at all; but they watched the geese until it grew dark in the evening, and then drove them homewards.

The next morning, as they were going through the dark gate, the poor girl looked up at Falada's head, and cried,

"Falada, Falada, there thou hangest!"

and it answered,

"Bride, bride, there thou gangest!
Alas! alas! if thy mother knew it,
Sadly, sadly, would she rue it."

Then she drove on the geese, and sat down again in the meadow, and began to comb out her hair as before; and Curdken ran up to her, and wanted to take hold of it; but she cried out quickly,

"Blow, breezes, blow!
Let Curdken's hat go!
Blow, breezes, blow!
Let him after it go!
O'er hills, dales, and rocks,
Away be it whirl'd,
Till the silvery locks
Are all comb'd and curl'd!"

Then the wind came and blew away his hat; and off it flew a great way, over the hills and far away, so that he had to run after it; and when he came back she had bound up her hair again, and all was safe. So they watched the geese till it grew dark.

In the evening, after they came home, Curdken went to the old king, and said, "I cannot have that

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strange girl to help me to keep the geese any longer." "Why?" said the king. "Because, instead of doing any good, she does nothing but tease me all day long." Then the king made him tell him what had happened. And Curdken said, "When we go in the morning through the dark gate with our flock of geese, she cries and talks with the head of a horse that hangs upon the wall, and says,

'Falada, Falada, there thou hangest!'

and the head answers,

'Bride, bride, there thou gangest!
Alas! alas! if thy mother knew it,
Sadly, sadly, would she rue it.'"

And Curdken went on telling the king what had happened upon the meadow where the geese fed; how his hat was blown away; and how he was forced to run after it, and to leave his flock of geese to themselves. But the old king told the boy to go out again the next day: and when morning came, he placed himself behind the dark gate, and heard how she spoke to Falada, and how Falada answered. Then he went into the field, and hid himself in a bush by the meadow's side; and he soon saw with his own eyes how they drove the flock of geese; and how, after a little time, she let down her hair that glittered in the sun. And then he heard her say,

"Blow, breezes, blow!
Let Curdken's hat go!
Blow, breezes, blow!
Let him after it go!
O'er hills, dales, and rocks,
Away be it whirl'd,
Till the silvery locks
Are all comb'd and curl'd!"

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And soon came a gale of wind, and carried away Curdken's hat, and away went Curdken after it, while the girl went on combing and curling her hair. All this the old king saw: so he went home without being seen; and when the little goose-girl came back in the evening he called her aside, and asked her why she did so: but she burst into tears, and said, "That I must not tell you or any man, or I shall lose my life."

But the old king begged so hard, that she had no peace till she had told him all the tale, from beginning to end, word for word. And it was very lucky for her that she did so, for when she had done the king ordered royal clothes to be put upon her, and gazed on her with wonder, she was so beautiful. Then he called his son, and told him that he had only the false bride; for that she was merely a waiting-maid, while the true bride stood by. And the young king rejoiced when he saw her beauty, and heard how meek and patient she had been; and without saying anything to the false bride, the king ordered a great feast to be got ready for all his court. The bridegroom sat at the top, with the false princess on one side, and the true one on the other; but nobody knew her again, for her beauty was quite dazzling to their eyes; and she did not seem at all like the little goose-girl, now that she had her brilliant dress on.

When they had eaten and drank, and were very merry, the old king said he would tell them a tale. So he began, and told all the story of the princess, as if it was one that he had once heard; and he asked the true waiting-maid what she thought ought to be done

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to any one who would behave thus. "Nothing better," said this false bride, "than that she should be thrown into a cask stuck round with sharp nails, and that two white horses should be put to it, and should drag it from street to street till she was dead." "Thou art she!" said the old king; "and as thou hast judged thyself, so shall it be done to thee." And the young king was then married to his true wife, and they reigned over the kingdom in peace and happiness all their lives; and the good fairy came to see them, and restored the faithful Falada to life again.



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KING GRIZZLE-BEARD.*

A GREAT king of a land far away in the East had a daughter who was very beautiful, but so proud, and haughty, and conceited, that none of the princes who came to ask her in marriage were good enough for her, and she only made sport of them.

Once upon a time the king held a great feast, and asked thither all her suitors; and they all sat in a row, ranged according to their rank,—kings, and princes, and dukes, and earls, and counts, and barons, and knights. Then the princess came in, and as she passed by them she had something spiteful to say to every one. The first was too fat: "He's as round as a tub," said she. The next was too tall: "What a maypole!" said she. The next was too short: "What a dumpling!" said she. The fourth was too pale, and she called him "Wallface." The fifth was too red, so she called him "Coxcomb." The sixth was not straight enough; so she said he was like a green stick, that had been laid to dry over a baker's oven. And thus she had some joke to crack upon every one: but she laughed more than all at a good king who was there. "Look at him," said she; "his beard is like an old

* "König Drosselbart" of Grimm; from Hesse, the Main, and Paderborn. The story of "La Soperbia castecata," *Pentamerone*, iv. 10, has a similar turn. There are, of course, many other tales in different countries, having for their burthen "The Taming of the Shrew." It hardly need be observed that our title is not meant as a *translation* of the German name.

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mop; he shall be called Grizzle-beard." So the king got the nickname of Grizzle-beard.

But the old king was very angry when he saw how his daughter behaved, and how she ill-treated all his guests; and he vowed that, willing or unwilling, she should marry the first man, be he prince or beggar, that came to the door.

Two days after there came by a travelling fiddler, who began to play under the window and beg alms; and when the king heard him, he said, "Let him come in." So they brought in a dirty-looking fellow; and when he had sung before the king and the princess, he begged a boon. Then the king said, "You have sung so well, that I will give you my daughter for your wife." The princess begged and prayed; but the king said, "I have sworn to give you to the first comer, and I will keep my word." So words and tears were of no avail; the parson was sent for, and she was married to the fiddler. When this was over the king said, "Now get ready to go—you must not stay here—you must travel on with your husband."

Then the fiddler went his way, and took her with him, and they soon came to a great wood. "Pray," said she, "whose is this wood?" "It belongs to King Grizzle-beard," answered he; "hadst thou taken him, all had been thine." "Ah! unlucky wretch that I am!" sighed she; "would that I had married King Grizzle-beard!" Next they came to some fine meadows. "Whose are these beautiful green meadows?" said she. "They belong to King Grizzle-beard; hadst thou taken him, they had all been thine." "Ah! unlucky wretch

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that I am!" said she; "would that I had married King Grizzle-beard!"

Then they came to a great city. "Whose is this noble city?" said she. "It belongs to King Grizzle-beard; hadst thou taken him, it had all been thine." "Ah! wretch that I am!" sighed she; "why did I not marry King Grizzle-beard?" "That is no business of mine," said the fiddler: "why should you wish for another husband; am not I good enough for you?"

At last they came to a small cottage. What a paltry place!" said she; "to whom does that little dirty hole belong?" Then the fiddler said, "That is your and my house, where we are to live." "Where are your servants?" cried she. "What do we want with servants?" said he; "you must do for yourself whatever is to be done. Now make the fire, and put on water and cook my supper, for I am very tired." But the princess knew nothing of making fires and cooking, and the fiddler was forced to help her. When they had eaten a very scanty meal they went to bed; but the fiddler called her up very early in the morning to clean the house. Thus they lived for two days: and when they had eaten up all there was in the cottage, the man said, "Wife, we can't go on thus, spending money and earning nothing. You must learn to weave baskets." Then he went out and cut willows, and brought them home, and she began to weave; but it made her fingers very sore. "I see this work won't do," said he: "try and spin; perhaps you will do that better." So she sat down and tried to spin; but the threads cut her tender fingers till the blood ran. "See

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now," said the fiddler, "you are good for nothing; you can do no work: what a bargain I have got! However, I'll try and set up a trade in pots and pans, and you shall stand in the market and sell them." "Alas!" sighed she, "if any of my father's court should pass by and see me standing in the market, how they will laugh at me!"

But her husband did not care for that, and said she must work, if she did not wish to die of hunger. At first the trade went well; for many people, seeing such a beautiful woman, went to buy her wares, and paid their money without thinking of taking away the goods. They lived on this as long as it lasted; and then her husband bought a fresh lot of ware, and she sat herself down with it in the corner of the market; but a drunken soldier soon came by, and rode his horse against her stall, and broke all her goods into a thousand pieces. Then she began to cry, and knew not what to do. "Ah! what will become of me?" said she; "what will my husband say?" So she ran home and told him all. "Who would have thought you would have been so silly," said he, "as to put an earthenware stall in the corner of the market, where everybody passes?—But let us have no more crying; I see you are not fit for this sort of work, so I have been to the king's palace, and asked if they did not want a kitchen-maid; and they say they will take you, and there you will have plenty to eat."

Thus the princess became a kitchen-maid, and helped the cook to do all the dirtiest work; but she was

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allowed to carry home some of the meat that was left, and on this they lived.

She had not been there long before she heard that the king's eldest son was passing by, going to be married; and she went to one of the windows and looked out. Everything was ready, and all the pomp and brightness of the court was there. Then she bitterly grieved for the pride and folly which had brought her so low. And the servants gave her some of the rich meats, which she put into her basket to take home.

All on a sudden, as she was going out, in came the king's son in golden clothes; and when he saw a beautiful woman at the door, he took her by the hand, and said she should be his partner in the dance; but she trembled for fear, for she saw that it was King Grizzle-beard, who was making sport of her. However, he kept fast hold, and led her in; and the cover of the basket came off, so that the meats in it fell all about. Then everybody laughed and jeered at her; and she was so abashed, that she wished herself a thousand feet deep in the earth. She sprang to the door to run away; but on the steps King Grizzle-beard overtook her, and brought her back and said, "Fear me not! I am the fiddler who has lived with you in the hut. I brought you there because I really loved you. I am also the soldier that overset your stall. I have done all this only to cure you of your silly pride, and to show you the folly of your ill-treatment of me. Now all is over; you have learnt wisdom, and it is time to hold our marriage feast."

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Then the chamberlains came and brought her the most beautiful robes; and her father and his whole court were there already, and welcomed her home on her marriage. Joy was in every face and every heart. The feast was grand: they danced and sang: all were merry; and I only wish that you and I had been of the party.

THE MAN IN THE BAG.*

THERE were two brothers, who were both soldiers, the one had grown rich, but the other had had no luck, and was very poor. The poor man thought he would try to better himself; so pulling off his red coat, he became a gardener, and dug his ground well, and sowed turnips.

When the crop came up, there was one plant bigger than all the rest; and it kept getting larger and larger, and seemed as if it would never cease growing; so that it might have been called the prince of turnips, for there never was such a one seen before and never will again. At last it was so big that it filled a cart, and two oxen could hardly draw it; but the gardener did not know what in the world to do with it, nor whether it would be a blessing or a curse to him. One day he said to himself, "What shall I do with it? if I sell it,

* "Die Rübe" of Grimm. The first part of this story is well known. The latter part is the subject of an old Latin poem, of the fourteenth century, entitled "Raparius" (who was probably the versifier), existing in M S. at Strasburg, and also at Vienna. MM. Grimm think they see, through the comic dress of this story, various allusions to ancient Northern traditions; and they particularly refer to the wise man (*Runa capituli*), who imbibes knowledge in his airy suspension on a tree.

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it will bring me no more than another would; and as for eating, the little turnips I am sure are better than this great one: the best thing perhaps that I can do will be to give it to the king, as a mark of my respect."

Then he yoked his oxen, and drew the turnip to the court, and gave it to the king. "What a wonderful thing!" said the king. "I have seen many strange things in my life, but such a monster as this I never saw before. Where did you get the seed, or is it only your good luck? If so, you are a true child of fortune."

"Ah, no!" answered the gardener, "I am no child of fortune; I am a poor soldier, who never yet could get enough to live upon: so I set to work, tilling the ground. I have a brother who is rich, and your majesty knows him well, and all the world knows him; but as I am poor, everybody forgets me."

Then the king took pity on him, and said, "You shall be poor no longer. I will give you so much, that you shall be even richer than your brother." So he gave him money, and lands, and flocks, and herds; and made him so rich, that his brother's wealth could not at all be compared with his.

When the brother heard of all this, and how a turnip had made the gardener so rich, he envied him sorely; and bethought himself how he could please the king and get the same good luck for himself. However, he thought he would manage more cleverly than his brother; so he got together a rich gift of jewels and fine horses for the king, thinking that he must have a much larger gift in return: for if his brother had so much given him for a turnip, what must his gift be worth?

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The king took the gift very graciously, and said he knew not what he could give in return more costly and wonderful than the great turnip; so the soldier was forced to put it into a cart, and drag it home with him. When he reached home, he knew not upon whom to vent his rage and envy; and at length wicked thoughts came into his head, and he sought to kill his brother.

So he hired some villains to murder him; and having shown them where to lie in ambush, he went to his brother, and said, "Dear brother, I have found a hidden treasure; let us go and dig it up, and share it between us." The other had no thought or fear of his brother's roguery: so they went out together; and as they were travelling along, the murderers rushed out upon him, bound him, and were going to hang him on a tree.

But whilst they were getting all ready, they heard the trampling of a horse afar off, which so frightened them that they pushed their prisoner neck and shoulders together into a sack, and swung him up by a cord to the tree; where they left him dangling, and ran away, meaning to come back and despatch him in the evening.

Meantime, however, he worked and worked away, till he had made a hole large enough to put out his head. When the horseman came up, he proved to be a student, a merry fellow, who was journeying along on his nag, and singing as he went. As soon as the man in the bag saw him passing under the tree, he cried out, "Good morning! good morning to thee, my friend!" The student looked about, and seeing no one, and not knowing where the voice came from, cried out, "Who calls me?"

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Then the man in the bag cried out, "Lift up thine eyes, for behold here I sit in the sack of wisdom! Here have I, in a short time, learned great and wondrous things. Compared to what is taught in this seat, all the learning of the schools is as empty air. A little longer and I shall know all that man can know, and shall come forth wiser than the wisest of mankind. Here I discern the signs and motions of the heavens and the stars; the laws that control the winds; the number of the sands on the sea-shore; the healing of the sick; the virtues of all simples, of birds, and of precious stones. Wert thou but once here, my friend, thou wouldst soon feel the power of knowledge."

The student listened to all this, and wondered much. At last he said, "Blessed be the day and hour when I found you! cannot you let me into the sack for a little while?" Then the other answered, as if very unwillingly, "A little space I may allow thee to sit here, if thou wilt reward me well and treat me kindly: but thou must tarry yet an hour below, till I have learnt some little matters that are yet unknown to me."

So the student sat himself down and waited awhile; but the time hung heavy upon him, and he begged hard that he might ascend forthwith, for his thirst of knowledge was very great. Then the other began to give way, and said, "Thou must let the bag of wisdom descend, by untying yonder cord, and then thou shalt enter." So the student let him down, opened the bag, and set him free. "Now then," cried he, "let me mount quickly!" As he began to put himself into the sack heels first, "Wait a while!" said the gardener

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"that is not the way." Then he pushed him in head first, tied up the bag's mouth, and soon swung up the searcher after wisdom, dangling in the air. "How is it with thee, friend?" said he; "dost thou not feel that wisdom cometh unto thee? Rest there in peace, till thou art a wiser man than thou wert."

So saying, he borrowed the student's nag to ride home upon, and trotted off as fast as he could, for fear the villains should return; and he left the poor student to gather wisdom, till somebody should come and let him down, when he had found out in which posture he was wisest,—on his head or his heels.



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KARL KATZ.*

In the midst of the Hartz forests there is a high mountain, of which the neighbours tell all sorts of stories: how the goblins and fairies dance on it by

* Freely translated from the "Ziegenhirt" of Ottmar's "Volks Sagen," or Hartz Legends. The name of Frederic Barbarossa is associated with the earliest cultivation of the muses in Germany. During the Suabian dynasty (at the head of which he is to be placed), arose and flourished the Minnesingers, or poets of love, contemporary with the Troubadours, whom they rival in the quantity, and far excel in the quality, of their compositions. Frederic was a patron of the minstrel arts; and it is remarkable that the Hartz traditions still make him attached to similar pursuits, and tell how musicians, who have sought the caverns where he sits entranced, have been richly rewarded by his bounty.

The author of *The Sketch-Book* has made use of this tale in his "Rip van Winkle." There are several German traditions and ballads which turn on the unsuspected lapse of time under enchantment. See it also in Croker's *Fairy Legends of Ireland*. We may also remember in connexion with it, the ancient story of the "Seven Sleepers" of the fifth century (Gibbon, vi. 32). That tradition was adopted by Mahomet; and has, as Gibbon observes, been also adopted and adorned by the nations from Bengal to Africa, who profess the Mahometan religion. It was translated into Latin before the end of the sixth century, by the care of Gregory of Tours; and Paulus Diaconus (*de Gestis Longobardorum*), in the eighth century, places seven sleepers in the North, under a rock, by the sea-shore. The incident has considerable capability of interest and effect; and it is not wonderful that it should become popular, and form the basis of various traditions. The next step is to animate the period dropped from real life—the parenthesis of existence—with characteristic adventures, as in our story of "The Elfin Grove," and as in "The Dean of Santiago," a Spanish tale from the Conde Lucanor, translated in the *New Monthly Magazine* for August 1824, where several similar stories are referred to.

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night; and how the old Emperor Red-beard holds his court there, and sits on his marble throne, with his long beard sweeping on the ground.

A great many years ago there lived in a village at the foot of this mountain, one Karl Katz. Now Karl was a goatherd, and every morning he drove his flock to feed upon the green spots that are here and there found on the mountain's side. In the evening he sometimes thought it too late to drive his charge home; so he used in such cases to shut it up in a spot amongst the woods, where the old ruined walls of some castle that had long ago been deserted were left standing, and were high enough to form a fold, in which he could count his goats, and let them rest for the night. One evening he found that the prettiest goat of his flock had vanished, soon after they were driven into this fold. He searched everywhere for it in vain; but, to his surprise and delight, when he counted his flock in the morning, what should he see, the first of the flock, but his lost goat! Again and again the same strange thing happened. At last he thought he would watch still more narrowly; and, having looked carefully over the old walls, he found a narrow doorway, through which it seemed that his favourite made her way. Karl followed, and found a path leading downwards through a cleft in the rocks. On he went, scrambling as well as he could, down the side of the rock, and at last came to the mouth of a cave, where he lost sight of his goat. Just then he saw that his faithful dog was not with him. He whistled, but no

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dog was there; and he was therefore forced to go into the cave and try to find his goat by himself.

He groped his way for a while, and at last came to a place where a little light found its way in; and there he wondered not a little to find his goat, employing itself very much at its ease in the cavern, in eating corn, which kept dropping from some place over its head. He went up and looked about him, to see where all this corn, that rattled about his ears like a hail-storm, could come from: but all overhead was dark, and he could find no clue to this strange business.

At last, as he stood listening, he thought he heard the neighing and stamping of horses. He listened again; it was plainly so; and after a while he was sure that horses were feeding above him, and that the corn fell from their mangers. What could these horses be, which were thus kept in the clefts of rocks, where none but the goat's foot ever trod? There must be people of some sort or other living here; and who could they be? and was it safe to trust himself in such company? Karl pondered awhile; but his wonder only grew greater and greater, when on a sudden he heard his own name, "Karl Katz!" echo through the cavern. He turned round, but could see nothing. "Karl Katz!" again sounded sharply in his ears; and soon out came a little dwarfish page, with a high-peaked hat and a scarlet cloak, from a dark corner at one end of the cave.

The dwarf nodded, and beckoned him to follow. Karl thought he should first like to know a little about

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who it was that thus sought his company. He asked: but the dwarf shook his head, answering not a word, and again beckoned him to follow. He did so; and winding his way through ruins, he soon heard rolling overhead what sounded like peals of thunder, echoing among the rocks: the noise grew louder and louder as he went on, and at last he came to a court-yard surrounded by old ivy-grown walls. The spot seemed to be the bosom of a little valley; above rose on every hand high masses of rock; wide-branching trees threw their arms overhead, so that nothing but a glimmering twilight made its way through; and here, on the cool smooth-shaven turf, Karl saw twelve strange old figures amusing themselves very sedately with a game of nine-pins.

Their dress did not seem altogether strange to Karl, for in the church of the town whither he went every week to market there was an old monument, with figures of queer old knights upon it, dressed in the very same fashion. Not a word fell from any of their lips. They moved about soberly and gravely, each taking his turn at the game; but the oldest of them ordered Karl Katz, by dumb signs, to busy himself in setting up the pins as they knocked them down. At first his knees trembled, as he hardly dared snatch a stolen sidelong glance at the long beards and old-fashioned dresses of the worthy knights; but he soon saw that as each knight played out his game he went to his seat, and there took a hearty draught at a flagon, which the dwarf kept filled, and which sent up the smell of the richest old wine.

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Little by little Karl got bolder; and at last he plucked up his heart so far as to beg the dwarf, by signs, to let him, too, take his turn at the flagon. The dwarf gave it him with a grave bow, and Karl thought he never tasted anything half so good before. This gave him new strength for his work; and as often as he flagged at all, he turned to the same kind friend for help in his need.

Which was tired first, he or the knights, Karl never could tell; or whether the wine got the better of his head: but what he knew was, that sleep at last overpowered him, and that when he awoke he found himself stretched out upon the old spot within the walls where he had folded his flock, and saw that the bright sun was high up in the heavens. The same green turf was spread beneath, and the same tottering ivy-clad walls surrounded him. He rubbed his eyes and called his dog; but neither dog nor goat was to be seen; and when he looked about him again, the grass seemed to be longer under his feet than it was yesterday; and trees hung over his head, which he had either never seen before, or had quite forgotten. Shaking his head, and hardly knowing whether he was in his right mind, he got up and stretched himself: somehow or other his joints felt stiffer than they were. "It serves me right," said he; "this comes of sleeping out of one's own bed." Little by little he recollected his evening's sport, and licked his lips as he thought of the charming wine he had taken so much of. "But who," thought he, "can those people be, that come to this odd place to play at nine-pins?"

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His first step was to look for the doorway through which he had followed his goat; but to his astonishment, not the least trace of an opening of any sort was to be seen. There stood the wall, without chink or crack big enough for a rat to pass through. Again he paused and scratched his head. His hat was full of holes: "Why, it was new last Shrove-tide!" said he. By chance his eye fell next on his shoes, which were almost new when he last left home; but now they looked so old, that they were likely to fall to pieces before he could get home. All his clothes seemed in the same sad plight. The more he looked, the more he pondered, the more he was at a loss to know what could have happened to him.

At length he turned round, and left the old walls to look for his flock. Slow and out of heart he wound his way among the mountain steeps, through paths where his flocks were wont to wander: still not a goat was to be seen. Again he whistled and called his dog, but no dog came. Below him in the plain lay the village where his home was; so at length he took the downward path, and set out with a heavy heart and a faltering step in search of his flock.

"Surely," said he, "I shall soon meet some neighbour, who can tell me where my goats are?" But the people who met him, as he drew near to the village, were all unknown to him. They were not even dressed as his neighbours were, and they seemed as if they hardly spoke the same tongue. When he eagerly asked each, as he came up, after his goats, they only stared at him and stroked their chins. At last he did the

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same too; and what was his wonder to find that his beard was grown at least a foot long! "The world," said he to himself, "is surely turned upside down, or if not, I must be bewitched:" and yet he knew the mountain, as he turned round again, and looked back on its woody heights; and he knew the houses and cottages also, with their little gardens, as he entered the village. All were in the places he had always known them in; and he heard some children, too (as a traveller that passed by was asking his way), call the village by the very same name he had always known it to bear.

Again he shook his head, and went straight through the village to his own cottage. Alas! it looked sadly out of repair; the windows were broken, the door off its hinges, and in the court-yard lay an unknown child, in a ragged dress, playing with a rough, toothless old dog, whom he thought he ought to know, but who snarled and barked in his face when he called to him. He went in at the open doorway; but he found all so dreary and empty, that he staggered out again like a drunken man, and called his wife and children loudly by their names: but no one heard, at least no one answered him.

A crowd of women and children soon flocked around the strange-looking man with the long grey beard; and all broke upon him at once with the questions, "Who are you?" "Who is it that you want?" It seemed to him so odd to ask other people, at his own door, after his wife and children, that, in order to get rid of the crowd, he named the first man that came into his

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head. "Hans the blacksmith?" said he. Most held their tongues and stared; but at last an old woman said, "He went these seven years ago to a place that you will not reach to day." "Fritz the tailor, then?" "Heaven rest his soul!" said an old beldam upon crutches; "he has lain these ten years in a house that he'll never leave."

Karl Katz looked at the old woman again, and shuddered, as he knew her to be one of his old gossips; but saw she had a strangely altered face. All wish to ask further questions was gone; but at last a young woman made her way through the gaping throng, with a baby in her arms, and a little girl of about three years old clinging to her other hand. All three looked the very image of his own wife. "What is thy name?" asked he, wildly. "Liese!" said she. "And your father's?" "Karl Katz! Heaven bless him!" said she: "but, poor man! he is lost and gone. It is now full twenty years since we sought for him day and night on the mountain. His dog and his flock came back, but he never was heard of any more. I was then seven years old."

Poor Karl could hold no longer: "I am Karl Katz, and no other!" said he, as he took the child from his daughter's arms and kissed it over and over again.

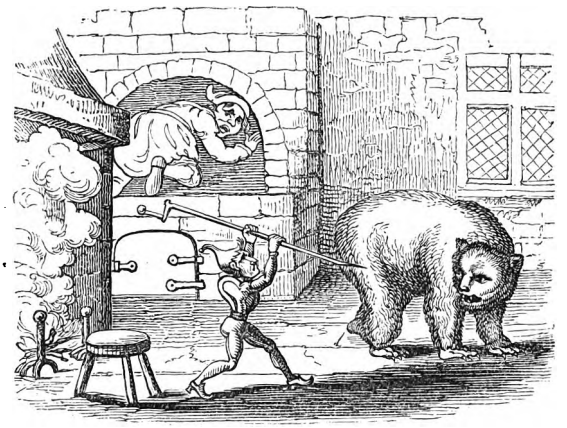
All stood gaping, and hardly knowing what to say or think, when old Stropken the schoolmaster hobbled by, and took a long and close look at him. "Karl Katz! Karl Katz!" said he slowly: "why it *is* Karl Katz, sure enough! There is my own mark upon him; there is the scar over his right eye, that I gave him

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myself one day with my oak stick." Then several others also cried out, "Yes it is! it is Karl Katz! Welcome neighbour, welcome home!" "But where," said or thought all, "can an honest steady fellow like you have been these twenty years?"

And now the whole village had flocked around; the children laughed, the dogs barked, and all were glad to see neighbour Karl home alive and well. As to where he had been for the twenty years, that was a part of the story at which Karl shrugged up his shoulders; for he never could very well explain it, and seemed to think the less that was said about it the better. But it was plain enough that what dwelt most on his memory was the noble wine that had tickled his mouth while the knights played their game of nine-pins.

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EVENING THE SIXTH.

THE BEAR AND THE SKRATTEL—HANS IN LUCK—TOM THUMB.

THE BEAR AND THE SKRATTEL.*

One Christmas Day, the King of Norway sat in the great hall of his palace, holding a feast. "Here's a health," said he, "to our brother the King of Denmark! What present shall we send our royal brother, as a pledge of our good-will, this Christmas time?" "Send him, please your majesty," said the Norseman Gunter, who

* Whatever opinion may be formed as to the period from which oral tradition has handed down many of these stories, this tale (which we have translated freely) clearly has an authentic antiquity of, at any rate, the fourteenth century. It exists as a metrical tale, told in the higher German with great spirit, in a MS. at Heidelberg (Codex, No. 341, f. 371), from which extracts and specimens are given in MM. Grimm's preface to the translation of Mr. Croker's *Irish Fairy*

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was the king's chief huntsman, "one of our fine white bears, that his liegemen may show their little ones what sort of kittens we play with." "Well said, Gunter!" cried the king; "but how shall we find a bear that will travel so long a journey willingly, and will know how to behave himself to our worthy brother when he reaches him?" "Please your majesty," said Gunter, "I have a glorious fellow, as white as snow, that I caught when he was a cub; he will follow me wherever I go, play with my children, stand on his hind legs, and behave himself as well as any gentleman ought to do. He is at your service, and I will myself take him wherever you choose."

So the king was well pleased, and ordered Gunter to set off at once with master Bruin: "Start with the morning's dawn," said he, "and make the best of your way."

The Norseman went home to his house in the forest; and early next morning he waked master Bruin, put the king's collar round his neck, and away they went over rocks and valleys, lakes and seas, the nearest road to the court of the King of Denmark. When they arrived there, the king was away on a journey, and Gunter and his fellow-traveller set out to follow. It was bright weather, the sun shone, and the birds

Legends, given in English by that gentleman in his third volume. The Schrat, Schretel, Skrat, or Skrattel, is one of the numerous names for the domestic spirit or elf, apparently limited to the mischievous species. The MS. is of the fourteenth century, the poem older; probably, MM. Grimm think, of the thirteenth. The malignant spirit Grendel, it will be remembered in Beowulf, carries on his tricks by night, and makes the castle intolerable to the Danish king, who is delivered by a strange hero.

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sang, as they journeyed merrily on, day after day, over hill and over dale, till they came within a day's journey of where the king was.

All that afternoon they travelled through a gloomy dark forest; but towards evening the wind began to whistle through the trees, and the clouds began to gather and threaten a stormy night. The road, too, was very rough, and it was not easy to tell which was most tired, Bruin or his master. What made the matter worse was, that they had found no inn that day by the road-side, and their provisions had fallen short; so that they had no very pleasant prospect before them for the night. "A pretty affair this!" said Gunter, "I am likely to be charmingly off here in the woods, with an empty stomach, a damp bed, and a bear for my bed-fellow."

While the Norseman was turning this over in his mind, the wind blew harder and harder, and the clouds grew darker and darker: the bear shook his ears, and his master looked at his wits' end, when to his great joy a woodman came whistling along out of the woods, by the side of his horse dragging a load of fagots. As soon as he came up, Gunter stopped him, and begged hard for a night's lodging for himself and his countryman.

The woodman seemed hearty and good-natured enough, and was quite ready to find shelter for the huntsman; but as to the bear, he had never seen such a beast before in his life, and would have nothing to do with him on any terms. The huntsman begged hard for his friend, and told how he was bringing him

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as a present to the King of Denmark; and how he was the most good-natured, best-behaved animal in the world, though he must allow that he was by no means one of the handsomest.

The woodman, however, was not to be moved. His wife, he was sure, would not like such a guest, and who could say what he might take into his head to do? Besides, he should lose his dog and his cat, his ducks and his geese; for they would all run away for fright, whether the bear was disposed to be friends with them or not.

"Good night, master huntsman!" said he; "if you and old shaggy-back there cannot part, I am afraid you must e'en stay where you are, though you will have a sad night of it, no doubt." Then he cracked his whip, whistled up his horse, and set off once more on his way homewards.

The huntsman grumbled, and Bruin grunted, as they followed slowly after; when to their great joy they saw the woodman, before he had gone many yards, pull up his horse once more and turn round. "Stay, stay!" said he; "I think I can tell you of a plan better than sleeping in a ditch. I know where you may find shelter, if you will run the risk of a little trouble from an unlucky imp, that has taken up its abode in my old house down the hill yonder. You must know, friend, that till last winter I lived in yon snug little house that you will see at the foot of the hill if you come this way. Everything went smoothly on with us till one unlucky night, when the storm blew as it seems likely to do to night, some spiteful guest took it into his head to pay us a visit; and there have

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ever since been such noises, clattering, and scampering up stairs and down, from midnight till the cock crows in the morning, that at last we were fairly driven out of house and home. What he is like no one knows; for we never saw him or anything belonging to him, except a little crooked high-heeled shoe, that he left one night in the pantry. But though we have not seen him, we know he has a hand or a paw as heavy as lead; for when it pleases him to lay it upon any one, down he goes as if the blacksmith's hammer had hit him. There is no end of his monkey tricks. If the linen is hung out to dry, he cuts the line. If he wants a cup of ale, he leaves the tap running. If the fowls are shut up, he lets them loose. He puts the pig into the garden, rides upon the cows, and turns the horses into the hay-yard; and several times he nearly burnt the house down, by leaving a candle alight among the fagots. And then he is sometimes so nimble and active, that when he is once in motion, nothing stands still around him. Dishes and plates—pots and pans—dance about, clattering, making the most horrible music, and breaking each other to pieces: and sometimes, when the whim takes him, the chairs and tables seem as if they were alive, and dancing a hornpipe, or playing battledore and shuttlecock together. Even the stones and beams of the house seem rattling against one another; and it is of no use putting things in order, for the first freak the imp took would turn everything upside down again.

"My wife and I bore such a lodger as long as we could, but at length we were fairly beaten; and as he

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seemed to have taken up his abode in the house, we thought it best to give up to him what he wanted: and the little rascal knew what we were about when we were moving, and seemed afraid we should not go soon enough. So he helped us off: for on the morning we were to start, as we were going to put our goods upon the waggon, there it stood before the door ready loaded: and when we started we heard a loud laugh; and a little sharp voice cried out of the window, 'Good-by, neighbours!' So now he has our old house all to himself to play his gambols in, whenever he likes to sleep within doors; and we have built ourselves a snug cottage on the other side of the hill, where we live as well as we can, though we have no great room to make merry in. Now if you, and your ugly friend there, like to run the hazard of taking up your quarters in the elf's house, pray do! Yonder is the road. He may not be at home to-night."

"We will try our luck," said Gunter; "anything is better to my mind than sleeping out of doors such a night as this. Your troublesome neighbour will perhaps think so too, and we may have to fight for our lodging: but never mind, Bruin is rather an awkward hand to quarrel with; and the goblin may perhaps find a worse welcome from him than your house-dog could give him. He will at any rate let him know what a bear's hug is; for I dare say he has not been far enough north to know much about it yet."

Then the woodman gave Gunter a fagot to make his fire with, and wished him a good night. He and the bear soon found their way to the deserted house;

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and no one being at home, they walked into the kitchen and made a capital fire.

"Lack-a-day!" said the Norseman; "I forgot one thing—I ought to have asked that good man for some supper; I have nothing left but some dry bread. However, this is better than sleeping in the woods: we must make the most of what we have, keep ourselves warm, and get to bed as soon as we can." So after eating up all their crusts, and drinking some water from the well close by, the huntsman wrapt himself up close in his cloak, and lay down in the snuggest corner he could find. Bruin rolled himself up in the corner of the wide fire-place; and both were fast asleep, the fire out, and everything quiet within doors, long before midnight.

Just as the clock struck twelve the storm began to get louder—the wind blew—a slight noise within the room wakened the huntsman, and all on a sudden in popped a little ugly skrattel, scarce three spans high; with a hump on his back, a face like a dried pippin, a nose like a ripe mulberry, and an eye that had lost its neighbour. He had high-heeled shoes, and a pointed red cap; and came dragging after him a nice fat kid, ready skinned, and fit for roasting. "A rough night this," grumbled the goblin to himself; "but, thanks to that booby woodman, I've a house to myself: and now for a hot supper and a glass of good ale till the cock crows."

No sooner said than done: the skrattel busied himself about, here and there; presently the fire blazed up, the kid was put on the spit and turned merrily round. A keg of ale made its appearance from a closet: the

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cloth was laid, and the kid was soon dished up for eating. Then the little imp, in the joy of his heart, rubbed his hands, tossed up his red cap, danced before the hearth, and sang his song:—

"Oh! 'tis weary enough abroad to bide,
In the shivery midnight blast;
And 'tis dreary enough alone to ride,
Hungry and cold,
On the wintry wold,
Where the drifting snow falls fast.

But 'tis cheery enough to revel by night,
In the crackling fagot's light:
'Tis merry enough to have and to hold
The savoury roast,
And the nut-brown toast,
With jolly good ale and old."

The huntsman lay snug all this time; sometimes quaking, in dread of getting into trouble, and sometimes licking his lips at the savoury supper before him, and half in the mind to fight for it with the imp. However, he kept himself quiet in his corner; till all of a sudden the little man's eye wandered from his cheering ale-cup to Bruin's carcase, as he lay rolled up like a ball, fast asleep in the chimney-corner.

The imp turned round sharp in an instant, and crept softly nearer and nearer to where Bruin lay, looking at him very closely, and not able to make out what in the world he was. "One of the family, I suppose!" said he to himself. But just then Bruin gave his ears a shake, and showed a little of his shaggy muzzle. "Oh ho!" said the imp, "that's all, is it? But what a large one! Where could he come from? and how

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came he here? What shall I do? Shall I let him alone or drive him out? Perhaps he may do me some mischief, and I am not afraid of mice or rats. So here goes! I have driven all the rest of the live stock out of the house, and why should I be afraid of sending this brute after them?"

With that the elf walked softly to the corner of the room, and taking up the spit, stole back on tip-toe till he got quite close to the bear; then raising up his weapon, down came a rattling thump across Bruin's mazard, that sounded as hollow as a drum. The bear raised himself slowly up, snorted, shook his head, then scratched it,—opened first one eye, then the other, took a turn across the room, and grinned at his enemy; who, somewhat alarmed, ran back a few paces, and stood with the spit in his hand, foreseeing a rough attack. And it soon came; for the bear, rearing himself up, walked leisurely forward, and putting out one of his paws caught hold of the spit, jerked it out of the goblin's hand, and sent it spinning to the other end of the kitchen.

And now began a fierce battle. This way and that way flew tables and chairs, pots and pans. The elf was one moment on the bear's back, lugging his ears and pommelling him with blows that might have felled an ox. In the next, the bear would throw him up in the air, and treat him as he came down with a hug that would make the little imp squall. Then up he would jump upon one of the beams out of Bruin's reach; and soon, watching his chance, would be down astride upon his back.

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Meantime Gunter had become sadly frightened, and seeing the oven door open, crept in for shelter from the fray, and lay there quaking for fear. The struggle went on thus a long time, without its seeming at all clear who would get the better—biting, scratching, hugging, clawing, roaring, and growling, till the whole house rang. The elf, however, seemed to grow weaker and weaker: the rivals stood for a moment as if to get breath, and the bear was getting ready for a fierce attack, when, all in a moment, the skrattel dashed his red cap right in his eye, and while Bruin was smarting with the blow and trying to recover his sight, darted to the door, and was out of sight in a moment, though the wind blew, the rain pattered, and the storm raged, in a merciless manner.

"Well done! Bravo, Bruin!" cried the huntsman, as he crawled out of the oven, and ran and bolted the door: "thou hast combed his locks rarely; and as for thine own ears, they are rather the worse for pulling. But come, let us make the best of the good cheer our friend has left us!" So saying, they fell to and ate a hearty supper. The huntsman, wishing the skrattel a good night and pleasant dreams in a cup of his sparkling ale, laid himself down and slept till morning; and Bruin tried to do the same, as well as his aching bones would let him.

In the morning the huntsman made ready to set out on his way: and had not got far from the door before he met the woodman, who was eager to hear how he had passed the night. Then Gunter told him how he had been awakened, what sort of creature the elf was,

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and how he and Bruin had fought it out. "Let us hope," said he, "you will now be well rid of the gentleman: I suspect he will not come where he is likely to get any more of Bruin's hugs; and thus you will be well paid for your entertainment of us, which, to tell the truth, was none of the best: for if your ugly little tenant had not brought his supper with him, we should have had but empty stomachs this morning."

The huntsman and his fellow-traveller journeyed on: and let us hope they reached the King of Denmark safe and sound: but, to tell the truth, I know nothing more of that part of the story.

The woodman, meantime, went to his work; and did not fail to watch at night to see whether the skrattel came, or whether he was thoroughly frightened out of his old haunt by the bear, or whatever he might take the beast to be that had handled him as he never was handled before. But three nights passed over, and no traces being seen or heard of him, the woodman began to think of moving back to his old house.

On the fourth day he was out at his work in the forest; and as he was taking shelter under a tree from a cold storm of sleet and rain that passed over, he heard a little cracked voice singing, or rather croaking in a mournful tone. So he crept along quietly, and peeped over some bushes, and there sat the very same figure that the huntsman had described to him. The goblin was sitting without any hat or cap on his head, with a woe-begone face, and with his jacket torn into shreds, and his leg scratched and smeared with blood, as if he had been creeping through a bramble-bush. The

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woodman listened quietly to his song, and it ran as before,—

"Oh! 'tis weary enough abroad to bide,
In the shivery midnight blast;
And 'tis dreary enough alone to ride
Hungry and cold,
On the wintry wold,
Where the drifting snow falls fast."

"Sing us the other verse, man!" cried the woodman; for he could not help cracking a joke on his old enemy, who he saw was sadly in the dumps at the loss of his good cheer and the shelter against the bad weather. But the instant his voice was heard the little imp jumped up, stamped with rage, and was out of sight in the twinkling of an eye.

The woodman finished his work and was going home in the evening, whistling by his horse's side, when, all of a sudden, he saw, standing on a high bank by the wayside, the very same little imp, looking as grim and sulky as before. "Hark ye, bumpkin!" cried the skrattel; "canst thou hear, fellow? Is thy great cat alive, and at home still?" "My cat?" said the woodman. "Thy great white cat, man!" thundered out the little imp. "Oh, my cat!" said the woodman, at last recollecting himself. "Oh, yes, to be sure! alive and well, I thank you: very happy, I'm sure, to see you and all friends, whenever you will do us the favour to call. And hark ye, friend! as you seem to be so fond of my great cat, you may like to know that she had five kittens last night." "Five kittens?" muttered the elf. "Yes," replied the woodman, "five of the most beautiful white kits you ever saw,—so like the old

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cat, it would do your heart good to see the whole family—such soft, gentle paws—such delicate whiskers—such pretty little mouths!" "Five kittens?" muttered or rather shrieked out the imp again. "Yes, to be sure!" said the woodman; "five kittens! Do look in to-night, about twelve o'clock—the time, you know, that you used to come and see us. The old cat will be so glad to show them to you, and we shall be so happy to see you once more. But where can you have been all this time?"

"I come? not I, indeed!" shrieked the skrattel. "What do I want with the little wretches? Did not I see the mother once? Keep your kittens to yourself: I must be off,—this is no place for me. Five kittens! So there are six of them now! Good-by to you, you'll see me no more; so bad luck to your ugly cat and your beggarly house!" "And bad luck to you, Mr. Crookback!" cried the woodman, as he threw him the red cap he had left behind in his battle with Bruin. "Keep clear of my cat, and let us hear no more of your pranks, and be hanged to you!"

So, now that he knew his troublesome guest had taken his leave, the woodman soon moved back all his goods, and his wife and children, into their snug old house. And there they lived happily, for the elf never came to see them any more; and the woodman every day after dinner drank, "Long life to the King of Norway," for sending the cat that cleared his house of vermin.

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HANS IN LUCK.*



Some men are born to good luck: all they do or try to do comes right:—all that falls to them is so much gain:—all their geese are swans:—all their cards are trumps:—toss them which way you will, they will always, like poor puss, alight upon their legs, and only move on so much the faster. The world may very likely not always think of them as they think of themselves, but what care they for the world? what can it know about the matter?

One of these lucky beings was neighbour Hans. Seven long years he had worked hard for his master. At last he said, "Master, my time is up; I must go home and see my poor mother once more: so pray pay

* The "Hans im Glück" of MM. Grimm; a story of popular currency, communicated by Aug. Wernicke to the *Wünschelruthe*, a periodical publication, 1818, No. 33.—A friend informs us that a story very like this is well known in the northern parts of England.

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me my wages and let me go." And the master said, "You have been a faithful and good servant, Hans, so your pay shall be handsome." Then he gave him a lump of silver as big as his head.

Hans took out his pocket-handkerchief, put the piece of silver into it, threw it over his shoulder, and jogged off on his road homewards. As he went lazily on, dragging one foot after another, a man came in sight, trotting gaily along on a capital horse. "Ah!" said Hans aloud, "what a fine thing it is to ride on horseback! There he sits as easy and happy as if he was at home, in the chair by his fireside; he trips against no stones, saves shoe-leather, and gets on he hardly knows how." Hans did not speak so softly but that the horseman heard it all, and said, "Well, friend, why do you go on foot then?" "Ah!" said he, "I have this load to carry: to be sure it is silver, but it is so heavy that I can't hold up my head, and you must know it hurts my shoulder sadly." "What do you say of making an exchange?" said the horseman. "I will give you my horse, and you shall give me the silver; which will save you a great deal of trouble in carrying such a heavy load about with you." "With all my heart," said Hans: "but as you are so kind to me, I must tell you one thing,—you will have a weary task to draw that silver about with you." However, the horseman got off, took the silver, helped Hans up, gave him the bridle into one hand and the whip into the other, and said, "When you want to go very fast, smack your lips loudly together, and cry 'Jip!'"

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Hans was delighted as he sat on the horse, drew himself up, squared his elbows, turned out his toes, cracked his whip, and rode merrily off, one minute whistling a merry tune, and another singing,

"No care and no sorrow,
A fig for the morrow!
We'll laugh and be merry,
Sing heigh down derry!"

After a time he thought he should like to go a little faster, so he smacked his lips and cried "Jip!" Away went the horse full gallop; and before Hans knew what he was about, he was thrown off, and lay on his back by the road-side. His horse would have ran off, if a shepherd who was coming by, driving a cow, had not stopped it. Hans soon came to himself, and got upon his legs again, sadly vexed, and said to the shepherd, "This riding is no joke, when a man has the luck to get upon a beast like this, that stumbles and flings him off as if it would break his neck. However, I'm off now once for all: I like your cow now a great deal better than this smart beast that played me this trick, and has spoiled my best coat, you see, in this puddle; which, by the by, smells not very like a nosegay. One can walk along at one's leisure behind that cow—keep good company, and have milk, butter, and cheese, every day, into the bargain. What would I give to have such a prize!" "Well," said the shepherd, "if you are so fond of her, I will change my cow for your horse; I like to do good to my neighbours, even though I lose by it myself." "Done!" said Hans, merrily. "What

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a noble heart that good man has!" thought he. Then the shepherd jumped upon the horse, wished Hans and the cow good morning, and away he rode.

Hans brushed his coat, wiped his face and hands, rested a while, and then drove off his cow quietly, and thought his bargain a very lucky one. "If I have only a piece of bread (and I certainly shall always be able to get that), I can, whenever I like, eat my butter and cheese with it; and when I am thirsty I can milk my cow and drink the milk: and what can I wish for more?" When he came to an inn, he halted, ate up all his bread, and gave away his last penny for a glass of beer. When he had rested himself he set off again, driving his cow towards his mother's village. But the heat grew greater as noon came on, till at last, as he found himself on a wide heath that would take him more than an hour to cross, he began to be so hot and parched that his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. "I can find a cure for this," thought he; "now will I milk my cow and quench my thirst:" so he tied her to the stump of a tree, and held his leathern cap to milk into; but not a drop was to be had. Who would have thought that this cow, which was to bring him milk and butter and cheese, was all the time utterly dry? Hans had not thought of looking to that.

While he was trying his luck in milking, and managing the matter very clumsily, the uneasy beast began to think him very troublesome; and at last gave him such a kick on the head as knocked him down; and there he lay a long while senseless. Luckily a butcher soon came by, driving a pig in a wheelbarrow.

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"What is the matter with you, my man?" said the butcher, as he helped him up. Hans told him what had happened, how he was dry, and wanted to milk his cow, but found that the cow was dry too. Then the butcher gave him a flask of ale, saying, "There, drink and refresh yourself; your cow will give you no milk: don't you see she is an old beast, good for nothing but the slaughter-house?" "Alas, alas!" said Hans, "who would have thought it? What a shame to take my horse, and give me only a dry cow! If I kill her, what will she be good for? I hate cow-beef; it is not tender enough for me. If it were a pig now,—like that fat gentleman you are driving along at his ease,—one could do something with it; it would at any rate make sausages." "Well," said the butcher, "I don't like to say no, when one is asked to do a kind, neighbourly thing. To please you I will change, and give you my fine fat pig for the cow." "Heaven reward you for your kindness and self-denial!" said Hans, as he gave the butcher the cow; and taking the pig off the wheelbarrow, drove it away, holding it by the string that was tied to its leg.

So on he jogged, and all seemed now to go right with him: he had met with some misfortunes, to be sure; but he was now well repaid for all. How could it be otherwise with such a travelling companion as he had at last got?

The next man he met was a countryman carrying a fine white goose. The countryman stopped to ask what was o'clock; this led to further chat; and Hans told him all his luck, how he had made so many good bar-

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gains, and how all the world went gay and smiling with him. The countryman then began to tell his tale, and said he was going to take the goose to a christening. "Feel," said he, "how heavy it is, and yet it is only eight weeks old. Whoever roasts and eats it will find plenty of fat upon it, it has lived so well!" "You're right," said Hans, as he weighed it in his hand; "but if you talk of fat, my pig is no trifle." Meantime the countryman began to look grave, and shook his head. "Hark ye!" said he, "my worthy friend, you seem a good sort of fellow, so I can't help doing you a kind turn. Your pig may get you into a scrape. In the village I just came from, the squire has had a pig stolen out of his sty. I was dreadfully afraid when I saw you that you had got the squire's pig. If you have, and they catch you, it will be a bad job for you. The least they'll do will be to throw you into the horse-pond. Can you swim?"

Poor Hans was sadly frightened. "Good man," cried he, "pray get me out of this scrape. I know nothing of where the pig was either bred or born; but he may have been the squire's for aught I can tell: you know this country better than I do, take my pig and give me the goose." "I ought to have something into the bargain," said the countryman; "give a fat goose for a pig, indeed! 'Tis not every one would do so much for you as that. However, I will not bear hard upon you, as you are in trouble." Then he took the string in his hand, and drove off the pig by a side path; while Hans went on the way homewards free from care. "After all," thought he, "that chap is

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pretty well taken in. I don't care whose pig it is, but wherever it came from it has been a very good friend to me. I have much the best of the bargain. First there will be a capital roast; then the fat will find me in goose-grease for six months; and then there are all the beautiful white feathers. I will put them into my pillow, and then I am sure I shall sleep soundly without rocking. How happy my mother will be! Talk of a pig, indeed! Give me a fine fat goose."

As he came to the next village, he saw a scissor-grinder with his wheel, working and singing,

"O'er hill and o'er dale
So happy I roam,
Work light and live well,
All the world is my home;
Then who so blythe, so merry as I?"

Hans stood looking on for a while, and at last said, "You must be well off, master grinder! you seem so happy at your work." "Yes," said the other, "mine is a golden trade; a good grinder never puts his hand into his pocket without finding money in it:—but where did you get that beautiful goose?" "I did not buy it, I gave a pig for it." "And where did you get the pig?" "I gave a cow for it." "And the cow?" "I gave a horse for it." "And the horse?" "I gave a lump of silver as big as my head for him." "And the silver?" "Oh! I worked hard for that seven long years." "You have thriven well in the world hitherto," said the grinder; "now if you could find money in your pocket whenever you put your hand into it, your fortune would be made." "Very true: but how

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is that to be managed?" "How? Why you must turn grinder like me, to be sure," said the other; "you only want a grindstone; the rest will come of itself. Here is one that is but little the worse for wear: I would not ask more than the value of your goose for it: —will you buy?" "How can you ask?" said Hans; "I should be the happiest man in the world, if I could have money whenever I put my hand in my pocket: what could I want more? there's the goose." "Now," said the grinder, as he gave him a common rough stone that lay by his side, "this is a most capital stone; do but work it well enough, and you can make an old nail cut with it."

Hans took the stone, and went his way with a light heart: his eyes sparkled for joy, and he said to himself, "Surely I must have been born in a lucky hour; every thing I could want or wish for comes of itself. People are so kind; they seem really to think I do them a favour in letting them make me rich, and giving me good bargains."

Meantime he began to be tired, and hungry too, for he had given away his last penny in his joy at getting the cow.

At last he could go no farther, for the stone tired him sadly: and he dragged himself to the side of a river, that he might take a drink of water and rest a while. So he laid the stone carefully by his side on the bank: but, as he stooped down to drink, he forgot it, pushed it a little, and down it rolled, plump into the stream.

For a while he watched it sinking in the deep clear

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water; then sprang up and danced for joy, and again fell upon his knees and thanked Heaven, with tears in his eyes, for its kindness in taking away his only plague, the ugly heavy stone.

"How happy am I!" cried he; "nobody was ever so lucky as I." Then up he got with a light heart, free from all his troubles, and walked on till he reached his mother's house, and told her how very easy the road to good luck was.



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TOM THUMB.*

A POOR woodman sat in his cottage one night, smoking his pipe by the fireside, while his wife sat by his side spinning. "How lonely it is, wife," said he,

* The "Daumesdick" of Grimm; from Mühlheim, on the Rhine. In this tale the hero appears in his humblest domestic capacity; but there are others in which he plays a most important and heroic character, as the outwitter and vanquisher of giants and other powerful enemies, the favourite of fortune, and the winner of the hands of kings' daughters. There are several stories in Grimm's collection illustrative of the worth and ancient descent of the personage who appears, with the same general characteristics, under the various names in England of Tom Thumb, Tom-a-lyn, Tam-lane, Tommel-finger, &c.; in Germany, of Daumesdick, Däumling, Daumerling, and Dummling (for though the latter word is used in a different and independent sense, we incline to think it originally the same); in Austria, of Daumenlang; in Denmark, of Svend Tomling, or Swain Tomling; and further north, as the Thaumlin, or dwarfish hero of Scandinavia.

We must refer to the *Quarterly Review*, No. XLI., for a speculation as to the connexion of Tom's adventures, particularly that with the cow, with some of the mysteries of Indian mythology. It must suffice here briefly to notice the affinities which some of the present stories bear to the earliest Northern traditions, leaving the reader to determine whether, as Hearne concludes, our hero was King Edgar's page, or, as tradition says, ended his course and found his last home at Lincoln.

In one of the German stories now before us, his first wandering is through the recesses of a glove, to escape his mother's anger. So Thor, in the twenty-third fable of the *Edda*, reposes in the giant's glove. In another story—our "Thumbling" ("Der junge Riese")—the hero is in his youth a thumb long; but, being nurtured by a giant, acquires wonderful power, and passes through a variety of adventures, resembling at various times those of Siegfried, or Sigurd (the doughty champion, who, according to the Heldenbuch, "caught the lions in the woods, and hung them over the walls by their tails"), of Thor, and of Grettir (the hero who kept geese on the common); and

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as he puffed out a long curl of smoke, "for you and me to sit here by ourselves, without any children to play about and amuse us, while other people seem so happy

corresponding with the achievements ascribed in England to his namesake, to Jack the Giant-killer, and Tom Hycophric (whose sphere of action Hearne would limit to the contracted boundaries of Tylney in Norfolk), and in the Servian tale, quoted by MM. Grimm from Schottky, given to "the son of the bear," Medvedovitsh.

He serves the smith, whose history as the Velint (or Weyland) of Northern fable is well known; outwits, like Eulenspiegel (Owl-glass), those who are by nature his betters; wields a weapon as powerful as Thor's hammer; and, like his companion, is somewhat impregnable to tolerably rude attacks. He is equally voracious, too, with Loke, whose "art consisted in eating more than any other man in the world," and with the son of Odin, when "busk'd as a bride so fair," in the *Song of Thrym*,—

> "Betimes at evening he approached,
> And the mantling ale the giants broached;
> The spouse of Sifia ate alone
> Eight salmons and an ox full grown,
> And all the cates on which women feed,
> And drank three firkins of sparkling mead."
>
> HERBERT'S *Icelandic Poetry*, i. p. 6.

In our "Thumbling," also, a mill-stone is treacherously thrown upon him, while employed in digging at the bottom of a well. "Drive away the hens," said he; "they scratch the sand about till it flies into my eyes." So in the *Edda*, the Giant Skrymmer only notices the dreadful blows of Thor's hammer as the falling of a leaf, or some other trifling matter. In the English story of *Jack the Giant-killer*, Jack, under similar circumstances, says that a rat had given him three or four slaps with his tail.

In the story of "Heads Off" (or "The King of the Golden Mountain") it will be seen how the giants are outwitted and deprived of the great Northern treasures, the tarn-kap, the shoes, and the sword, which are equally renowned in the records of the *Niebelungenlied* and *Niflunga Saga*, and in our own *Jack the Giant-killer*. The other Thumb tales are full of such adventures. They are all exceedingly curious, and deserve to be brought together in one view, as forming a very singular group.

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and merry with their children!" "What you say is very true," said the wife, sighing, and turning round her wheel; "how happy should I be if I had but one child! If it were ever so small—nay, if it were no bigger than my thumb—I should be very happy, and love it dearly." Now—odd as you may think it—it came to pass that this good woman's wish was fulfilled, just in the very way she had wished it; for, not long afterwards, she had a little boy, who was quite healthy and strong, but was not much bigger than my thumb. So they said, "Well, we cannot say we have not got what we wished for, and, little as he is, we will love him dearly." And they called him Thomas Thumb.

They gave him plenty of food, yet for all they could do he never grew bigger, but kept just the same size as he had been when he was born. Still his eyes were sharp and sparkling, and he soon showed himself to be a clever little fellow, who always knew well what he was about.

One day, as the woodman was getting ready to go into the wood to cut fuel, he said, "I wish I had some one to bring the cart after me, for I want to make haste." "Oh, father," cried Tom, "I will take care of that; the cart shall be in the wood by the time you want it." Then the woodman laughed, and said, "How can that be? you cannot reach up to the horse's bridle." "Never mind that, father," said Tom; "if my mother will only harness the horse, I will get into his ear and tell him which way to go." "Well," said the father, "we will try for once."

When the time came the mother harnessed the

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horse to the cart, and put Tom into his ear; and as he sat there the little man told the beast how to go, crying out, "Go on!" and "Stop!" as he wanted: and thus the horse went on just as well as if the woodman had driven it himself into the wood. It happened that as the horse was going a little too fast, and Tom was calling out, "Gently! gently!" two strangers came up. "What an odd thing that is!" said one; "there is a cart going along, and I hear a carter talking to the horse, but yet I can see no one." "That is queer, indeed," said the other; "let us follow the cart, and see where it goes." So they went on into the wood, till at last they came to the place where the woodman was. Then Tom Thumb, seeing his father, cried out, "See, father, here I am with the cart, all right and safe! now take me down!" So his father took hold of the horse with one hand, and with the other took his son out of the horse's ear, and put him down upon a straw, where he sat as merry as you please.

The two strangers were all this time looking on, and did not know what to say for wonder. At last one took the other aside, and said, "That little urchin will make our fortune, if we can get him, and carry him about from town to town as a show: we must buy him." So they went up to the woodman, and asked him what he would take for the little man: "He will be better off," said they, "with us than with you." "I won't sell him at all," said the father; "my own flesh and blood is dearer to me than all the silver and gold in the world." But Tom, hearing of the bargain they wanted to make, crept up his father's coat to his shoulder, and

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whispered in his ear, "Take the money, father, and let them have me; I'll soon come back to you."

So the woodman at last said he would sell Tom to the strangers for a large piece of gold, and they paid the price. "Where would you like to sit?" said one of them. "Oh, put me on the rim of your hat; that will be a nice gallery for me; I can walk about there, and see the country as we go along." So they did as he wished; and when Tom had taken leave of his father they took him away with them.

They journeyed on till it began to be dusky, and then the little man said, "Let me get down, I'm tired." So the man took off his hat, and put him down on a clod of earth, in a ploughed field by the side of the road. But Tom ran about amongst the furrows, and at last slipt into an old mouse-hole. "Good night, my masters!" said he; "I'm off! mind and look sharp after me the next time." Then they ran at once to the place, and poked the ends of their sticks into the mouse-hole, but all in vain; Tom only crawled farther and farther in; and at last it became quite dark, so that they were forced to go their way without their prize, as sulky as could be.

When Tom found they were gone, he came out of his hiding-place. "What dangerous walking it is," said he, "in this ploughed field! If I were to fall from one of these great clods, I should undoubtedly break my neck." At last, by good luck, he found a large empty snail-shell. "This is lucky," said he, "I can sleep here very well;" and in he crept.

Just as he was falling asleep, he heard two men

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passing by, chatting together; and one said to the other, "How can we rob that rich parson's house of his silver and gold?" "I'll tell you," cried Tom. "What noise was that?" said the thief, frightened; "I'm sure I heard some one speak." They stood still listening, and Tom said, "Take me with you, and I'll soon show you how to get the parson's money." "But where are you?" said they. "Look about on the ground," answered he, "and listen where the sound comes from." At last the thieves found him out, and lifted him up in their hands. "You little urchin!" they said, "what can you do for us?" "Why I can get between the iron window-bars of the parson's house, and throw you out whatever you want." "That's a good thought," said the thieves; "come along, we shall see what you can do."

When they came to the parson's house, Tom slipt through the window-bars into the room, and then called out as loud as he could bawl, "Will you have all that is here?" At this the thieves were frightened, and said, "Softly, softly! Speak low, that you may not awaken anybody." But Tom seemed as if he did not understand them, and bawled out again, "How much will you have? shall I throw it all out?" Now the cook lay in the next room; and hearing a noise she raised herself up in her bed and listened. Meantime the thieves were frightened, and ran off a little way; but at last they plucked up their hearts, and said, "The little urchin is only trying to make fools of us." So they came back and whispered softly to him, saying, "Now let us have no more of your roguish jokes; but

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throw us out some of the money." Then Tom called out as loud as he could, "Very well! hold your hands! here it comes."

The cook heard this quite plain, so she sprang out of bed, and ran to open the door. The thieves ran off as if a wolf was at their tails; and the maid, having groped about and found nothing, went away for a light. By the time she came back, Tom had slipt off into the barn; and when she had looked about and searched every hole and corner, and found nobody, she went to bed, thinking she must have been dreaming with her eyes open.

The little man crawled about in the hay-loft, and at last found a snug place to finish his night's rest in; so he laid himself down, meaning to sleep till daylight, and then find his way home to his father and mother. But alas! how woefully was he undone! what crosses and sorrows happen to us all in this world! The cook got up early, before day-break, to feed the cows; and going straight to the hay-loft, carried away a large bundle of hay, with the little man in the middle of it, fast asleep. He still, however, slept on, and did not awake till he found himself in the mouth of the cow; for the cook had put the hay into the cow's rick, and the cow had taken Tom up in a mouthful of it. "Good lack-a-day!" said he, "how came I to tumble into the mill?" But he soon found out where he really was; and was forced to have all his wits about him, that he might not get between the cow's teeth, and so be crushed to death. At last down he went into her stomach. "It is rather dark here," said he; "they forgot to build

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windows in this room to let the sun in: a candle would be no bad thing."

Though he made the best of his bad luck, he did not like his quarters at all; and the worst of it was, that more and more hay was always coming down, and the space left for him became smaller and smaller. At last he cried out as loud as he could, "Don't bring me any more hay! Don't bring me any more hay!"

The maid happened to be just then milking the cow; and hearing some one speak, but seeing nobody, and yet being quite sure it was the same voice that she had heard in the night, she was so frightened that she fell off her stool, and overset the milk-pail. As soon as she could pick herself up out of the dirt, she ran off as fast as she could to her master the parson, and said, "Sir, sir, the cow is talking!" But the parson said, "Woman, thou art surely mad!" However, he went with her into the cow-house, to try and see what was the matter.

Scarcely had they set their foot on the threshold, when Tom called out, "Don't bring me any more hay!" Then the parson himself was frightened; and thinking the cow was surely bewitched, told his man to kill her on the spot. So the cow was killed, and cut up; and the stomach, in which Tom lay, was thrown out upon a dunghill.

Tom soon set himself to work to get out, which was not a very easy task; but at last, just as he had made room to get his head out, fresh ill-luck befell him. A hungry wolf sprang out, and swallowed up the whole stomach, with Tom in it, at one gulp, and ran away.

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Tom, however, was still not disheartened; and thinking the wolf would not dislike having some chat with him as he was going along, he called out, "My good friend, I can show you a famous treat." "Where's that?" said the wolf. "In such and such a house," said Tom, describing his own father's house: "you can crawl through the drain into the kitchen, and then into the pantry, and there you will find cakes, ham, beef, cold chicken, roast pig, apple-dumplings, and every thing that your heart can wish."

The wolf did not want to be asked twice; so that very night he went to the house and crawled through the drain into the kitchen, and then into the pantry, and ate and drank there to his heart's content. As soon as he had had enough, he wanted to get away; but he had eaten so much that he could not go out by the same way that he came in.

This was just what Tom had reckoned upon; and now he began to set up a great shout, making all the noise he could. "Will you be easy?" said the wolf: "you'll awaken everybody in the house if you make such a clatter." "What's that to me?" said the little man: "you have had your frolic, now I've a mind to be merry myself;" and he began again, singing and shouting as loud as he could.

The woodman and his wife being awakened by the noise, peeped through a crack in the door; but when they saw that a wolf was there, you may well suppose that they were sadly frightened; and the woodman ran for his axe, and gave his wife a scythe. "Do you stay behind," said the woodman, "and when I have knocked

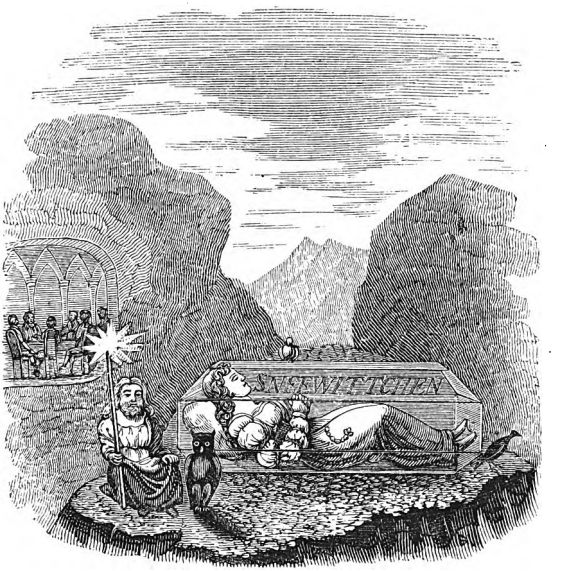
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him on the head you must rip him up with the scythe." Tom heard all this said, and cried out, "Father, father! I am here, the wolf has swallowed me." And his father said, "Heaven be praised! we have found our dear child again;" and he told his wife not to use the scythe for fear she should hurt him. Then he aimed a great blow, and struck the wolf on the head, and killed him on the spot; and when he was dead they cut open his body, and set Tommy free. "Ah!" said the father, "what fears we have had for you!" "Yes, father," answered he: "I have travelled all over the world, I think, in one way or other, since we parted; and now I am very glad to come home and get fresh air again." "Why, where have you been?" said his father. "I have been in a mouse-hole,—and in a snail-shell,—and down a cow's throat,—and in the wolf's belly; and yet here I am again, safe and sound."

"Well," said they, "you are come back, and we will not sell you again for all the riches in the world."

Then they hugged and kissed their dear little son, and gave him plenty to eat and drink, for he was very hungry; and then they fetched new clothes for him, for his old ones had been quite spoiled on his journey. So Master Thumb stayed at home with his father and mother, in peace; for though he had been so great a traveller, and had done and seen so many fine things, and was fond enough of telling the whole story, he always agreed that, after all,—There's no place like HOME!

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EVENING THE SEVENTH.

SNOW-DROP—THE FOUR CRAFTS-MEN—CAT-SKIN.

SNOW-DROP.*

It was the middle of winter, when the broad flakes of snow were falling around, that the queen of a country many thousand miles off sat working at her window.

* "Snee-wittchen" of Grimm; told with several minor variations in Hesse: also at Vienna, with more important alterations. In one version, Spiegel (the glass) is the name of a dog, who performs the part of the queen's monitor. The wish of the queen, which opens this story, has been illustrated in the *Altdeutsche Wälder*, vol. i. p. 1; in a

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The frame of the window was made of fine black ebony, and as she was looking out upon the snow, she pricked her finger, and three drops of blood fell upon it. Then she gazed thoughtfully upon the red drops that sprinkled the white snow, and said, "Would that my little daughter may be as white as that snow, as red as that blood, and as black as this ebony window-frame!" And so the little girl really did grow up; her skin was as white as snow, her cheeks as rosy as the blood, and her hair as black as ebony; and she was called Snow-drop.

dissertation on a curious passage in Wolfram von Eschenbach's romance of *Parcifal*, where the hero bursts forth into a pathetic allusion to his lady's charms, on seeing drops of blood fallen on snow,—

"Trois gotes de fres sanc,
Qui enluminoient le blanc,"

as Chretien de Troyes expresses it in the French romance on the same subject,—

". . . panse tant, qu'il s'oblie;
Ausins estoit en son avis
Li vermauz sor le blanc asis,
Come les gotes de sanc furent,
Qui desor le blanc aparurent;
Au l'esgarder, que il faisoit,
Li est avis, tant li pleisoit,
Qu'il veist la color novelle
De la face s'amie belle."

Several parallel wishes are selected from the ancient traditionary stories of different countries, from the Irish legend of Deirda and Navis, the son of Visneach, in Keating's *History of Ireland*, to the Neapolitan stories in *Pentamerone*, iv. 9, and v. 8.

"O cielo!" says the hero in the latter, "e non porria havere un mogliere acossi janco, e rossa, comme e chella preta, e che havesse li capello e le ciglia acossi negro, comme fo le penne di chisto cuervo," &c. The unfading corpse placed in the glass coffin is to be found also in the *Pentamerone*, ii. 8 (la Schiavottella): and in *Haralds Saga*. Snäfridr, his beauteous wife, dies, but her countenance changes not,

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But this queen died; and the king soon married another wife, who became queen, and was very beautiful, but so vain that she could not bear to think that any one could be handsomer than she was. She had a fairy looking-glass, to which she used to go, and then the would gaze upon herself in it, and say,

"Tell me, glass, tell me true!
Of all the ladies in the land,
Who is fairest? tell me, who?"

And the glass had always answered,

"Thou, queen, art the fairest in all the land."

its bloom continuing; and the king sits by the body, watching it three years.

The dwarfs who appear in this story are of genuine Northern descent. They are Metallarii, live in mountains, and are of the benevolent class; for it must be particularly observed that this, and the mischievous race, are clearly distinguishable. The *Heldenbuch* says, "God produced the dwarfs, because the mountains lay waste and useless, and valuable stores of silver and gold, with gems and pearls, were concealed in them. Therefore he made them right wise and crafty, that they could distinguish good and bad, and to what use all things should be applied. They knew the use of gems; that some of them gave strength to the wearer; others made him invisible, which were called fog-caps: therefore God gave art and wisdom to them, so that they built them hollow hills," &c. (*Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, p. 41.) The most beautiful example of the ancient Teutonic romance is that which contains the adventures, and the description of the abode in the mountains, of Laurin the King of the Dwarfs. Those who wish to obtain full and accurate information on the various species, habitss, and manners of these sons of the mountains, may consult Olaus Magnus, or, at far greater length, the *Anthropodemus Plutonicus* of Prætorius.

We ought to observe that this story has been somewhat shortened by us, the style of telling it in the original being rather diffuse; and we have not entered into the particulars of the queen's death, which in the German is occasioned by the truly Northern punishment of being obliged to dance in red-hot slippers or shoes.

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But Snow-drop grew more and more beautiful; and when she was seven years old she was as bright as the day, and fairer than the queen herself. Then the glass one day answered the queen, when she went to look in it as usual,

> "Thou, queen, art fair, and beauteous to see,
> But Snow-drop is lovelier far than thee!"

When she heard this, she turned pale with rage and envy; and called to one of her servants and said, "Take Snow-drop away into the wide wood, that I may never see her any more." Then the servant led her away; but his heart melted when Snow-drop begged him to spare her life, and he said, "I will not hurt thee, thou pretty child." So he left her by herself; and though he thought it most likely that the wild beasts would tear her in pieces, he felt as if a great weight were taken off his heart when he had made up his mind not to kill her but to leave her to her fate, with the chance of some one finding and saving her.

Then poor Snow-drop wandered along through the wood in great fear; and the wild beasts roared about her, but none did her any harm. In the evening she came to a cottage among the hills; and went in to rest, for her little feet would carry her no further. Every thing was spruce and neat in the cottage: on the table was spread a white cloth, and there were seven little plates, with seven little loaves, and seven little glasses with wine in them; and seven knives and forks laid in order; and by the wall stood seven little beds. As she

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was very hungry, she picked a little piece off each loaf and drank a very little wine out of each glass; and after that she thought she would lie down and rest. So she tried all the little beds; but one was too long, and another was too short, till at last the seventh suited her: and there she laid herself down and went to sleep.

By and by in came the masters of the cottage Now they were seven little dwarfs, that lived among the mountains, and dug and searched about for gold. They lighted up their seven lamps, and saw at once that all was not right. The first said, "Who has been sitting on my stool?" The second, "Who has been eating off my plate?" The third, "Who has been picking my bread?" The fourth, "Who has been meddling with my spoon?" The fifth, "Who has been handling my fork?" The sixth, "Who has been cutting with my knife?" The seventh, "Who has been drinking my wine?" Then the first looked round and said, "Who has been lying on my bed?" And the rest came running to him, and every one cried out that somebody had been upon his bed. But the seventh saw Snow-drop, and called all his brethren to come and see her; and they cried out with wonder and astonishment, and brought their lamps to look at her, and said, "Good Heavens! what a lovely child she is!" And they were very glad to see her, and took care not to wake her; and the seventh dwarf slept an hour with each of the other dwarfs in turn, till the night was gone.

In the morning Snow-drop told them all her story; and they pitied her, and said if she would keep all

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things in order, and cook and wash, and knit and spin for them, she might stay where she was, and they would take good care of her. Then they went out all day long to their work, seeking for gold and silver in the mountains: but Snow-drop was left at home; and they warned her, and said, "The queen will soon find out where you are, so take care and let no one in."

But the queen, now that she thought Snow-drop was dead, believed that she must be the handsomest lady in the land; and she went to her glass and said,

"Tell me, glass, tell me true!
Of all the ladies in the land,
Who is fairest? tell me, who?"

And the glass answered,

"Thou, queen, art the fairest in all *this* land:
But over the hills, in the greenwood shade,
Where the seven dwarfs their dwelling have made,
There Snow-drop is hiding her head; and she
Is lovelier far, O queen! than thee."

Then the queen was very much frightened; for she knew that the glass always spoke the truth, and was sure that the servant had betrayed her. And she could not bear to think that any one lived who was more beautiful than she was; so she dressed herself up as an old pedler, and went her way over the hills, to the place where the dwarfs dwelt. Then she knocked at the door, and cried, "Fine wares to sell!" Snow-drop looked out at the window, and said, "Good day, good woman! what have you to sell?" "Good wares, fine wares," said she; "laces and bobbins of all colours." "I will let the old lady in; she seems to be

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a very good sortof body," thought Snow-drop; so she ran down and unbolted the door. "Bless me!" said the old woman, "how badly your stays are laced! Let me lace them up with one of my nice new laces." Snow-drop did not dream of any mischief; so she stood up before the old woman; but she set to work so nimbly, and pulled the lace so tight, that Snow-drop's breath was stopped, and she fell down as if she were dead. "There's an end to all thy beauty," said the spiteful queen, and went away home.

In the evening the seven dwarfs came home; and I need not say how grieved they were to see their faithful Snow-drop stretched out upon the ground, as if she were quite dead. However, they lifted her up, and when they found what ailed her, they cut the lace; and in a little time she began to breathe, and very soon came to life again. Then they said, "The old woman was the queen herself; take care another time, and let no one in when we are away."

When the queen got home, she went straight to her glass, and spoke to it as before; but to her great grief it still said,

> "Thou, queen, art the fairest in all *this* land:
> But over the hills, in the greenwood shade,
> Where the seven dwarfs their dwelling have made,
> There Snow-drop is hiding her head; and she
> Is lovelier far, O queen! than thee."

Then the blood ran cold in her heart with spite and malice, to see that Snow-drop still lived; and she dressed herself up again, but in quite another dress from the one she wore before, and took with her a poi-

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soned comb. When she reached the dwarfs' cottage, she knocked at the door, and cried, "Fine wares to sell!" But Snow-drop said, "I dare not let any one in." Then the queen said, "Only look at my beautiful combs!" and gave her the poisoned one. And it looked so pretty, that she took it up and put it into her hair to try it; but the moment it touched her head, the poison was so powerful that she fell down senseless. "There you may lie," said the queen, and went her way. But by good luck the dwarfs came in very early that evening; and when they saw Snow-drop lying on the ground, they thought what had happened, and soon found the poisoned comb. And when they took it away she got well, and told them all that had passed; and they warned her once more not to open the door to any one.

Meantime the queen went home to her glass, and shook with rage when she read the very same answer as before; and she said, "Snow-drop shall die, if it costs me my life." So she went by herself into her chamber, and got ready a poisoned apple: the outside looked very rosy and tempting, but whoever tasted it was sure to die. Then she dressed herself up as a peasant's wife, and travelled over the hills to the dwarfs' cottage, and knocked at the door; but Snow-drop put her head out of the window and said, "I dare not let any one in, for the dwarfs have told me not." "Do as you please," said the old woman, "but at any rate take this pretty apple; I will give it you." "No." said Snow-drop, "I dare not take it." "You silly girl!" answered the other, "what are you afraid of? do you think it is

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poisoned? Come! do you eat one part, and I will eat the other." Now the apple was so made up that one side was good, though the other side was poisoned. Then Snow-drop was much tempted to taste, for the apple looked so very nice; and when she saw the old woman eat, she could wait no longer. But she had scarcely put the piece into her mouth, when she fell down dead upon the ground. "This time nothing will save thee," said the queen; and she went home to her glass, and at last it said,

"Thou, queen, art the fairest of all the fair."

And then her wicked heart was glad, and as happy as such a heart could be.

When evening came, and the dwarfs had got home, they found Snow-drop lying on the ground: no breath came from her lips, and they were afraid that she was quite dead. They lifted her up, and combed her hair, and washed her face with wine and water; but all was in vain, for the little girl seemed quite dead. So they laid her down upon a bier, and all seven watched and bewailed her three whole days; and then they thought they would bury her: but her cheeks were still rosy, and her face looked just as it did while she was alive; so they said, "We will never bury her in the cold ground." And they made a coffin of glass, so that they might still look at her, and wrote upon it in golden letters what her name was, and that she was a king's daughter. And the coffin was set among the hills, and one of the dwarfs always sat by it and watched. And the birds of the air came too, and

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bemoaned Snow-drop: and first of all came an owl, and then a raven, and at last a dove, and sat by her side.

And thus Snow-drop lay for a long, long time, and still only looked as though she were asleep; for she was even now as white as snow, and as red as blood, and as black as ebony. At last a prince came and called at the dwarfs' house; and he saw Snow-drop, and read what was written in golden letters. Then he offered the dwarfs money, and prayed and besought them to let him take her away; but they said, "We will not part with her for all the gold in the world." At last, however, they had pity on him, and gave him the coffin; but the moment he lifted it up to carry it home with him, the piece of apple fell from between her lips, and Snow-drop awoke, and said, "Where am I?" And the prince said, "Thou art quite safe with me."

Then he told her all that had happened, and said, "I love you far better than all the world; so come with me to my father's palace, and you shall be my wife." And Snow-drop consented, and went home with the prince; and everything was got ready with great pomp and splendour for their wedding.

To the feast was asked, among the rest, Snow-drop's old enemy the queen; and as she was dressing herself in fine rich clothes, she looked in the glass and said,

"Tell me, glass, tell me true!
Of all the ladies in the land,
Who is fairest? tell me, who?"

And the glass answered,

"Thou, lady, art loveliest *here*, I ween;
But lovelier far is the new-made queen."

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When she heard this she started with rage; but her envy and curiosity were so great, that she could not help setting out to see the bride. And when she got there, and saw that it was no other than Snow-drop, who, as she thought, had been dead a long while, she choked with rage, and fell down and died: but Snow-drop and the prince lived and reigned happily over that land many, many years; and sometimes they went up into the mountains, and paid a visit to the little dwarfs, who had been so kind to Snow-drop in her time of need.

THE FOUR CRAFTS-MEN.*

"DEAR children," said a poor man to his four sons, "I have nothing to give you; you must go out into the wide world and try your luck. Begin by learning some craft or another, and see how you can get on." So the four brothers took their walking-sticks in their hands, and their little bundles on their shoulders, and after bidding their father good-bye, went all out at the gate together. When they had got on some way they came to four cross-ways, each leading to a different country. Then the eldest said, "Here we must part;

* Of Grimm, from Paderborn. There is a story exceedingly like this in the *Pentamerone*, v. 7, "Li cinco Figlie;" and in Straparola, vii. 5. In another old German story, a smith arrives at such perfection as to shoe a fly with a golden shoe, and twenty-four nails to each foot. In the Persian *Tuhti Nameh* there is also a story closely resembling the one before us. In one of the North-French fabliaux, we recollect that the thief is so dexterous as to steal off his companion's breeches without his observation.

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but this day four years we will come back to this spot; and in the meantime each must try what he can do for himself."

So each brother went his way; and as the eldest was hastening on a man met him, and asked him where he was going, and what he wanted. "I am going to try my luck in the world, and should like to begin by learning some art or trade," answered he. "Then," said the man, "go with me, and I will teach you how to become the cunningest thief that ever was." "No," said the other, "that is not an honest calling, and what can one look to earn by it in the end but the gallows?" "Oh!" said the man, "you need not fear the gallows; for I will only teach you to steal what will be fair game: I meddle with nothing but what no one else can get or care anything about, and where no one can find you out." So the young man agreed to follow his trade, and he soon showed himself so clever, that nothing could escape him that he had once set his mind upon.

The second brother also met a man, who, when he found out what he was setting out upon, asked him what craft he meant to follow. "I do not know yet," said he. "Then come with me, and be a star-gazer. It is a noble art, for nothing can be hidden from you, when once you understand the stars." The plan pleased him much, and he soon became such a skilful star-gazer, that when he had served out his time, and wanted to leave his master, he gave him a glass, and said, "With this you can see all that is passing in the sky and on earth, and nothing can be hidden from you."

The third brother met a huntsman, who took him

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with him, and taught him so well all that belonged to hunting, that he became very clever in the craft of the woods; and when he left his master he gave him a bow, and said, "Whatever you shoot at with this bow you will be sure to hit."

The youngest brother likewise met a man who asked him what he wished to do. "Would not you like," said he, "to be a tailor?" "Oh, no!" said the young man; "sitting cross-legged from morning to night, working backwards and forwards with a needle and goose, will never suit me." "Oh!" answered the man, "that is not my sort of tailoring; come with me, and you will learn quite another kind of craft from that." Not knowing what better to do, he came into the plan, and learnt tailoring from the beginning; and when he left his master, he gave him a needle, and said, "you can sew anything with this, be it as soft as an egg or as hard as steel; and the joint will be so fine that no seam will be seen."

After the space of four years, at the time agreed upon, the four brothers met at the four cross-roads; and having welcomed each other, set off towards their father's home, where they told him all that had happened to them, and how each had learned some craft."

Then, one day, as they were sitting before the house under a very high tree, the father said, "I should like to try what each of you can do in this way." So he looked up, and said to the second son, "At the top of this tree there is a chaffinch's nest; tell me how many eggs there are in it." The star-gazer took his glass, looked up, and said, "Five." "Now," said the

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father to the eldest son, "take away the eggs without letting the bird that is sitting upon them and hatching them know anything of what you are doing." So the cunning thief climbed up the tree, and brought away to his father the five eggs from under the bird; and it never saw or felt what he was doing, but kept sitting on at its ease. Then the father took the eggs, and put one on each corner of the table, and the fifth in the middle; and said to the huntsman, "Cut all the eggs in two pieces at one shot." The huntsman took up his bow, and at one shot struck all the five eggs as his father wished. "Now comes your turn," said he to the young tailor; "sew the eggs and the young birds in them together again, so neatly that the shot shall have done them no harm." Then the tailor took his needle, and sewed the eggs as he was told; and when he had done, the thief was sent to take them back to the nest, and put them under the bird without its knowing it. Then she went on sitting, and hatched them; and in a few days they crawled out, and had only a little red streak across their necks, where the tailor had sewn them together.

"Well done, sons!" said the old man: "you have made good use of your time, and learnt something worth the knowing; but I am sure I do not know which ought to have the prize. Oh! that a time might soon come for you to turn your skill to some account!"

Not long after this there was a great bustle in the country; for the king's daughter had been carried off by a mighty dragon, and the king mourned over his loss day and night, and made it known that whoever

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brought her back to him should have her for a wife. Then the four brothers said to each other, "Here is a chance for us; let us try what we can do." And they agreed to see whether they could not set the princess free. "I will soon find out where she is, however," said the star-gazer, as he looked through his glass: and he soon cried out, "I see her afar off, sitting upon a rock in the sea; and I can spy the dragon close by, guarding her." Then he went to the king, and asked for a ship for himself and his brothers; and they sailed together over the sea, till they came to the right place. There they found the princess sitting, as the star-gazer had said, on the rock; and the dragon was lying asleep, with his head upon her lap. "I dare not shoot at him," said the huntsman, "for I should kill the beautiful young lady also." "Then I will try my skill," said the thief; and went and stole her away from under the dragon, so quietly and gently that the beast did not know it, but went on snoring.

Then away they hastened with her full of joy in their boat towards the ship; but soon came the dragon roaring behind them through the air; for he awoke and missed the princess. But when he got over the boat, and wanted to pounce upon them and carry off the princess, the huntsman took up his bow and shot him straight through the heart, so that he fell down dead. They were still not safe; for he was such a great beast that in his fall he overset the boat, and they had to swim in the open sea upon a few planks. So the tailor took his needle, and with a few large

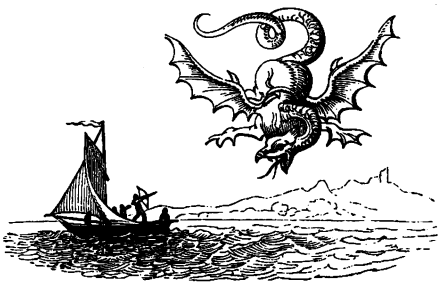
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stitches put some of the planks together; and he sat down upon these, and sailed about and gathered up all the pieces of the boat; and then tacked them together so quickly that the boat was soon ready, and they then reached the ship and got home safe.

When they had brought home the princess to her father, there was great rejoicing; and he said to the four brothers, "One of you shall marry her, but you must settle amongst yourselves which it is to be." Then there arose a quarrel between them; and the star-gazer said, "If I had not found the princess out, all your skill would have been of no use; therefore she ought to be mine." "Your seeing her would have been of no use," said the thief, "if I had not taken her away from the dragon; therefore she ought to be mine." "No, she is mine," said the huntsman; "for if I had not killed the dragon, he would, after all, have torn you and the princess into pieces." "And if I had not sewn the boat together again," said the tailor, "you would all have been drowned; therefore she is mine." Then the king put in a word, and said, "Each of you is right; and as all cannot have the young lady, the best way is for neither of you to have her: for the truth is, there is somebody she likes a great deal better. But to make up for your loss, I will give each of you, as a reward for his skill, half a kingdom." So the brothers agreed that this plan would be much better than either quarrelling or marrying a lady who had no mind to have them. And the king then gave to each half a kingdom, as he had said; and they lived very

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happily the rest of their days, and took good care of their father; and somebody took better care of the young lady, than to let either the dragon or one of the Craftsmen have her again.



CAT-SKIN.*

THERE was once a king, whose queen had hair of the purest gold, and was so beautiful that her match was not to be met with on the whole face of the earth. But this beautiful queen fell ill, and when she felt that her end drew near, she called the king to her and said, "Promise me that you will never marry again, unless you meet with a wife who is as beautiful as I am, and who has golden hair like mine." Then when the king in his grief had promised all she asked, she shut her eyes and died. But the king was not to be comforted, and for a long

* The "Allerlei-rauh" of MM. Grimm; a Hessian and Paderborn tale. It is known as Perrault's "Peau d'Ane," and as "Ll'orza,' of the *Pentamerone*, ii. 6.—See also Straparola, i. 4.

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time never thought of taking another wife. At last, however, his wise men said, "This will not do; the king must marry again, that we may have a queen." So messengers were sent far and wide, to seek for a bride as beautiful as the late queen. But there was no princess in the world so beautiful; and if there had been, still there was not one to be found who had golden hair. So the messengers came home, and had had all their trouble for nothing.

Now the king had a daughter, who was just as beautiful as her mother, and had the same golden hair. And when she was grown up, the king looked at her and saw that she was just like his late queen: then he said to his courtiers, "May I not marry my daughter? she is the very image of my dead wife: unless I have her, I shall not find any bride upon the whole earth, and you say there must be a queen." When the courtiers heard this they were shocked, and said, "Heaven forbid that a father should marry his daughter! Out of so great a sin no good can come." And his daughter was also shocked, but hoped the king would soon give up such thoughts: so she said to him, "Before I marry any one I must have three dresses: one must be of gold, like the sun; another must be of shining silver, like the moon; and a third must be dazzling as the stars: besides this, I want a mantle of a thousand different kinds of fur put together, to which every beast in the kingdom must give a part of his skin." And thus she thought he would think of the matter no more. But the king made the most skilful workmen in his kingdom weave the three

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dresses: one golden, like the sun; another silvery, like the moon; and a third sparkling, like the stars: and his hunters were told to hunt out all the beasts in his kingdom, and to take the finest fur out of their skins: and thus a mantle of a thousand furs was made.

When all were ready, the king sent them to her; but she got up in the night when all were asleep, and took three of her trinkets, a golden ring, a golden necklace, and a golden brooch; and packed the three dresses—of the sun, the moon, and the stars—up in a nut-shell, and wrapped herself up in the mantle made of all sorts of fur, and besmeared her face and hands with soot. Then she threw herself upon Heaven for help in her need, and went away, and journeyed on the whole night, till at last she came to a large wood. As she was very tired, she sat herself down in the hollow of a tree and soon fell asleep: and there she slept on till it was mid-day.

Now as the king to whom the wood belonged was hunting in it, his dogs came to the tree, and began to snuff about, and run round and round, and bark. "Look sharp!" said the king to the huntsmen, "and see what sort of game lies there." And the huntsmen went up to the tree, and when they came back again said, "In the hollow tree there lies a most wonderful beast, such as we never saw before; its skin seems to be of a thousand kinds of fur, but there it lies fast asleep." "See," said the king, "if you can catch it alive, and we will take it with us." So the huntsmen took it up, and the maiden awoke and was greatly frightened, and said, "I am a poor child that has neither father nor

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mother left; have pity on me and take me with you." Then they said, "Yes, Miss Cat-skin, you will do for the kitchen; you can sweep up the ashes, and do things of that sort." So they put her into the coach, and took her home to the king's palace. Then they showed her a little corner under the staircase, where no light of day ever peeped in, and said, "Cat-skin, you may lie and sleep there." And she was sent into the kitchen, and made to fetch wood and water, to blow the fire, pluck the poultry, pick the herbs, sift the ashes, and do all the dirty work.

Thus Cat-skin lived for a long time very sorrowfully. "Ah! pretty princess!" thought she, "what will now become of thee?" But it happened one day that a feast was to be held in the king's castle; so she said to the cook, "May I go up a little while and see what is going on? I will take care and stand behind the door." And the cook said, "Yes, you may go, but be back again in half an hour's time, to rake out the ashes." Then she took her little lamp, and went into her cabin, and took off the fur skin, and washed the soot from off her face and hands, so that her beauty shone forth like the sun from behind the clouds. She next opened her nut-shell, and brought out of it the dress that shone like the sun, and so went to the feast. Every one made way for her, for nobody knew her, and they thought she could be no less than a king's daughter. But the king came up to her, and held out his hand and danced with her; and he thought in his heart, "I never saw any one half so beautiful."

When the dance was at an end she courtesied; and

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when the king looked round for her, she was gone, no one knew whither. The guards that stood at the castle gate were called in: but they had seen no one. The truth was, that she had run into her little cabin, pulled off her dress, blackened her face and hands, put on the fur-skin cloak, and was Cat-skin again. When she went into the kitchen to her work, and began to rake the ashes, the cook said, "Let that alone till the morning, and heat the king's soup; I should like to run up now and give a peep: but take care you don't let a hair fall into it, or you will run a chance of never eating again."

As soon as the cook went away, Cat-skin heated the king's soup, and toasted a slice of bread first, as nicely as ever she could; and when it was ready, she went and looked in the cabin for her little golden ring, and put it into the dish in which the soup was. When the dance was over, the king ordered his soup to be brought in; and it pleased him so well, that he thought he had never tasted any so good before. At the bottom he saw a gold ring lying; and as he could not make out how it had got there, he ordered the cook to be sent for. The cook was frightened when he heard the order, and said to Cat-skin, "You must have let a hair fall into the soup; if it be so, you will have a good beating." Then he went before the king, and he asked him who had cooked the soup. "I did," answered the cook. But the king said, "That is not true; it was better done than you could do it." Then he answered, "To tell the truth I did not cook it, but Cat-skin did." "Then let Cat-skin come up," said the king: and

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when she came he said to her, "Who are you?" "I am a poor child," said she, "that has lost both father and mother." "How came you in my palace?" asked he. "I am good for nothing," said she, "but to be scullion-girl, and to have boots and shoes thrown at my head." "But how did you get the ring that was in the soup?" asked the king. Then she would not own that she knew anything about the ring; so the king sent her away again about her business.

After a time there was another feast, and Cat-skin asked the cook to let her go up and see it as before. "Yes," said he, "but come back again in half-an-hour, and cook the king the soup that he likes so much." Then she ran to her little cabin, washed herself quickly, and took her dress out which was silvery as the moon, and put it on; and when she went in, looking like a king's daughter, the king went up to her, and rejoiced at seeing her again, and when the dance began he danced with her. After the dance was at an end she managed to slip out, so slily that the king did not see where she was gone; but she sprang into her little cabin, and made herself into Cat-skin again, and went into the kitchen to cook the soup. Whilst the cook was above stairs, she got the golden necklace and dropped it into the soup; then it was brought to the king, who ate it, and it pleased him as well as before; so he sent for the cook, who was again forced to tell him that Cat-skin had cooked it. Cat-skin was brought again before the king, but she still told him that she was only fit to have boots and shoes thrown at her head.

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But when the king had ordered a feast to be got ready for the third time, it happened just the same as before. "You must be a witch, Cat-skin," said the cook; "for you always put something into your soup, so that it pleases the king better than mine." However, he let her go up as before. Then she put on the dress which sparkled like the stars, and went into the ball-room in it; and the king danced with her again, and thought she had never looked so beautiful as she did then. So whilst he was dancing with her, he put a gold ring on her finger without her seeing it, and ordered that the dance should be kept up a long time. When it was at an end, he would have held her fast by the hand, but she slipped away, and sprang so quickly through the crowd that he lost sight of her: and she ran as fast as she could into her little cabin under the stairs. But this time she kept away too long, and stayed beyond the half-hour; so she had not time to take off her fine dress, but threw her fur mantle over it, and in her haste did not blacken herself all over with soot, but left one of her fingers white.

Then she ran into the kitchen, and cooked the king's soup; and as soon as the cook was gone, she put the golden brooch into the dish. When the king got to the bottom, he ordered Cat-skin to be called once more, and soon saw the white finger, and the ring that he had put on it whilst they were dancing: so he seized her hand, and kept fast hold of it, and when she wanted to loose herself and spring away, the fur cloak fell off a little on one side, and the starry dress sparkled underneath it.

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Then he got hold of the fur and tore it off, and her golden hair and beautiful form were seen, and she could no longer hide herself: so she washed the soot and ashes from off her face, and showed herself to be the most beautiful princess upon the face of the earth. But the king said, "You are my beloved bride, and we will never more be parted from each other." And the wedding feast was held, and a merry day it was, as ever was heard of or seen in that country, or indeed in any other.

GERMAN SONG.

TO THE MARIEN-WÜRMCHEN, OR LADY-BIRD.

LADY-BIRD! Lady-bird! pretty one, stay:
Come sit on my finger, so happy and gay;
With me shall no mischief betide thee:
No harm would I do thee, no foeman is near:
I only would gaze on thy beauties so dear,
Those beautiful winglets beside thee.

Lady-bird! Lady-bird! fly away home,
Thy house is a-fire, thy children will roam;
List! list! to their cry and bewailing:
The pitiless spider is weaving their doom,
Then Lady-bird! Lady-bird! fly away home;
Hark! hark! to thy children's bewailing.

Fly back again, back again, Lady-bird dear!
Thy neighbours will merrily welcome thee here;
With them shall no peril betide thee:
They'll love thee, and guard thee from danger or care,
And all for a peep at thy winglets so fair.
Those beautiful winglets beside thee.

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EVENING THE EIGHTH.

JORINDA AND JORINDEL—THUMBLING THE DWARF AND THUMBLING THE GIANT—THE WATER OF LIFE.

JORINDA AND JORINDEL.*

THERE was once an old castle, that stood in the middle of a deep gloomy wood, and in the castle lived an old fairy. Now this fairy could take any shape she pleased. All the day long she flew about in the form of an owl,

* "Jorinde und Joringel" of Grimm. This is taken from Heinrich Stilling's *Leben*, i. 104–108; but a story of precisely the same nature is popular in the Schwalm-gegend.

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or crept about the country like a cat; but at night she always became an old woman again. When any young man came within a hundred paces of her castle, he became quite fixed, and could not move a step till she came and set him free; which she would not do till he had given her his word never to come there again: but when any pretty maiden came within that space she was changed into a bird, and the fairy put her into a cage, and hung her up in a chamber in the castle. There were seven hundred of these cages hanging in the castle, and all with beautiful birds in them.

Now there was once a maiden whose name was Jorinda. She was prettier than all the pretty girls that ever were seen before, and a shepherd lad, whose name was Jorindel, was very fond of her, and they were soon to be married. One day they went to walk in the wood, that they might be alone; and Jorindel said, "We must take care that we don't go too near to the fairy's castle." It was a beautiful evening; the last rays of the setting sun shone bright through the long stems of the trees upon the green underwood beneath, and the turtledoves sang from the tall birches.

Jorinda sat down to gaze upon the sun; Jorindel sat by her side; and both felt sad, they knew not why; but it seemed as if they were to be parted from one another for ever. They had wandered a long way; and when they looked to see which way they should go home, they found themselves at a loss to know what path to take.

The sun was setting fast, and already half of its circle had sunk behind the hill: Jorindel on a sudden

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looked behind him, and saw through the bushes that they had, without knowing it, sat down close under the old walls of the castle. Then he shrank for fear, turned pale, and trembled. Jorinda was just singing,

"The ring-dove sang from the willow spray,
Well-a-day! well-a-day!
He mourn'd for the fate of his darling mate,
Well-a-day!"

when her song stopped suddenly. Jorindel turned to see the reason, and beheld his Jorinda changed into a nightingale; so that her song ended with a mournful *jug, jug*. An owl with fiery eyes flew three times round them, and three times screamed,

"Tu whu! Tu whu! Tu whu!"

Jorindel could not move; he stood fixed as a stone, and could neither weep, nor speak, nor stir hand or foot. And now the sun went quite down; the gloomy night came; the owl flew into a bush; and a moment after the old fairy came forth pale and meagre, with staring eyes, and a nose and chin that almost met one another.

She mumbled something to herself, seized the nightingale, and went away with it in her hand. Poor Jorindel saw the nightingale was gone,—but what could he do? he could not speak, he could not move from the spot where he stood. At last the fairy came back and sang with a hoarse voice,—

"Till the prisoner is fast,
And her doom is cast,
There stay! Oh, stay!
When the charm is around her,
And the spell has bound her,
Hie away! away!"

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On a sudden Jorindel found himself free. Then he fell on his knees before the fairy, and prayed her to give him back his dear Jorinda: but she laughed at him, and said he should never see her again; then she went her way.

He prayed, he wept, he sorrowed, but all in vain. "Alas!" he said, "what will become of me?" He could not go back to his own home, so he went to a strange village, and employed himself in keeping sheep. Many a time did he walk round and round as near to the hated castle as he dared go, but all in vain; he heard or saw nothing of Jorinda.

At last he dreamt one night that he found a beautiful purple flower, and that in the middle of it lay a costly pearl; and he dreamt that he plucked the flower, and went with it in his hand into the castle, and that every thing he touched with it was disenchanted, and that there he found his Jorinda again.

In the morning when he awoke, he began to search over hill and dale for this pretty flower; and eight long days he sought for it in vain: but on the ninth day, early in the morning, he found the beautiful purple flower; and in the middle of it was a large dew-drop, as big as a costly pearl. Then he plucked the flower, and set out and travelled day and night, till he came again to the castle.

He walked nearer than a hundred paces to it, and yet he did not become fixed as before, but found that he could go quite close up to the door. Jorindel was very glad indeed to see this. Then he touched the door with the flower, and it sprang open; so that he went

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in through the court, and listened when he heard so many birds singing. At last he came to the chamber where the fairy sat, with the seven hundred birds singing in the seven hundred cages. When she saw Jorindel she was very angry, and screamed with rage; but she could not come within two yards of him, for the flower he held in his hand was his safeguard. He looked around at the birds, but alas! there were many, many nightingales, and how then should he find out which was his Jorinda? While he was thinking what to do, he saw the fairy had taken down one of the cages, and was making the best of her way off through the door. He ran or flew after her, touched the cage with the flower, and his Jorinda stood before him, and threw her arms round his neck; looking as beautiful as ever, as beautiful as when they walked together in the wood.

Then he touched all the other birds with the flower, so that they all took their old forms again; and he took Jorinda home, where they were married, and lived happily together many years: and so did a good many other lads, whose maidens had been forced to sing in the old fairy's cages by themselves, much longer than they liked.

THUMBLING THE DWARF AND THUMBLING THE GIANT.*

An honest husbandman had once upon a time a son bor ı to him who was no bigger than my thumb, and

* This is MM. Grimm's "Der junge Riese." This and our "Master Snip" have an intimate connexion with the oldest Northern

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who for many years did not grow one hair's breadth taller. One day, as the father was going to plough in his field, the little fellow said, "Father, let me go too." "No," said his father, "stay where you are; you can do no good out of doors, and if you go perhaps I may lose you." Then little Thumbling fell a-crying: and his father, to quiet him, at last said he might go. So he put him in his pocket, and when he was in the field pulled him out, and set him upon the top of a newly-made furrow, that he might be able to look about him.

While he was sitting there, a great giant came striding over the hill. "Do you see that tall steeple-man?" said the father; "if you don't take care he will run away with you." Now he only said this to frighten the little boy and keep him from straying away. But the giant had long legs, and with two or three strides he really came close to the furrow, and picked up Master Thumbling, to look at him as he would at a beetle or a cockchafer. Then he let him run about his

traditions, and will be recognised as concurring in many of its incidents with the tales of *Owlglass*, *Hickathrift*, &c. so well known, and on which a good deal has been said in a preceding note. The service to the smith is a remarkable coincidence with Siegfried's adventures; and the mill-stone that falls harmless reminds us of Thor's adventure with Skrimnir. The giant, moreover, is in true keeping with the Northern personages of that description, for whom the shrewd dwarf is generally more than a match; and the pranks played belong to the same class of performances as those of the hero Grettir, when he kept geese upon the common. MM. Grimm quote a Servian tale given by Schottky, which resembles closely the conflict of wits between the giant and the young man.

See further on the subject of the smith, the remarks of the editor of the late edition of Warton's *History of English Poetry*, in his Preface (p. 89).

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broad hand, and taking a liking to the little chap went off with him. The father stood by all the time, but could not say a word for fright; for he thought his child was really lost, and that he should never see him again.

But the giant took care of him at his house in the woods, and laid him in his bosom, and fed him with the same food that he lived upon himself. So Thumbling, instead of being a little dwarf, became like the giant—tall, and stout, and strong:—so that at the end of two years, when the old giant took him into the woods to try him, and said, "Pull up that birch-tree for yourself to walk with," the lad was so strong that he tore it up by the root. The giant thought he would make him a still stronger man than this: so after taking care of him two years more he took him into the wood to try his strength again. This time he took hold of one of the thickest oaks, and pulled it up as if it were mere sport to him. Then the old giant said, "Well done, my man! you will do now." So he carried him back to the field where he first found him.

His father happened to be just then ploughing his field again, as he was when he lost his son. The young giant went up to him and said, "Look here, father, see who I am:—don't you know your own son?" But the husbandman was frightened, and cried out, "No, no, you are not my son; begone about your business." "Indeed, I am your son; let me plough a little, I can plough as well as you." "No, go your ways," said the father; but as he was afraid of the tall man, he at last let go the plough, and sat down on the ground beside

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it. Then the youth laid hold of the ploughshare, and though he only pushed with one hand, he drove it deep into the earth. The ploughman cried out, "If you must plough, pray do not push so hard; you are doing more harm than good:" but his son took off the horses, and said, "Father, go home, and tell my mother to get ready a good dinner; I'll go round the field meanwhile." So he went on driving the plough without any horses, till he had done two mornings' work by himself. Then he harrowed it; and when all was over, took up plough, harrow, horses and all, and carried them home like a bundle of straw.

When he reached the house he sat himself down on the bench, saying, "Now, mother, is dinner ready?" "Yes," said she, for she dared not deny him anything; so she brought two large dishes full, enough to have lasted herself and her husband eight days; however, he soon ate it all up, and said that was but a taste. "I see very well, father, that I shall not get enough to eat at your house; so if you will give me an iron walking-stick, so strong that I cannot break it against my knees, I will go away again." The husbandman very gladly put his two horses to the cart, and drove them to the forge; and brought back a bar of iron, as long and as thick as his two horses could draw: but the lad laid it against his knee, and snap it went, like a bean-stalk. "I see, father," said he, "you can get no stick that will do for me, so I'll go and try my luck by myself."

Then away he went, and turned blacksmith, and travelled till he came to a village where lived a miserly

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smith, who earned a good deal of money, but kept all he got to himself, and gave nothing away to anybody. The first thing he did was to step into the smithy, and ask if the smith did not want a journeyman. "Ay," said the cunning fellow, as he looked at him and thought what a stout chap he was, and how lustily he would work and earn his bread,—"What wages do you ask?" "I want no pay," said he; "but every fortnight, when the other workmen are paid, you shall let me give you two strokes over the shoulders, just to amuse myself." The old smith thought to himself he could bear this very well, and reckoned on saving a great deal of money, so the bargain was soon struck.

The next morning the new workman was about to begin to work, but at the first stroke that he hit, when his master brought him the iron red hot, he shivered it in pieces, and the anvil sunk so deep into the earth that he could not get it out again. This made the old fellow very angry: "Holla!" cried he, "I can't have you for a workman, you are too clumsy; we must put an end to our bargain." "Very well," said the other, "but you must pay for what I have done; so let me give you only one little stroke, and then the bargain is all over." So saying, he gave him a thump that tossed him over a load of hay that stood near. Then he took the thickest bar of iron in the forge for a walking-stick, and went on his way.

When he had journeyed some way he came to a farmhouse, and asked the farmer if he wanted a foreman. The farmer said, "Yes," and the same wages were agreed for as before with the blacksmith. The

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next morning the workmen were all to go into the wood; but the giant was found to be fast asleep in his bed when the rest were all up and ready to start. "Come, get up," said one of them to him; "it is high time to be stirring: you must go with us." "Go your way," muttered he, sulkily; "I shall have done my work and get home long before you." So he lay in bed two hours longer, and at last got up and cooked and ate his breakfast, and then at his leisure harnessed his horses to go to the wood.

Just before the wood was a hollow way, through which all must pass; so he drove the cart on first, and built up behind him such a mound of fagots and briers that no horse could pass. This done, he drove on, and as he was going into the wood met the others coming out on their road home. "Drive away," said he, "I shall be home before you still." However, he only went a very little way into the wood, and tearing up one of the largest timber trees, put it into his cart, and turned about homewards. When he came to the pile of fagots, he found all the others standing there, not being able to pass by. "So," said he, "you see if you had staid with me, you would have been home just as soon, and might have slept an hour or two longer." Then he took his tree on one shoulder, and his cart on the other, and pushed through as easily as though he were laden with feathers; and when he reached the yard he showed the tree to the farmer, and asked if it was not a famous walking-stick. "Wife," said the farmer, "this man is worth something; if he sleeps longer, still he works better than the rest."

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Time rolled on, and he had worked for the farmer his whole year; so when his fellow-labourers were paid, he said he also had a right to take his wages. But great dread came upon the farmer, at the thought of the blows he was to have, so he begged him to give up the old bargain, and take his whole farm and stock instead. "Not I," said he. "I will be no farmer; I am foreman, and so I mean to keep, and to be paid as we agreed." Finding he could do nothing with him, the farmer only begged one fortnight's respite, and called together all his friends, to ask their advice in the matter. They bethought themselves for a long time, and at last agreed that the shortest way was to kill this troublesome foreman. The next thing was to settle how it was to be done; and it was agreed that he should be ordered to carry into the yard some great mill-stones, and to put them on the edge of the well; that then he should be sent down to clean it out, and when he was at the bottom, the mill-stones should be pushed down upon his head.

Everything went right, and when the foreman was safe in the well, the stones were rolled in. As they struck the bottom, the water splashed to the very top. Of course they thought his head must be crushed to pieces; but he only cried out, "Drive away the chickens from the well; they are scratching about in the sand above, and they throw it into my eyes, so that I cannot see." When his job was done, up he sprang from the well, saying, "Look here! see what a fine neckcloth I have!" as he pointed to one of the mill-

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stones that had fallen over his head and hung about his neck.

The farmer was again overcome with fear, and begged another fortnight to think of it. So his friends were called together again, and at last gave this advice; that the foreman should be sent and made to grind corn by night at the haunted mill, whence no man had ever yet come out in the morning alive. That very evening he was told to carry eight bushels of corn to the mill, and grind them in the night. Away he went to the loft, put two bushels into his right pocket, two into his left, and four into a long sack slung over his shoulders, and then set off to the mill. The miller told him he might grind there in the day time, but not by night; for the mill was bewitched, and whoever went in at night had been found dead in the morning. "Never mind, miller, I shall come out safe," said he; "only make haste and get out of the way, and look out for me in the morning."

So he went into the mill, and put the corn into the hopper, and about twelve o'clock sat himself down on the bench in the miller's room. After a little time the door all at once opened of itself, and in came a large table. On the table stood wine and meat, and many good things besides. All seemed placed there by themselves; at any rate there was no one to be seen. The chairs next moved themselves round it, but still neither guests nor servants came; till all at once he saw fingers handling the knives and forks, and putting food on the plates, but still nothing else was to be seen.

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Now our friend felt somewhat hungry as he looked at the dishes, so he sat himself down at the table and ate whatever he liked best. "A little wine would be well after this cheer," said he; "but the good folks of this house seem to take but little of it." Just as he spoke, however, a flagon of the best moved on, and our guest filled a bumper, smacked his lips, and drank "Health and long life to all the company, and success to our next merry meeting!"

When they had had enough, and the plates and dishes, bottles and glasses, were all empty, on a sudden he heard something blow out the lights. "Never mind!" thought he; "one wants no candle to show one light to go to sleep by." But now that it was pitch dark he felt a huge blow fall upon his head. "Foul play!" cried he; "if I get such another box on the ear I shall just give it back again:" and this he really did when the next blow came. Thus the game went on all night; and he never let fear get the better of him, but kept dealing his blows round, till at day-break all was still. "Well, miller," said he in the morning, "I have had some little slaps on the face, but I've given as good, I warrant you; and meantime I have eaten just as much as I liked." The miller was glad to find the charm was broken, and would have given him a great deal of money. "I want no money, I have quite enough," said he, as he took his meal on his back, and went home to his master to claim his wages.

But the farmer was in great trouble, knowing there was now no help for him; and he paced the room up

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and down, while the drops of sweat ran down his forehead. Then he opened the window for a little fresh air, and before he was aware his foreman gave him the first blow, and such a blow, that off he flew over the hills and far away. The next blow sent his wife after him, and, for aught I know, they may not have reached the ground yet; but, without waiting to know, the young giant took up his iron walking-stick and walked off.



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THE WATER OF LIFE.*

LONG before you or I were born, there reigned, in a country a great way off, a king who had three sons. This king once fell very ill,—so ill that nobody thought he could live. His sons were very much grieved at their father's sickness; and as they were walking together very mournfully in the garden of the palace, a little old man met them and asked what was the matter. They told him that their father was very ill, and that they were afraid nothing could save him. "I know what would," said the little old man; "it is the Water of Life. If he could have a draught of it he would be well again; but it is very hard to get." Then the eldest son said, "I will soon find it:" and he went to the sick king, and begged that he might go in search of the Water of Life, as it was the only thing that could save him. "No," said the king, "I had rather die than place you in such great danger as you must meet with in your journey." But he begged so hard that the king let him go; and the prince thought

* Found current, by Grimm, in Hesse, Paderborn, and (with variations) other places. The story has in many particulars a very Oriental cast. It resembles one of the *Arabian Nights;* but it is also connected with one of the tales of Straparola, iv. 3. Another of MM. Grimm's stories, "De drei Vügelkens," with which it coincides in several respects, has still more of the Oriental character. The "Water of Life" is a very ancient tradition, even in Rabbinical lore. In Conrad of Wurtzburg's *Trojan War* (written in the thirteenth century), Medea gets the water from Paradise, to renew the youth of Jason's father.

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to himself, "if I bring my father this water, he will make me sole heir to his kingdom."

Then he set out: and when he had gone on his way some time he came to a deep valley, overhung with rocks and woods; and as he looked around, he saw standing above him on one of the rocks a little ugly dwarf, with a sugarloaf cap and a scarlet cloak; and the dwarf called to him and said, "Prince, whither so fast?" "What is that to thee, you ugly imp?" said the prince haughtily, and rode on.

But the dwarf was enraged at his behaviour, and laid a fairy spell of ill-luck upon him; so that as he rode on the mountain pass became narrower and narrower, and at last the way was so straitened that he could not go a step forward: and when he thought to have turned his horse round and go back the way he came, he heard a loud laugh ringing round him, and found that the path was closed behind him, so that he was shut in all round. He next tried to get off his horse and make his way on foot, but again the laugh rang in his ears, and he found himself unable to move a step, and thus he was forced to abide spell-bound.

Meantime the old king was lingering on in daily hope of his son's return, till at last the second son said, "Father, I will go in search of the Water of Life." For he thought to himself, "My brother is surely dead, and the kingdom will fall to me if I find the water." The king was at first very unwilling to let him go, but at last yielded to his wish. So he set out and followed the same road which his brother had done; and met with the same little elf, who stopped

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him at the same spot in the mountains, saying, as before, "Prince, prince, whither so fast?" "Mind your own affairs, busy-body!" said the prince, scornfully, and rode on.

But the dwarf put the same spell upon him as he had put on his elder brother; and he, too, was at last obliged to take up his abode in the heart of the mountains. Thus it is with proud silly people, who think themselves above every one else, and are too proud to ask or take advice.

When the second prince had thus been gone a long time, the youngest son said he would go and search for the Water of Life, and trusted he should soon be able to make his father well again. So he set out, and the dwarf met him too at the same spot in the valley, among the mountains, and said. "Prince, whither so fast?" And the prince said, "I am going in search of the Water of Life; because my father is ill, and like to die: can you help me? Pray be kind, and aid me if you can!" "Do you know where it is to be found?" asked the dwarf. "No," said the prince, "I do not. Pray tell me if you know." "Then as you have spoken to me kindly, and are wise enough to seek for advice, I will tell you how and where to go. The water you seek springs from a well in an enchanted castle; and, that you may be able to reach it in safety, I will give you an iron wand and two little loaves of bread; strike the iron door of the castle three times with the wand, and it will open: two hungry lions will be lying down inside gaping for their prey, but if you throw them the bread they will let you pass; then hasten on to the

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well, and take some of the Water of Life before the clock strikes twelve; for if you tarry longer the door will shut upon you for ever."

Then the prince thanked his little friend with the scarlet cloak for his friendly aid; and took the wand and the bread, and went travelling on and on, over sea and over land, till he came to his journey's end, and found everything to be as the dwarf had told him. The door flew open at the third stroke of the wand, and when the lions were quieted he went on through the castle and came at length to a beautiful hall. Around it he saw several knights sitting in a trance; then he pulled off their rings and put them on his own fingers. In another room he saw on a table a sword and a loaf of bread, which he also took. Further on he came to a room where a beautiful young lady sat upon a couch; and she welcomed him joyfully, and said, if he would set her free from the spell that bound her, the kingdom should be his, if he would come back in a year and marry her. Then she told him that the well that held the Water of Life was in the palace gardens; and bade him make haste, and draw what he wanted before the clock struck twelve.

He went on; and as he walked through beautiful gardens, he came to a delightful shady spot in which stood a couch; and he thought to himself, as he felt tired, that he would rest himself for awhile, and gaze on the lovely scenes around him. So he laid himself down, and sleep fell upon him unawares, so that he did not wake up till the clock was striking a quarter to twelve. Then he sprang from the couch dreadfully

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frightened, ran to the well, filled a cup that was standing by him full of water, and hastened to get away in time. Just as he was going out of the iron door it struck twelve, and the door fell so quickly upon him that it snapt off a piece of his heel.

When he found himself safe, he was overjoyed to think that he had got the Water of Life; and as he was going on his way homewards, he passed by the little dwarf, who, when he saw the sword and the loaf, said, "You have made a noble prize: with the sword you can at a blow slay whole armies, and the bread will never fail you." Then the prince thought to himself, "I cannot go home to my father without my brothers;" so he said, "My dear friend, cannot you tell me where my two brothers are, who set out in search of the Water of Life before me, and never came back?" "I have shut them up by a charm between two mountains," said the dwarf, "because they were proud and ill-behaved, and scorned to ask advice." The prince begged so hard for his brothers, that the dwarf at last set them free, though unwillingly, saying, "Beware of them, for they have bad hearts." Their brother, however, was greatly rejoiced to see them, and told them all that had happened to him; how he had found the Water of Life, and had taken a cup full of it; and how he had set a beautiful princess free from a spell that bound her; and how she had engaged to wait a whole year, and then to marry him, and to give him the kingdom.

Then they all three rode on together, and on their way home came to a country that was laid waste by war and a dreadful famine, so that it was feared all

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must die for want. But the prince gave the king of the land the bread, and all his kingdom ate of it. And he lent the king the wonderful sword, and he slew the enemy's army with it; and thus the kingdom was once more in peace and plenty. In the same manner he befriended two other countries, through which they passed on their way.

When they came to the sea, they got into a ship; and during their voyage the two eldest said to themselves, "Our brother has got the water which we could not find, therefore our father will forsake us and give him the kingdom, which is our right;" so they were full of envy and revenge, and agreed together how they could ruin him. Then they waited till he was fast asleep, and poured the Water of Life out of the cup, and took it for themselves, giving him bitter sea-water instead.

When they came to their journey's end, the youngest son brought his cup to the sick king, that he might drink and be healed. Scarcely, however, had he tasted the bitter sea-water when he became worse even than he was before; and then both the elder sons came in, and blamed the youngest for what he had done; and said that he wanted to poison their father, but that they had found the Water of Life, and had brought it with them. He no sooner began to drink of what they brought him, than he felt his sickness leave him, and was as strong and well as in his younger days. Then they went to their brother, and laughed at him, and said, "Well, brother, you found the Water of Life, did you? You have had the trouble and we shall have the

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reward. Pray, with all your cleverness, why did not you manage to keep your eyes open? Next year one of us will take away your beautiful princess, if you do not take care. You had better say nothing about this to our father, for he does not believe a word you say; and if you tell tales, you shall lose your life into the bargain: but be quiet, and we will let you off."

The old king was still very angry with his youngest son, and thought that he really meant to have taken away his life; so he called his court together, and asked what should be done, and all agreed that he ought to be put to death. The prince knew nothing of what was going on, till one day, when the king's chief huntsman went a-hunting with him, and they were alone in the wood together, the huntsman looked so sorrowful that the prince said, "My friend, what is the matter with you?" "I cannot and dare not tell you," said he. But the prince begged very hard, and said, "Only tell me what it is, and do not think I shall be angry, for I will forgive you." "Alas!" said the huntsman, "the king has ordered me to shoot you." The prince started at this, and said, "Let me live, and I will change dresses with you; you shall take my royal coat to show to my father, and do you give me your shabby one." "With all my heart," said the huntsman; "I am sure I shall be glad to save you, for I could not have shot you." Then he took the prince's coat, and gave him the shabby one, and went away through the wood.

Some time after, three grand embassies came to the old king's court, with rich gifts of gold and precious

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stones for his youngest son; now all these were sent from the three kings to whom he had lent his sword and loaf of bread, in order to rid them of their enemy and feed their people. This touched the old king's heart, and he thought his son might still be guiltless, and said to his court, "O that my son were still alive! how it grieves me that I had him killed!" "He is still alive," said the huntsman; "and I am glad that I had pity on him, and saved him: for when the time came, I could not shoot him, but let him go in peace, and brought home his royal coat." At this the king was overwhelmed with joy, and made it known throughout all his kingdom, that if his son would come back to his court he would forgive him.

Meanwhile the princess was eagerly waiting till her deliverer should come back; and had a road made leading up to her palace all of shining gold; and told her courtiers that whoever came on horseback, and rode straight up to the gate upon it, was her true lover; and that they must let him in: but whoever rode on one side of it, they must be sure was not the right one; and that they must send him away at once.

The time soon came, when the eldest brother thought that he would make haste to go to the princess, and say that he was the one who had set her free, and that he should have her for his wife, and the kingdom with her. As he came before the palace and saw the golden road, he stopped to look at it, and he thought to himself, "It is a pity to ride upon this beautiful road;" so he turned aside and rode on the right-hand side of it. But when he came to the gate, the guards, who had seen the road

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he took, said to him, he could not be what he said he was, and must go about his business.

The second prince set out soon afterwards on the same errand; and when he came to the golden road, and his horse had set one foot upon it, he stopped to look at it, and thought it very beautiful, and said to himself, "What a pity it is that anything should tread here!" Then he too turned aside and rode on the left side of it. But when he came to the gate the guards said he was not the true prince, and that he too must go away about his business; and away he went.

Now when the full year was come round, the third brother left the forest in which he had lain hid for fear of his father's anger, and set out in search of his betrothed bride. So he journeyed on, thinking of her all the way, and rode so quickly that he did not even see what the road was made of, but went with his horse straight over it; and as he came to the gate it flew open, and the princess welcomed him with joy, and said he was her deliverer, and should now be her husband and lord of the kingdom. When the first joy at their meeting was over, the princess told him she had heard of his father having forgiven him, and of his wish to have him home again: so, before his wedding with the princess, he went to visit his father, taking her with him. Then he told him everything; how his brothers had cheated and robbed him, and yet that he had borne all these wrongs for the love of his father. And the old king was very angry, and wanted to punish his wicked sons; but they made their escape, and got into

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a ship and sailed away over the wide sea, and where they went to nobody knew and nobody cared.

And now the old king gathered together his court, and asked all his kingdom to come and celebrate the wedding of his son and the princess. And young and old, noble and squire, gentle and simple, came at once on the summons; and among the rest came the friendly dwarf, with the sugarloaf hat, and a new scarlet cloak.

"And the wedding was held, and the merry bells rung,
And all the good people they danced and they sung,
And feasted and frolick'd I can't tell how long."

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EVENING THE NINTH.

THE BLUE LIGHT—THE THREE CROWS—CHANTICLEER AND PARTLET—THE FROG PRINCE.

THE BLUE LIGHT.*

An old soldier had served the king his master many years, while the war lasted. But in the end peace came; the army was broken up, and honest Kurt was

* "Das blaue Licht" of Grimm; a Mecklenburgh story. In the Collection of Hungarian Tales of Georg von Gaal, it appears that there is one like this, called "The Wonderful Tobacco Pipe."

In one or other of our tales we have a specimen of every kind of

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left without pay or reward, and sent about his business. Unluckily, his business was no business; for he had been fighting all his life, and knew no trade, and how he should get his living he did not know. However, he set out and journeyed homeward, in a very downcast mood, until one evening he came to the edge of a deep wood. As the road led that way, he pushed forward into this wood; but he had not gone far before he saw a light glimmering through the trees, towards which he bent his weary steps, and soon came to a hut, where no one lived but an old witch. Poor Kurt begged hard for a night's lodging, and something to eat and drink; but she would listen to nothing. However, he was not to be easily got rid of; and at last she said, "I think I will take pity on you this once: but if I do, you must dig over all my garden for me in the morning." The soldier agreed very willingly to anything she asked: "Hungry men," he said, "must not be over-nice;" and he had nothing else to do: so on these terms he became the old witch's guest.

The next day he kept his word, and dug the garden all over very neatly. The job lasted all day; and in the evening, when his mistress would have sent him away, he said, "I am so tired with my work, that I must beg you will let me stay over the night." The old lady vowed at first she would not do any such thing; but after a great deal of talk Kurt carried his point, on the

dwarf, goblin, cobold, elf, and skrattel — or by what other name these spirits, bad or good, are called — excepting the Will-o'-the-Wisp, or Jack-a-Lantern; of whose kindred, however, the spirit of "the Blue Light" seems to be.

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terms of chopping up a whole cart-load of wood for her the next day.

This task too was duly ended, but not till towards night; and then Kurt found himself so tired, that he begged a third night's rest: which the witch granted, but only on his pledging his word that the next day he would fetch her up the blue light that burned at the bottom of the well.

When morning came she led him to the well's mouth, tied him to a long rope, and let him down. At the bottom sure enough he found the blue light, as she had said; and he at once made a signal for her to draw him up again. But when she had pulled him up so near to the top that she could reach him with her hands, she said, "Give me the light, I will take care of it,"—meaning to play him a trick, by taking it for herself, and letting him fall down again to the bottom of the well. But Kurt was too old a soldier for that; he saw through her crafty thoughts, and said, "No, no! I shall not give you the light, till I find myself safe and sound out of the well." At this she became very angry, and though the light was what she had longed for many and many a long year, without having before found any one to go down and fetch it for her, her rage and spite so overcame her that she dashed the soldier, and his prize too, down to the bottom. There lay poor Kurt for a while in despair, on the damp mud below, and feared that his end was nigh, for how he was ever to get out he could not see. But his pipe happened to be in his pocket, still half full, and he thought to himself, "I may as well make an end of smoking you out: it is the

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last pleasure I shall have in this world." So he lit it at the blue light, and began to smoke.

Up rose a cloud of smoke, and on a sudden a little black dwarf, with a hump on his back and a feather in his cap, was seen making his way through the midst of it. "What do you want with me, soldier?" said he. "Nothing at all, manikin," answered he. But the dwarf said, "I am bound to serve you in everything, as lord and master of the blue light." "Then, as you are so very civil, be so good first of all as to help me out of this well!" No sooner said than done: the dwarf took him by the hand and drew him up, and the blue light of course came up with him. "Now do me another piece of kindness," said the soldier: "pray let that old lady take my place in the well!" When the dwarf had lodged the witch safely at the bottom, they began to ransack her treasures; and Kurt made bold to carry off as much of the gold and silver in her house as he well could: for he was quite sure that whose soever it had once been, he had at least as good right to it now as she had. Then the dwarf said, "If you should chance at any time to want me, you have nothing to do but to light your pipe at the blue light, and I shall soon be with you."

The soldier was not a little pleased at his good luck; and he went to the best inn in the first town he came to, and ordered some fine clothes to be made, and a handsome room to be got ready for him. When all was ready, he called the imp of the blue light to him, and said, "The king sent me off penniless, and left me to hunger and want: I have a mind to show him that

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it is my turn to be master now; so bring me his daughter here this evening, that she may wait upon me." "That is rather a dangerous task," said little humpty. But away he went, took the princess out of her bed, fast asleep as she was, and brought her to the soldier.

Very early in the morning he carried her back; and as soon as she saw her father she said, "I had a strange dream last night: I thought I was carried away through the air to an old soldier's house, and was forced to wait upon him there." Then the king wondered greatly at such a story; but told her to make a hole in her pocket, and fill it with peas; so that if it were really as she said, and the whole was not a dream, the peas might fall out in the streets as she passed through, and thus leave a clue to tell whither she had been taken. She did so: but the dwarf had heard the king's plot; and when evening came, and the soldier said he must bring him the princess again, he strewed peas over many other streets, so that the few that fell from her pocket were not known from the others: and all that happened was, that the pigeons had a fine feast, and the people of the town were busy all the next day picking up peas, and wondering where so many could come from.

When the princess told her father what had happened to her the second time, he said, "Take one of your shoes with you, and hide it in the room you are taken to." The dwarf, however, was by his side and heard this also; and when Kurt told him to bring the king's daughter again, he said, "I have no power to save you a second time; it will be an unlucky thing for you if you are found out, as I think you will." But the

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old soldier, like some other people who are not over-wise, would have his own way. "Then," said the dwarf, "all I can say to you is, that you had better take care, and make the best of your way out of the city gate very early in the morning."

The princess kept one shoe on, as her father bid her, and hid it in the soldier's room: and when she got back to her father, he gave orders that it should be sought for all over the town; and at last, sure enough, it was found where she had hidden it. The soldier had meantime run away, it is true; but he had been too slow, and was followed and soon caught, and thrown into a strong prison, and loaded with chains. What was worse, he had, in the hurry of his flight, left behind him his great prize the blue light, and all his gold; and had nothing left in his pocket but one poor ducat. As his friend the dwarf belonged to the light, he was therefore lost too.

While Kurt was standing looking very sorrowfully out at the prison grating, he saw one of his old comrades going by; so calling out to him he said, "If you will bring me a little thing or two that I left in the inn, I will give you a ducat." His comrade thought this very good pay for such a job, and soon came back bringing the blue light. Then the prisoner soon lit his pipe: up rose the smoke, and with it once more came his old friend and helper in time of need, the little dwarf. "Do not fear, master!" said he; "keep up your heart at your trial, and leave everything to take its course: only mind to take the blue light with you!" The trial soon came on; the matter was sifted to the

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bottom; the prisoner was found guilty, and his doom passed:—he was ordered to be hung forthwith on the gallows-tree.

But as he was led away to be hung, he said he had one favour to beg of the king. "What is it?" said his majesty. "That you will deign to let me smoke one pipe on the road." "Two, if you like!" said the king, in the politest way possible. Then Kurt lit his pipe at the blue light; and the black dwarf with his hump on his back, and his feather in his cap, stood before him in a moment, and asked his master for orders. "Be so good," said Kurt, "as to send to the right-about all these good people, who are taking so much pains to fit me with a halter; and as for the king their master, be kind enough to cut him into three pieces."

Then the dwarf began to lay about him as quick as thought, for there was no time to lose; and he soon got rid of the crowd around: but the king begged hard for mercy, and, to save his life, he agreed to let Kurt have the princess for his wife, and to leave him the kingdom when he died. And so the matter was ended, and terms of peace were agreed upon, signed and sealed; and thus peace, for the first time in his life, brought good luck to our old soldier.

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THE THREE CROWS.*

A BAND of soldiers came home from the wars; for peace had been made, and their king wanted their service no longer. One of them, whose name was Conrad, had saved a good deal of money out of his pay; for he did not spend all he earned in eating and drinking, as many others do. Now two of his comrades were great rogues, and they wanted to rob him of his money: however, they behaved outwardly towards him in a friendly way "Comrade," said they to him one day, "why should we stay here, shut up in this town like prisoners, when you at any rate have earned enough to live upon for the rest of your days in peace and plenty, at home by your own fireside?" They talked so often to him in this manner, that he at last said he would go and try his luck with them; but they all the time thought of nothing but how they should manage to steal away his money from him.

When they had gone a little way, the two rogues said, "We must go by the right-hand road, for that will take us quickest into another country, where we shall be safe." Now they knew all the while that what they were saying was untrue; and as soon as Conrad said "No, that will take us straight back into the town we came from—we must keep on the left hand,"

* "Die Krähen," a Mecklenburgh story. MM. Grimm mention a similar tale by the Persian poet Nisami, recently noticed by Hammer; and they also notice coincidences in Bohemian and Hungarian tales.

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they picked a quarrel with him, and said, "What do you give yourself airs for? you know nothing about it." Then they fell upon him and knocked him down, and beat him over the head till he was blind. And having taken all the money out of his pockets, they dragged him to a gallows-tree that stood hard by, bound him fast down at the foot of it, and went back into the town with the money. But the poor blind man did not know where he was; and he felt all around him, and finding that he was bound to a large beam of wood, thought it was a cross, and said, "After all, they have done kindly in leaving me under a cross; now Heaven will guard me."

When night came on, he heard something fluttering over his head. It turned out to be three crows that flew round and round, and at last perched upon the tree. By and by they began to talk together, and he heard one of them say, "Sister, what is the best news with you to-day?" "Oh! if men did but know all that we know!" said the other. "The princess is ill, and the king has vowed to marry her to any one who will cure her: but this none can do, for she will not be well until yonder blue flower is burned to ashes and swallowed by her." "Oh, indeed," said the other crow, "if men did but know what we know! To-night there will fall from heaven a dew of such power, that even a blind man, if he washed his eyes with it, would see again." And the third spoke, and said, "Oh! if men knew what we know! The flower is wanted but for one, the dew is wanted but for few; but there is a great dearth of water for all in the town. All the wells are

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dried up; and no one knows that they must take away the large square stone by the fountain in the market-place, and dig underneath it, and that then the finest water will spring up."

Conrad lay all this time quite quiet; and when the three crows had done talking, he heard them fluttering round again, and at last away they flew. Greatly wondering at what he had heard, and overjoyed at the thoughts of getting his sight, he tried with all his strength to break loose. At last he found himself free, and plucked some of the grass that grew beneath him, and washed his eyes with the dew that had fallen upon it. At once his eye-sight came to him again, and he saw, by the light of the moon and the stars, that he was beneath the gallows-tree, and not beneath a cross, as he had thought. Then he gathered together in a bottle as much of the dew as he could, to take away with him; and looked around till he saw the blue flower that grew close by; and when he had burned it he gathered up the ashes, and set out on his way towards the king's court.

When he reached the palace, he told the king he was come to cure the princess; and when he had given her the ashes and made her well, he claimed her for his wife, as the reward that was to be given. But the princess, looking upon him and seeing that his clothes were so shabby, had no mind to be his wife; and the king would not keep his word, but thought to get rid of him by saying, "Whoever wants to have the princess for his wife, must find enough water for the use of the town, where there is this summer a great dearth."

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Then the soldier went out, and told the people to take up the square stone by the fountain in the market-place, and to dig for water underneath; and when they had done so, there came up a fine spring, that gave enough water for the whole town. So the king could no longer get off giving him his daughter; and as the princess began to think better of him, they were married, and lived very happily together after all.

Soon after, as he was walking one day through a field, he met his two wicked comrades who had treated him so basely. Though they did not know him, he knew them at once, and went up to them and said, "Look at me! I am your old comrade whom you beat and robbed and left blind; Heaven has defeated your wicked wishes, and turned all the mischief which you brought upon me into good luck." When they heard this they fell at his feet, and begged for pardon; and as he had a very kind and good heart he forgave them, and took them to his palace, and gave them food and clothes. And he told them all that had happened to him, and how he had reached these honours. After they had heard the whole story they said to themselves, "Why should not we go and sit some night under the gallows? we may hear something that will bring us good luck, too."

Next night they stole away; and when they had sat under the tree a little while, they heard a fluttering noise over their heads; and the three crows came and perched upon it. "Sisters," said one of them, "some one must have overheard us, for all the world is talking of the wonderful things that have happened:—the

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princess is well; the flower has been plucked and burned; a blind man has found his sight; and they have found the spring that gives water to the whole town. Let us look round, perhaps we may find some one skulking about; if we do, he shall rue the day."

Then they began fluttering about, and soon spied out the two men below, and flew at them in a rage, beating and pecking them in the face with their wings and beaks till they were quite blind, and lay half dead upon the ground, under the gallows-tree.

The next day passed over, and they did not return to the palace; so Conrad began to wonder where they were, and went out the following morning in search of them, and at last he found them where they lay, dreadfully repaid for all their folly and baseness.

CHANTICLEER AND PARTLET.*

1. *How they went to the mountains to eat nuts.*

"THE nuts are quite ripe now," said Chanticleer to his wife Partlet; "suppose we go together to the mountains, and eat as many as we can, before the

* This comprises three stories, "Das Lumpengesindel," "Herr Korbes," and "Von dem Tod des Hühnchens," of Grimm (from Paderborn, the Main, and Hesse), placed together as naturally forming one continuous piece of biography. We shall, perhaps, be told that the whole is more than a little childish; but we wish to give a specimen of each variety of these tales, and at the same time an instance of the mode in which inanimate objects are pressed into the service. The

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squirrel takes them all away." "With all my heart," said Partlet: "let us go and make a holiday of it together."

So they went to the mountains, and as it was a lovely day they stayed there till the evening. Now, whether it was that they had eaten so many nuts that they could not walk, or whether they were lazy and would not, I do not know: however, they took it into their heads that it did not become them to go home on foot. So Chanticleer began to build a little carriage of nut-shells; and when it was finished, Partlet jumped into it and sat down, and bid Chanticleer harness himself to it and draw her home. "That's a good joke!" said Chanticleer. "No, that will never do; I had rather by half walk home. I'll sit on the box and be coachman, if you like, but I'll not draw." While this was passing a duck came quacking up, and cried out, "You thieving vagabonds! what business have you in my grounds? I'll give it you well for your insolence!" and upon that she fell upon Chanticleer most lustily. But Chanticleer was no coward, and paid back the duck's blows with his sharp spurs so fiercely, that she soon began to cry out for mercy; which was only granted her on her agreeing to draw the carriage home for them. This she said she would do; and Chanticleer got upon the box and drove off, crying, "Now

death of Hühnchen forms a balladised story published in *Wunderhorn*, vol. iii. among the Kinderlieder. Who "Herr Korbes" is, or what his name imports, we know not; and we should therefore observe that we have, of our own authority alone, turned him into an enemy, and named him "the fox," in order to give some sort of reason for the outrage committed on his hospitality by uninvited guests.

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duck, get on as fast as you can." And away they went at a pretty good pace.

After they had travelled along a little way, they overtook a needle and a pin, walking together along the road; and the needle cried out, "Stop! stop!" and said it was so dark that they could hardly find their way, and the walking so dirty that they could not get on at all. He told them that he and his friend the pin had been at a public-house a few miles off, and had sat drinking till they had forgotten how late it was; so he begged the travellers would be so kind as to give them a lift in their carriage. Chanticleer, seeing that they were but thin fellows, and not likely to take up much room, told them they might ride, but made them promise not to dirty the wheels of the carriage in getting in, nor to tread on Partlet's toes.

Late at night they got to an inn; and as it was bad travelling in the dark, and the duck seemed much tired, and waddled about a good deal from one side to the other, they made up their minds to fix their quarters there. But the landlord at first was unwilling, and said his house was full; for he thought they might not be very reputable company. However, they spoke civilly to him, and gave him the egg which Partlet had laid by the way, and said they would give him the duck, who was in the habit of laying one every day: so at last he let them come in, and they bespoke a handsome supper, and spent the evening very jollily.

Early in the morning, before it was quite light, and when nobody was stirring in the inn, Chanticleer awakened his wife, and fetching the egg, they pecked

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a hole in it, ate it up, and threw the shell into the fire-place. They then went to the pin and needle, who were fast asleep, and, seizing them by their heads, stuck one into the landlord's easy chair, and the other into his handkerchief. Having done this, they crept away as softly as they could, and followed their journey. However, the duck, who slept in the open air in the yard, heard them coming, and jumping into the brook which ran close by the inn, soon swam off, clear out of their reach.

An hour or two afterwards the landlord got up, and took his handkerchief to wipe his face, but the pin ran into him and pricked him; then he walked into the kitchen to light his pipe at the fire, but when he stirred it up the egg-shells flew into his eyes, and almost blinded him. "Bless me!" said he, "all the world seems to have a plot against my head this morning;" and so saying, he threw himself sulkily into his easy chair: but, oh dear! the needle ran into him, and this time the pain was not in his head. He now flew into a very great rage, and thinking it must be the company who had come in the night before, he made out their bill for their night's lodging, and went to look after them, but they were all off; so he swore that he never again would take in such a troop of vagabonds, who ate a great deal, paid no reckoning, and gave him nothing for his trouble but their apish tricks.

2. *How Chanticleer and Partlet went to visit Mr. Korbes.*

Another day Chanticleer and Partlet wished to ride out together, so Chanticleer built a handsome carriage,

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with four red wheels, and harnessed six mice to it; and then he and Partlet got into the carriage, and away they drove. Soon afterwards, Hinze, the cat, met them, and said, "Where are you going?" And Chanticleer replied,—

"All on our way
A visit to pay
To Mr. Korbes, the fox, to-day."

Then Hinze said, "Take me with you." Chanticleer said, "With all my heart: get up behind, and be sure you do not fall off."

"Take care of this handsome coach of mine,
Nor dirty my pretty red wheels so fine!
Now, mice, be ready,
And, wheels, run steady!
For we are going a visit to pay
To Mr. Korbes, the fox, to-day."

Soon after came up a mill-stone, an egg, a duck, and a pin; and Chanticleer gave them all leave to get into the carriage and go with them.

When they got to Mr. Korbes's house he was not at home; so the mice drew the carriage into the coach-house. Chanticleer and Partlet flew upon a beam, the cat sat down in the fire-place, the duck got into the washing-cistern, the pin stuck himself into the bed-pillow, the mill-stone laid himself over the house-door, and the egg rolled herself up in the towel.

When Mr. Korbes came home, he went to the fire-place to make a fire, but Hinze threw all the ashes in his eyes, so he ran to the kitchen to wash himself, but there the duck splashed all the water in his face, and

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when he tried to wipe himself, the egg broke to pieces in the towel, all over his face and eyes. Then he was very angry, and went without his supper to bed; but when he laid his head on the pillow, the pin ran into his cheek. At this he became quite mad, and, jumping up, would have run out of the house, but when he came to the door the mill-stone fell down on his head, and killed him on the spot.

3. *How Partlet died and was buried, and how Chanticleer died of grief.*

Another day Chanticleer and Partlet agreed to go again to the hills to eat nuts; and it was settled that all the nuts they could find should be shared equally between them. Now Partlet found a very large nut, but she said nothing about it to Chanticleer, and kept it all to herself: however, it was so big that she could not swallow it, and it stuck in her throat. Then she was in a great fright, and cried out to Chanticleer, "Pray run as fast as you can and fetch me some water, or I shall be choked." So Chanticleer ran as fast as he could to the river, and said, "River, give me some water, for Partlet lies on the hill and will be choked by a great nut." But the river said, "Run first to the bride, and ask her for a silken cord to draw up the water." Then Chanticleer ran to the bride, and said, "Bride, you must give me a silken cord, for then the river will give me water, and the water I will carry to Partlet, who lies on the hill, and will be choked by a great nut." But the bride said, "Run first and bring

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me my garland, that is hanging on a willow in the garden." Then Chanticleer ran to the garden, and took the garland from the bough where it hung, and brought it to the bride,—and the bride gave him the silken cord,—and he took the silken cord to the river, —and the river gave him water,—and he carried the water to Partlet: but, in the meantime, she was choked by the great nut, and lay quite dead, and never stirred any more.

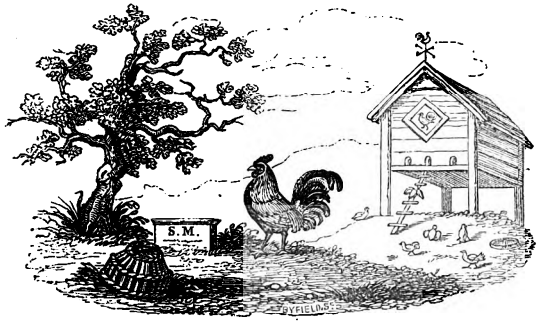
Then Chanticleer was very sorry, and cried bitterly; and all the beasts came and wept with him over poor Partlet. And six mice built a little hearse to carry her to her grave; for Chanticleer wished she should be buried in the family burying-ground. And when it was ready they harnessed themselves to it, and Chanticleer drove them. On the way they met the fox. "Where are you going, Chanticleer?" said he. "To bury my Partlet," said the other. "May I go with you?" said the fox. "Yes; but you must get up behind, or my horses will not be able to draw you." Then the fox got up behind; and soon the wolf, the bear, the goat, and all the beasts of the wood, came and climbed up behind the hearse.

So on they went, till, just as they got home, they came to a swift stream. "How shall we get over?" said Chanticleer. Then a straw said, "I will lay myself across, and you may pass over upon me." But as the mice were going over, the straw slipped away and fell into the water, and the six mice all fell in and were drowned. What was to be done? Then a large log of wood came and said, "I am big enough; I will lay

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myself across the stream, and you shall pass over upon me." So he laid himself down, but they managed so clumsily that the log of wood fell in, and was carried away by the stream. Then a stone came up and kindly offered to help poor Chanticleer, by laying himself across the stream; and this time he got safely over with the hearse, and managed to get Partlet out of it; but the fox and the other mourners who were sitting behind were too heavy, and fell back into the water, and were all carried away by the stream and drowned.

Thus Chanticleer was left alone with his dead Partlet; and having dug a grave for her, close by the house where she and all the family were born, he laid her in it, and buried her. Then he pined away by the side of her grave, and wept and wailed, till at last he died too: and thus all the party were dead.



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THE FROG-PRINCE.*

ONE fine evening a young princess put on her bonnet and clogs, and went out to take a walk by herself in a wood; and when she came to a cool spring of water, that rose in the midst of it, she sat herself down to rest awhile. Now she had a golden ball in her hand, which was her favourite plaything; and she was always tossing it up into the air, and catching it again as it fell. After a time she threw it up so high that she missed catching it as it fell; and the ball bounded away, and rolled along upon the ground, till at last it fell down into the spring. The princess looked into the spring after her ball, but it was very deep, so deep that she could not see the bottom of it. Then she began to bewail her loss, and said, "Alas! if I could only get my ball again, I would give all my fine clothes and jewels, and everything that I have in the world."

Whilst she was speaking, a frog put its head out of the water, and said, "Princess, why do you weep so

* "Der Froschkönig, oder der Eiserne Heinrich," of Grimm. This story is from Hesse, but is also told in other parts with variations. It is one of the oldest German tales, as well as of extensive currency elsewhere. Dr. Leyden gives a story of the "Frog-lover" as popular in Scotland. (See *Complaint of Scotland*, Edin. 1801.) "These enchanted frogs," says the Quarterly Reviewer, "have migrated from afar, and we suspect that they were originally crocodiles: we trace them in *The Relations of Ssidi Kur.*" This story gives the annotator an opportunity of following his friend Mr. Crofton Croker's example, in subjoining an interesting letter which he received, on the subject of this and other tales, from Sir Walter Scott (printed at the end of this volume)

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bitterly?" "Alas!" said she, "what can you do for me, you nasty frog? My golden ball has fallen into the spring." The frog said, "I want not your pearls, and jewels, and fine clothes; but if you will love me, and let me live with you and eat from off your golden plate, and sleep upon your bed, I will bring you your ball again." "What nonsense," thought the princess, "this silly frog is talking! He can never even get out of the spring to visit me, though he may be able to get my ball for me, and therefore I will tell him he shall have what he asks." So she said to the frog, "Well, if you will bring me my ball, I will do all you ask." Then the frog put his head down, and dived deep under the water; and after a little while he came up again, with the ball in his mouth, and threw it on the edge of the spring. As soon as the young princess saw her ball, she ran to pick it up; and she was so overjoyed to have it in her hand again, that she never thought of the frog, but ran home with it as fast as she could. The frog called after her, "Stay, princess, and take me with you as you said." But she did not stop to hear a word.

The next day, just as the princess had sat down to dinner, she heard a strange noise—tap, tap—plash, plash—as if something was coming up the marble staircase: and soon afterwards there was a gentle knock at the door, and a little voice cried out and said,—

"Open the door, my princess dear,
Open the door to thy true love, here!
And mind the words that thou and I said
By the fountain cool, in the greenwood shade."

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Then the princess ran to the door and opened it, and there she saw the frog, whom she had quite forgotten. At this sight she was sadly frightened, and shutting the door as fast as she could came back to her seat. The king, her father, seeing that something had frightened her, asked her what was the matter. "There is a nasty frog," said she, "at the door, that lifted my ball for me out of the spring this morning: I told him that he should live with me here, thinking that he could never get out of the spring; but there he is at the door, and he wants to come in."

While she was speaking the frog knocked again at the door, and said,—

"Open the door, my princess dear,
Open the door to thy true love here!
And mind the words that thou and I said
By the fountain cool, in the greenwood shade."

Then the king said to the young princess, "As you have given your word you must keep it; so go and let him in." She did so, and the frog hopped into the room, and then straight on—tap, tap—plash, plash—from the bottom of the room to the top, till he came up close to the table where the princess sat. "Pray lift me upon a chair," said he to the princess, "and let me sit next to you." As soon as she had done this, the frog said, "Put your plate nearer to me, that I may eat out of it." This she did, and when he had eaten as much as he could, he said, "Now I am tired; carry me up stairs, and put me into your bed." And the princess, though very unwilling, took him up in her hand, and put him upon the pillow of her own

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bed, where he slept all night long. As soon as it was light he jumped up, hopped down stairs, and went out of the house. "Now, then," thought the princess, "at last he is gone, and I shall be troubled with him no more."

But she was mistaken; for when night came again she heard the same tapping at the door; and the frog came once more, and said,

> "Open the door, my princess dear,
> Open the door to thy true love here!
> And mind the words that thou and I said
> By the fountain cool, in the greenwood shade."

And when the princess opened the door the frog came in, and slept upon her pillow as before, till the morning broke. And the third night he did the same. But when the princess awoke on the following morning she was astonished to see, instead of the frog, a handsome prince, gazing on her with the most beautiful eyes she had ever seen, and standing at the head of her bed.

He told her that he had been enchanted by a spiteful fairy, who had changed him into a frog; and that he had been fated so to abide till some princess should take him out of the spring, and let him eat from her plate, and sleep upon her bed for three nights. "You," said the prince, "have broken this cruel charm, and now I have nothing to wish for but that you should go with me into my father's kingdom, where I will marry you, and love you as long as you live."

The young princess, you may be sure, was not long in saying "Yes" to all this; and as they spoke a gay coach drove up, with eight beautiful horses, decked with

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plumes of feathers and golden harness; and behind the coach rode the prince's servant, faithful Heinrich, who had bewailed the misfortunes of his dear master during his enchantment so long and so bitterly, that his heart had well-nigh burst.

They then took leave of the king, and got into the coach with eight horses, and all set out, full of joy and merriment, for the prince's kingdom, which they reached safely; and there they lived happily a great many years.



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EVENING THE TENTH.

THE ELVES AND THE COBBLER—CHERRY THE FROG-BRIDE.—THE DANCING SHOES.

THE ELVES AND THE COBBLER.*

THERE was once a cobbler, who worked very hard and was very honest: but still he could not earn enough to live upon; and at last all he had in the

* "Die Wichtelmänner—von einem Schuster, dem sie die Arbeit gemacht," of Grimm, a Hessian tale. We have no nomenclature sufficiently accurate for the classification of the goblin tribes of the North. The personages now before us are of the benevolent and working class: they partake of the general character given of such personages by Olaus Magnus, and of the particular qualities of the Housemen (Haus-

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world was gone, save just leather enough to make one pair of shoes.

Then he cut his leather out, all ready to make up the next day,* meaning to rise early in the morning to his work. His conscience was clear and his heart light amidst all his troubles; so he went peaceably to bed, left all his cares to Heaven, and soon fell asleep. In the morning after he had said his prayers, he sat himself down to his work; when, to his great wonder, there stood the shoes all ready made, upon the table. The good man knew not what to say or think at such an odd thing happening. He looked at the workmanship; there was not one false stitch in the whole job; all was so neat and true, that it was quite a masterpiece.

The same day a customer came in, and the shoes suited him so well that he willingly paid a price higher than usual for them; and the poor shoemaker, with the money, bought leather enough to make two pair more. In the evening he cut out the work, and went to bed early, that he might get up and begin betimes next day; but he was saved all the trouble, for when he got

männer), for whose history we must refer to *Prætorius*, cap. viii. These sprites were of a very domestic turn, attaching themselves to particular households; very pleasant inmates when favourably disposed, very troublesome when of a mischievous temperament, and generally expecting some share of the good things of the family, as a reward for services which they were not accustomed to give gratuitously. "The drudging goblin" works, but does so

> "To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
> When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
> His shadowy flail had threshed the corn,
> That ten day-labourers could not end."
>
> MILTON, *L'Allegro*.

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up in the morning the work was done ready to his hand. Soon in came buyers, who paid him handsomely for his goods, so that he bought leather enough for four pair more. He cut out the work again overnight and found it done in the morning, as before; and so it went on for some time: what was got ready in the evening was always done by daybreak, and the good man soon became thriving and well off again.

One evening, about Christmas time, as he and his wife were sitting over the fire chatting together, he said to her, "I should like to sit up and watch to-night, that we may see who it is that comes and does my work for me." The wife liked the thought; so they left a light burning, and hid themselves in a corner of the room, behind a curtain that was hung up there, and watched what should happen.

As soon as it was midnight, there came in two little naked dwarfs; and they sat themselves upon the shoemaker's bench, took up all the work that was cut out, and began to ply with their little fingers, stitching and rapping and tapping away at such a rate, that the shoemaker was all wonder, and could not take his eyes off them. And on they went, till the job was quite done, and the shoes stood ready for use upon the table. This was long before daybreak; and then they bustled away as quick as lightning.

The next day the wife said to the shoemaker, "These little wights have made us rich, and we ought to be thankful to them, and do them a good turn if we can. I am quite sorry to see them run about as they do; and indeed it is not very decent, for they have nothing upon

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their backs to keep off the cold. I'll tell you what, I will make each of them a shirt, and a coat and waistcoat, and a pair of pantaloons into the bargain; and do you make each of them a little pair of shoes."

The thought pleased the good cobbler very much; and one evening, when all the things were ready, they laid them on the table, instead of the work that they used to cut out, and then went and hid themselves, to watch what the little elves would do.

About midnight in they came, dancing and skipping, hopped round the room, and then went to sit down to their work as usual; but when they saw the clothes lying for them, they laughed and chuckled, and seemed mightily delighted.

Then they dressed themselves in the twinkling of an eye, and danced and capered and sprang about, as merry as could be; till at last they danced out at the door, and away over the green.

The good couple saw them no more; but every thing went well with them from that time forward, as long as they lived.

CHERRY THE FROG-BRIDE.*

THERE was once a king who had three sons. Not far from his kingdom lived an old woman, who had an only daughter called Cherry. The king sent his sons

* This is a translation of "Das Märchen von der Padde," from Büsching's *Volks-Sagen:* changing the heroine from "Petersilie" (Parsley) into Cherry.

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out to see the world, that they might learn the ways of other lands, and get wisdom and skill in ruling the kingdom, which they were one day to have for their own. Bnt the old woman lived at peace at home with her daughter, who was called Cherry, because she liked cherries better than any other kind of food, and would eat scarcely anything else.

Now her poor old mother had no garden, and no money to buy cherries every day for her daughter. And at last she was tempted by the sight of some in a neighbouring garden to go in and beg a few of the gardener. But, as ill luck would have it, the mistress of the garden was as fond of the fruit as Cherry was, and she soon found out that all the best were gone, and was not a little angry at their loss. Now she was a fairy too, though Cherry's mother did not know it, and could tell in a moment who she had to thank for the loss of her dessert. So she vowed to be even with Cherry one of these days.

The princes, while wandering on, came one day to the town where Cherry and her mother lived; and as they passed along the street, saw the fair maiden standing at the window, combing her long and beautiful locks of hair. Then each of the three fell deeply in love with her, and began to say how much he longed to have her for his wife! Scarcely had the wish been spoken, than each broke out into a great rage with the others, for wanting to have poor Cherry, who could only be wife to one of them. At last all drew their swords, and a dreadful battle began. The fight lasted long, and their rage grew hotter and hotter, when at length the old

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fairy, to whom the garden belonged, hearing the uproar, came to her gate to know what was the matter. Finding that it was all about her fair neighbour, her old spite for the loss of the cherries broke forth at once, worse than ever. "Now then," said she, "I will have my revenge;" and in her rage she wished Cherry turned into an ugly frog, and sitting in the water, under the bridge at the world's end. No sooner said than done; and poor Cherry became a frog, and vanished out of their sight. The princes now had nothing to fight for; so, sheathing their swords again, they shook hands as brothers, and went on towards their father's home.

The old king meanwhile found that he grew weak, and ill fitted for the business of reigning; so he thought of giving up his kingdom: but to whom should it be? This was a point that his fatherly heart could not settle; for he loved all his sons alike. "My dear children," said he, "I grow old and weak, and should like to give up my kingdom; but I cannot make up my mind which of you to choose for my heir, for I love you all three; and besides, I should wish to give my people the cleverest and best of you for their king. However, I will give you three trials, and the one who wins the prize shall have the kingdom. The first is to seek me out one hundred ells of cloth, so fine that I can draw it through my golden ring." The sons said they would do their best, and set out on the search.

The two elder brothers took with them many followers, and coaches and horses of all sorts, to bring home all the beautiful cloths which they should find;

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but the youngest went alone by himself. They soon came to where the roads branched off into several ways; two ran through smiling meadows, with smooth paths and shady groves, but the third looked dreary and dirty, and went over barren wastes. The two eldest chose the pleasant ways; but the youngest took his leave, and whistled along over the dreary road. Whenever fine linen was to be seen, the two elder brothers bought it, and bought so much that their coaches and horses bent under their burthen.

The youngest, on the other hand, journeyed on many a weary day, and could find no place where he could buy even one piece of cloth, that was at all fine and good. His heart sank beneath him, and every mile he grew more and more heavy and sorrowful.

At last he came to the bridge at the world's end; and there he sat himself down to rest and sigh over his bad luck, when an ugly-looking frog popped its head out of the water, and asked, with a voice that had not at all a harsh sound to his ears, what was the matter. The prince said in a pet, "Silly frog! thou canst not help me." "Who told you so?" said the frog; "tell me what ails you." The prince still sat down moping and sighing, but after a while he began to tell the whole story, and why his father had sent him out. "I will help you," said the frog; so it jumped into the stream again, and soon came back, dragging a small piece of linen not bigger than one's hand, and by no means the cleanest in the world in its look. However, there it was, and the frog told the prince to take it away with him. He had no great liking for such a dirty rag; but

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still there was something in the frog's speech that pleased him much, and he thought to himself, "It can do no harm, it is better than nothing;" so he picked it up, put it in his pocket, and thanked the frog, who dived down again, panting and quite tired, as it seemed, with its work. The further he went the heavier he found the pocket grow, and so he turned himself homewards, trusting greatly in his good luck.

He reached home nearly about the same time that his brothers came up, with their horses and coaches all heavily laden. Then the old king was very glad to see his children again, and pulled the ring off his finger to try who had done the best; but in all the stock that the two eldest had brought there was not one piece, a tenth part of which would go through the ring. At this they were greatly abashed; for they had made a laughing-stock of their brother, who came home, as they thought, empty-handed. But how great was their anger when they saw him pull from his pocket a piece, that for softness, beauty, and whiteness, was a thousand times better than anything that was ever before seen! It was so fine that it passed with ease through the ring; indeed, two such pieces would readily have gone in together. The father embraced the lucky youth, told his servants to throw the coarse linen into the sea, and said to his children, "Now you must set about the second task which I am to set you;—bring me home a little dog so small that it will lie in a nutshell."

His sons were not a little frightened at such a task: but they all longed for the crown, and made up their

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minds to go and try their hands; and so after a few days they set out once more on their travels. At the cross-ways they parted as before; and the youngest chose his old dreary rugged road, with all the bright hopes that his former good luck gave him. Scarcely had he sat himself down again at the bridge foot when his old friend the frog jumped out, set itself beside him, and as before opened its big wide mouth, and croaked out, "What is the matter?" The prince had this time no doubt of the frog's power, and therefore told what he wanted. "It shall be done for you," said the frog; and springing into the stream it soon brought up a hazel-nut, laid it at his feet, and told him to take it home to his father, and crack it gently, and then see what would happen. The prince went his way very well pleased, and the frog, tired with its task, jumped back into the water.

His brothers had reached home first, and brought with them a great many very pretty little dogs. There were Wag-tails, Cur-tails, and Bob-tails, Crops and Brushes, Spitzes and Sprightlies, Fans and Frisks, Diamonds and Dashes, enough to stock the bowers of all the fair ladies in the land. The old king, willing to help them all he could, sent for a large walnut-shell, and tried it with every one of the little dogs. But one stuck fast with the hind-foot out, another with the head out, and a third with the fore-foot, a fourth with its tail out—in short, some one way and some another; but none were at all likely to sit easily in this new kind of kennel. When all had been tried, the youngest made his father a dutiful bow, and gave him the hazel-

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nut, begging him to crack it very carefully. The moment this was done out ran a beautiful little white dog upon the king's hand; and it wagged its tail, bowed to and fondled its new master; and soon turned about and barked at the other little beasts in the most graceful manner, to the delight of the whole court; and then went back and lay down in its kennel without a bit of either tail, ear, or foot peeping out. The joy of every one was great; the old king again embraced his lucky son, told his people to drown all the other dogs in the sea, and said to his children, "Dear sons, your weightiest tasks are now over, listen to my last wish: whoever brings home the fairest lady shall be at once the heir to my crown."

The prize was so tempting, and the chance so fair for all, that none made any doubts about setting to work, each in his own way, to try and be the winner. The youngest was not in such good spirits as he was the last time; he thought to himself, "The old frog has been able to do a great deal for me, but all its power must be nothing to me now: for where should it find me a fair maiden, and a fairer maiden too than was ever seen at my father's court? The swamps where it lives have no living things in them but toads, snakes, and such vermin." Meantime he went on, and sighed as he sat down again with a heavy heart by the bridge. "Ah, frog!" said he, "this time thou canst do me no good." "Never mind," croaked the frog, "only tell me what is the matter now." Then the prince told his old friend what trouble had now come upon him. "Go thy ways home!" said the frog;

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"the fair maiden will follow hard after: but take care, and do not laugh at whatever may happen!" This said, it sprang as before into the water, and was soon out of sight.

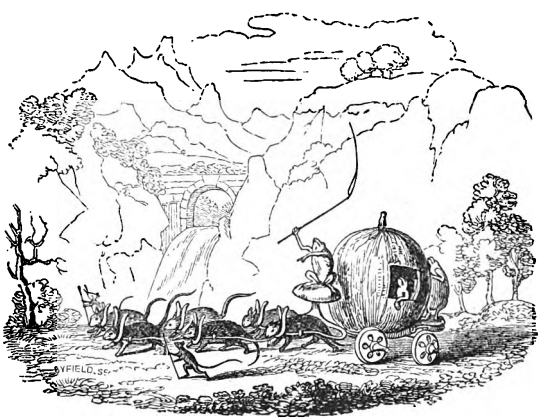
The prince still sighed on, for he trusted very little this time to the frog's word; but he had not set many steps towards home before he heard a noise behind him, and looking round saw six large water-rats dragging along, at full trot, a large pumpkin cut out into the shape of a coach. On the box sat an old fat toad, as coachman; and behind stood two little frogs, as footmen; and two fine mice, with stately whiskers, ran on before, as outriders. Within sat his old friend the frog, rather misshapen and unseemly to be sure, but still with somewhat of a graceful air, as it bowed, and kissed its hand to him in passing.

The prince was much too deeply wrapt up in thought as to his chance of finding the fair lady whom he was seeking, to take any heed of the strange scene before him. He scarcely looked at it, and had still less mind to laugh. The coach passed on a little way, and soon turned a corner that hid it from his sight; but how astonished was he, on turning the corner himself, to find a handsome coach and six black horses standing there, with a coachman in gay livery, and with the most beautiful lady he had ever seen sitting inside! And who should this lady be but the long-lost Cherry, for whom his heart had so long ago panted, and whom he knew again the moment he saw her! As he came up, one of the footmen made him a low bow, as he let down the

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steps and opened the coach door: and he was allowed to get in, and seat himself by the beautiful lady's side.

They soon came to his father's city, where his brothers also came, with trains of fair ladies; but as soon as Cherry was seen, all the court, with one voice, gave the prize to her, as the most beautiful. The delighted father embraced his son, and named him the heir to his crown; and ordered all the other ladies to be sent to keep company with the little dogs. Then the prince married Cherry, and lived long and happily with her; and indeed lives with her still—if he be not dead.



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THE DANCING SHOES.*

Over the seas and far away there is a fine country that neither you nor I, nor anybody else that we know, ever saw; but a very great king once reigned there who had no son at all, but had twelve most beautiful daughters. Now this king had no queen to help him to take care of all these twelve young ladies; and so you may well think that they gave him no little trouble. They slept in twelve beds, all in a row, in one room: and when they went to bed the king always went up, and shut and locked the door. But, for all this care that was taken of them, their shoes were every morning found to be quite worn through, as if they had been danced in all night; and yet nobody could find out how it happened, or where they could have been.

Then the king, you may be sure, was very angry at having to buy so many new shoes; and he made it known to all the land, that if anybody could find out where it was that the princesses danced in the night, he should have the one he liked best of the whole twelve for his wife, and should be king after his death; but

* "Die zertanzten Schuhe" of Grimm; a Munster tale; known also with variations in other parts, and even in Poland, according to the report made by Dobrowsky to MM. Grimm. The story is throughout of a very Oriental cast, except that the soldier has the benefit of the truly Northern Nebel, or Tarn-kappe, which makes the wearer invisible. It should be observed, however, that in the Calmuc *Relations of Ssidi Kur*, lately published in English by Mr. Thoms, we have the cap, the wearer of which is "seen neither by the gods nor men, nor Tchadkurrs," and also the swiftly-moving boots or shoes.

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that whoever tried, and could not, after three days and nights, make out the truth, should be put to death.

A king's son soon came. He was well lodged and fed, and in the evening was taken to the chamber next to the one where the princesses lay in their twelve beds. There he was to sit and watch where they went to dance; and in order that nothing might pass without his hearing it, the door of his chamber was left open. But the prince soon fell asleep; and when he awoke in the morning, he found that the princesses had all been dancing, for the soles of their shoes were full of holes. The same thing happened the second and third nights: so the king soon had this young gentleman's head cut off.

After him came many others; but they had all the same luck, and lost their lives in the same way.

Now it chanced that an old soldier, who had been wounded in battle, and could fight no longer, passed through this country; and as he was travelling through a wood, he met a little old woman, who asked him where he was going. "I hardly know where I am going, or what I had better do," said the soldier; "but I think I should like very well to find out where it is that these princesses dance, about whom people talk so much; and then I might have a wife, and in time I might be a king, which would be a mighty pleasant sort of a thing for me in my old days." "Well, well," said the old dame, nodding her head, "that is no very hard task: only take care not to drink the wine that one of the princesses will bring to you in the evening; and as soon as she leaves you, you must seem to fall fast asleep."

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Then she gave him a cloak, and said, "As soon as you put that on you will become invisible; and you will then be able to follow the princesses wherever they go, without their being at all aware of it." When the soldier heard this he thought he would try his luck: so he went to the king, and said he was willing to undertake the task.

He was as well lodged as the others had been, and the king ordered fine royal robes to be given him; and when the evening came, he was led to the outer chamber. Just as he was going to lie down, the eldest of the princesses brought him a cup of wine; but the soldier slily threw it all away, taking care not to drink a drop. Then he laid himself down on his bed, and in a little while began to snore very loud, as if he was fast asleep. When the twelve princesses heard this they all laughed heartily; and the eldest said, "This fellow, too, might have done a wiser thing than lose his life in this way!" Then they rose up and opened their drawers and boxes, and took out all their fine clothes, and dressed themselves at the glass; and put on the twelve pair of new shoes that the king had just bought them, and skipped about as if they were eager to begin dancing. But the youngest said, "I don't know how it is, but though you are so happy, I feel very uneasy; I am sure some mischance will befall us." "You simpleton!" said the eldest, "you are always afraid; have you forgotten how many kings' sons have already watched us in vain? As for this soldier, he had one eye shut already, when he came into the room; and

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even if I had not given him his sleeping draught he would have slept soundly enough."

When they were all ready, they went and looked at the soldier; but he snored on, and did not stir hand or foot: so they thought they were quite safe; and the eldest went up to her own bed, and clapped her hands, and the bed sank into the floor, and a trap-door flew open. The soldier saw them going down through the trap-door, one after another, the eldest leading the way; and thinking he had no time to lose, he jumped up, put on the cloak which the old fairy had given him, and followed them. In the middle of the stairs he trod on the gown of the youngest, and she cried out, "All is not right; some one took hold of my gown." "You silly thing!" said the eldest; "it was nothing but a nail in the wall."

Then down they all went, and then ran along a dark walk, till they came to a door; and there they found themselves in a most delightful grove of trees; and the leaves were all of silver, and glittered and sparkled beautifully. The soldier wished to take away some token of the place; so he broke off a little branch, and there came a loud noise from the tree. Then the youngest daughter said again, "I am sure all is not right: did not you hear that noise? That never happened before." But the eldest said, "It is only the princes, who are shouting for joy at our approach."

They soon came to another grove of trees, where all the leaves were of gold; and afterwards to a third, where the leaves were all glittering diamonds. And

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the soldier broke a branch from each; and every time there came a loud noise, that made the youngest sister shiver with fear: but the eldest still said, it was only the princes, who were shouting for joy. So they went on till they came to a great lake; and at the side of the lake there lay twelve little boats, with twelve handsome princes in them, waiting for the princesses.

One of the princesses went into each boat, and as the boats were very small the soldier hardly knew what to do. "My company will not be very agreeable to any of them," said he; "but, however, I must not be left behind:" so he stepped into the same boat with the youngest. As they were rowing over the lake, the prince who was in the boat with the youngest princess and the soldier said, "I do not know how it is, but, though I am rowing with all my might, we get on very slowly, and I am quite tired: the boat seems very heavy to-day, especially at one end." "It is only the heat of the weather," said the princess; "I feel it very warm, too."

On the other side of the lake stood a fine illuminated castle, from which came the merry music of horns and trumpets. There they all landed, and went into the castle, and each prince danced with his princess; and the soldier, who was all the time invisible, danced with them too; and when any of the princesses had a cup of wine set by her, he drank it all up, so that when she put the cup to her mouth it was empty. At this, too, the youngest sister was sadly frightened; but the eldest always stopped her mouth. They danced on till three o'clock in the morning, and then all their shoes were worn out, so that they were forced to leave off. The

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princes rowed them back again over the lake; but this time the soldier sat himself in the boat by the eldest princess, and her friend too found it very hard work to row that night. On the other shore they all took leave, saying they would come again the next night.

When they came to the stairs, the soldier ran on before the princesses, and laid himself down; and as they came up slowly, panting for breath and very much tired, they heard him snoring in his bed, and said, "Now all is quite safe." Then they undressed themselves, put away their fine clothes, pulled off their shoes, and went to bed, and to sleep.

In the morning the soldier said nothing about what had happened, for he wished to see more of this sport. So he went again the second and third nights, and every thing happened just as before, the princesses dancing each time till their shoes were worn to pieces, and then going home tired; but the third night the soldier carried away one of the golden cups, as a token of where he had been.

On the morning of the fourth day he was ordered to appear before the king; so he took with him the three branches and the golden cup. The twelve princesses stood listening behind the door, to hear what he would say, laughing within themselves to think how cleverly they had taken him in, as well as all the rest who had watched them. Then the king asked him, "Where do my twelve daughters dance at night?" and the soldier said, "With twelve princes in a castle under ground." So he told the king all that had happened, and showed him the three branches and the

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golden cup, that he had brought with him. On this the king called for the princesses, and asked them whether what the soldier said was true or not; and when they saw they were found out, and that it was of no use to deny what had happened, they said it was all true.

Then the king asked the soldier which of them he would choose for his wife: and he said, "I am not very young, so I think I had better take the eldest." And they were married that very day, and the soldier in due time was heir to the kingdom, after the king his father-in-law died; but what became of the other eleven princesses, or of the twelve princes, I never heard.

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EVENING THE ELEVENTH.

MASTER SNIP—GIANT GOLDEN-BEARD—PEE-WIT—
SPITZ AND THE SPARROW.

MASTER SNIP.*

It was a fine summer morning when Master Snip the tailor, who was a very little man, bound his girdle round his body, cocked his hat, took up his walking-

* "Das Tapfen Schneiderlein" of Grimm. See the Notes on "Thumbling" and "Tom Thumb."

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stick, and looked about his house, to see if there was anything good that he could take with him on his journey into the wide world. He could only find a cheese; but that was better than nothing, so he took it off the shelf; and as he went out the old hen met him at the door, so he packed her too into his wallet with the cheese.

Then off he set, and as he climbed a high hill he saw a giant sitting on the top, picking his teeth with the kitchen poker. "Good day, comrade," said Snip; "there you sit at your ease like a gentleman, looking the wide world over: I have a mind to go and try my luck in that same world. What do you say to going with me?" Then the giant looked down, turned up his nose at him, and said, "You are a poor trumpery little knave!" "That may be," said the tailor; "but we shall see by and by who is the best man of the two."

The giant, finding the little man so bold, began to be somewhat more respectful, and said, "Very well, we shall soon see who is to be master." So he took up a large stone into his hand, and squeezed it till water dropped from it. "Do that," said he, "if you have a mind to be thought a strong man." "Is that all?" said the tailor; "I will soon do as much:" so he put his hand into his wallet, pulled out of it the cheese (which was rather new), and squeezed it till the whey ran out. "What do you say now, Mr. Giant? my squeeze was a better one than yours." Then the giant, not seeing that it was only a cheese, did not know what

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to say for himself, though he could hardly believe his eyes. At last he took up a stone, and threw it up so high that it went almost out of sight. "Now then, little pigmy, do that if you can." "Very good," said the other; "your throw was not a very bad one, but after all your stone fell to the ground: I will throw something that shall not fall at all." "That you can't do," said the giant. But the tailor took his old hen out of the wallet, and threw her up in the air; and she, pleased enough to be set free, flew away out of sight. "Now, comrade," said he, "what do you say to that?" "I say you are a clever hand," said the giant; "but we will now try how you can work."

Then he led him into the wood, where a fine oak-tree lay felled. "Come, let us drag it out of the wood together." "Oh, very well," said Snip: "do you take hold of the trunk, and I will carry all the top and the branches, which are much the largest and heaviest." So the giant took the trunk and laid it on his shoulder; but the cunning little rogue, instead of carrying any thing, sprang up and sat himself at his ease among the branches, and so let the giant carry stem, branches, and tailor into the bargain. All the way they went he made merry, and whistled and sang his song, as if carrying the tree were mere sport; while the giant, after he had borne it a good way, could carry it no longer, and said, "I must let it fall." Then the tailor sprang down, and held the tree as if he were carrying it, saying, "What a shame that such a big lout as you cannot carry a tree like this!"

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On they went together, till they came to a tall cherry-tree; the giant took hold of the top stem, and bent it down, to pluck the ripest fruit, and when he had done gave it over to his friend, that he too might eat. But the little man was so weak that he could not hold the tree down, and up he went with it, dangling in the air like a scarecrow. "Holla!" said the giant, "what now? can't you hold that twig?" "To be sure I could," said the other; "but don't you see that sportsman, who is going to shoot into the bush where we stood? I took a jump over the tree to be out of his way: you had better do the same." The giant tried to follow, but the tree was far too high to jump over, and he only stuck fast in the branches, for the tailor to laugh at him. "Well, you are a fine fellow after all," said the giant; "so come home and sleep with me and a friend of mine in the mountains to night, we will give you a hot supper and a good bed."

The tailor had no business upon his hands, so he did as he was bid, and the giant gave him a good supper and a bed to sleep upon; but the tailor was too cunning to lie down upon the bed, and crept slily into a corner, and there slept soundly. When midnight came, the giant stepped softly in with his iron walking-stick, and gave such a stroke upon the bed, where he thought his guest was lying, that he said to himself, "It's all up now with that grasshopper; I shall have no more of his tricks."

In the morning the giants went off into the woods, and quite forgot Snip, till all on a sudden they met

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him trudging along, whistling a merry tune; and so frightened were they at the sight, that they both ran away as fast as they could.

Then on went the little tailor, following his spuddy nose, till at last he reached the king's court; and then he began to brag very loud of his mighty deeds, saying he was come to serve the king. To try him, they told him that the two giants, who lived in a part of the kingdom a long way off, were become the dread of the whole land; for they had begun to rob, plunder, and ravage all about them, and that if he was so great a man as he said, he should have a hundred soldiers, and should set out to fight these giants; and that if he beat them he should have half the kingdom. "With all my heart!" said he; "but as for your hundred soldiers, I believe I shall do as well without them."

However they set off together, till they came to a wood. "Wait here, my friends," said he to the soldiers. "I will soon give a good account of these giants:" and on he went, casting his sharp little eyes here, there, and everywhere around him. After a while he spied them both lying under a tree, and snoring away, till the very boughs whistled with the breeze. "The game's won, for a ducat!" said the little man, as he filled his wallet with stones, and climbed up into the tree under which they lay.

As soon as he was safely up, he threw one stone after another at the nearest giant, till at last he woke up in a rage, and shook his companion, crying out, "What did you strike me for?" "Nonsense, you are

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dreaming," said the other; "I did not strike you." Then both lay down to sleep again, and the tailor threw a stone at the second giant, that hit him on the tip of his nose. Up he sprang, and cried, "What are you about? you struck me." "I did not," said the other; and on they wrangled for a while, till, as both were tired, they made up the matter and fell asleep again. But then the tailor began his game once more, and flung the largest stone he had in his wallet with all his force, and hit the first giant on the eye. "That is too bad," cried he, roaring as if he was mad: "I will not bear it." So he struck the other a mighty blow. He, of course, was not pleased with this, and gave him just such another box on the ear, and at last a bloody battle began; up flew the trees by the roots, the rocks and stones were sent bang at one another's head, and in the end both lay dead upon the spot. "It is a good thing," said the tailor, "that they let my tree stand, or I must have made a fine jump."

Then down he ran, and took his sword and gave each of them two or three very deep wounds on the breast, and set off to look for the soldiers. "There lie the giants," said he; "I have killed them: but it was no small job, for they even tore trees up in their struggle." "Have you any wounds?" asked they. "Wounds! that is a likely matter, truly," said he; "they could not touch a hair of my head." But the soldiers would not believe him till they rode into the wood, and found the giants weltering in their blood, and the trees lying around torn up by the roots.

The king, after he had got rid of his enemies, was

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not much pleased at the thoughts of giving up half his kingdom to a tailor. So he said, "You have not done yet; in the palace court lies a bear, with whom you must pass the night, and if when I rise in the morning I find you still living, you shall then have your reward." The king thought he had thus got rid of him, for the bear had never yet let any one, who had come within reach of his claws, go away alive. "Very well," said the tailor, "I am willing: who's afraid?"

So when evening came Master Snip was led out, and shut up in the court with the bear, who rose at once to give him a friendly welcome with his paw. "Softly, softly, my friend," said he; "I know a way to please you!" then at his ease, as if he cared nothing about the matter, he pulled out of his pocket some fine walnuts, cracked them, and ate the kernels. When the bear saw this, he took a great fancy to having some nuts too; so the tailor felt in his pocket, and gave him a handful, not of walnuts, but of nice round pebbles. The bear snapped them up, but could not crack one of them, do what he would. "What a clumsy thickhead thou art!" said the beast to itself; "thou canst not crack a nut to-day." Then said he to the tailor, "Friend, pray crack me the nuts." "Why, what a lout you are," said the tailor, "to have such a jaw as that, and not be able to crack a little nut! Well, be friends with me, and I'll help you." So he took the stones, and slily changed them for nuts, put them in his mouth, and crack they went. "I must try for myself, however," said the bear; "now I see how you manage, I am sure I can do it myself." Then the tailor gave

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him the cobble-stones again, and the bear lay down and worked away as hard as he could, and bit and bit with all his force, till he broke all his teeth, and lay down quite tired.

But the tailor began to think this would not last long, and that the bear might find him out, and break the bargain; so he pulled a fiddle out from under his coat, and played him a tune. As soon as the bear heard it, he could not help jumping up and beginning to dance; and when he had jigged away for a while, the thing pleased him so much that he said, "Hark ye, friend, is the fiddle hard to play upon?" "No, not at all," said the other; "look ye, I lay my left hand here —and then I take the bow with my right hand, thus— and then I scrape it over the strings there—and away it goes merrily—hop, sa, sa! fal, lal, la!" "Will you teach me to fiddle," said the bear, "so that I may have music whenever I want to dance?" "With all my heart, but let me look at your claws; they are so very long, that I must first clip your nails just a little bit."

Then Bruin lifted up his paws one after another, and the tailor screwed them down tight, and said, "Now wait till I come with my scissors." So he left the bear to growl, as long and as loud as he liked, and laid himself down on a heap of straw in the corner, and slept soundly. In the morning when the king came, he found the tailor sitting eating his breakfast merrily, and master Bruin looking very much as if he had had a bad night's rest. So the king, when he saw all this, burst out a-laughing, and could no longer help

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keeping his word: and thus a little man became a great one.



GIANT GOLDEN-BEARD.*

In a country village, over the hills and far away, lived a poor man, who had an only son born to him. Now this child was born under a lucky star, and was

* "Der Teufel mit den drei Goldnen Haaren," of Grimm; from Zwehrn and Hesse. We have here taken the appellation "Giant," to avoid offence; and felt less reluctance in the alteration, when we found that some other versions of the same story (as the Popanz in Büsching's *Volks-Sagen*) omit the diabolic agency. For similar reasons we have not called the cave by its proper name of "Hölle,"

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therefore what the people of that country call a Luck's-child; and those who told his fortune said, that in his fourteenth year he would marry no less a lady than the king's own daughter.

It so happened that the king of that land, soon after the child's birth, passed through the village in disguise, and stopping at the blacksmith's shop, asked what news was stirring. "Great news!" said the people. "Master Brock, down that lane, has just had a child born to him that they say is a Luck's-child; and we are told that, when he is fourteen years old, he is fated to marry our noble king's daughter." This

the Scandinavian Hell. The old lady, called in the German the "Eller-mutter," we suspect has some connexion with the Scandinavian deity, "Hela," or "Hella," whom Odin (when he "saddled straight his coal-black steed"), Hermod Huat, and Brynhilda, after crossing the water as here, severally found in the same position, at the entrance of the infernal regions.

The child is described in our translation as owing its reputation to being born under a lucky star. In the original it is born with a Glückshaut, or caul. The tradition in Iceland is, that a good genius dwells in this envelope, who accompanies and blesses the child through life. The giant's powers of scent will of course remind the curious reader of the

"Snouk but, Snouk ben,
I find the smell of earthly men,"

in *Jack and the Bean Stalk*.

So in Mad Tom's ballad in Shakespeare,—

"Child Rowland to the dark tower came—
His word was still—Fie, Foh, Fum,
I smell the blood of a British man," &c.

The similarity of the "Child's" adventures with those of Danish ballads in the *Kämpe Visir*, has been pointed out by Jamieson in his *Popular Ballads*, and in the *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, p. 397.

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did not please the king; so he went to the poor child's parents, and asked them whether they would sell him their son? "No," said they. But the stranger begged very hard, and said he would give a great deal of money: so as they had scarcely bread to eat, they at last agreed, saying to themselves, "He is a Luck's-child; all, therefore, is no doubt for the best—he can come to no harm."

The king took the child, put it into a box, and rode away; but when he came to a deep stream he threw it into the current, and said to himself, "That young gentleman will never be my daughter's husband." The box, however, floated down the stream. Some kind fairy watched over it, so that no water reached the child; and at last, about two miles from the king's chief city, it stopped at the dam of a mill. The miller soon saw it, and took a long pole and drew it towards the shore, and finding it heavy, thought there was gold inside; but when he opened it he found a pretty little boy that smiled upon him merrily. Now the miller and his wife had no children, and they therefore rejoiced to see their prize, saying, "Heaven has sent it to us;" so they treated it very kindly, and brought it up with such care that every one liked and loved it.

About thirteen years passed over their heads, when the same king came by chance to the mill, and seeing the boy, asked the miller if that was his son. "No," said he, "I found him, when a babe, floating down the river in a box into the mill-dam." "How long ago?" asked the king. "Some thirteen years," said the miller. "He is a fine fellow," said the king; "can you spare him to carry a letter to the queen? It will please

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me very much, and I will give him two pieces of gold for his trouble." "As your majesty pleases," said the miller.

Now the king had guessed at once that this must be the child he had tried to drown, so he wrote a letter by him to the queen, saying, "As soon as the bearer of this reaches you, let him be killed and buried, so that all may be over before I come back."

The young man set out with this letter but missed his way, and came in the evening to a dark wood. Through the gloom he saw a light afar off, to which he bent his steps, and found that it came from a little cottage. There was no one within except an old woman, who was frightened at seeing him, and said, "Why do you come hither, and whither are you going?" "I am going to the queen, to whom I was to have given a letter; but I have lost my way, and shall be glad if you will give me a night's rest." "You are very unlucky," said she, "for this is a robbers' hut; and if the band come back while you are here it may be worse for you." "I am so tired, however," replied he, "that I must take my chance, for I can go no further;" so he laid the letter on the table, stretched himself out upon a bench, and fell asleep.

When the robbers came home and saw him, they asked the old woman who the strange lad was. "I have given him shelter for charity," said she; "he had a letter to carry to the queen, and lost his way." The robbers took up the letter, broke it open, and read the orders which were in it to murder the bearer. Then their leader was very angry at the king's trick; so he

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tore his letter, and wrote a fresh one, begging the queen, as soon as the young man reached her, to marry him to the princess. Meantime they let him sleep on till morning broke, and then showed him the right way to the queen's palace; where, as soon as she had read the letter, she made all ready for the wedding: and as the young man was very handsome, the princess was very dutiful, and took him then and there for a husband.

After a while the king came back; and when he saw that this Luck's-child was married to the princess, notwithstanding all the art and cunning he had used to thwart his luck, he asked eagerly how all this had happened, and what were the orders which he had given. "Dear husband," said the queen, "here is your own letter—read it for yourself." The king took it, and seeing that an exchange had been made, asked his son-in-law what he had done with the letter he gave him to carry. "I know nothing of it," said he; "if it is not the one you gave me, it must have been taken away in the night, when I slept." Then the king was very wroth, and said, "No man shall have my daughter who does not go down into the wonderful cave and bring me three golden hairs from the beard of the giant king who reigns there; do this, and you shall have my free leave to be my daughter's husband." "I will soon do that," said the youth; so he took leave of his wife, and set out on his journey.

At the first city that he came to, the guard at the gate stopped him, and asked what trade he followed, and what he knew. "I know everything," said he. "If that be so," said they, "you are just the man we want;

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be so good as to find out why our fountain in the market-place is dry, and will give no water. Tell us the cause of that, and we will give you two asses loaded with gold." "With all my heart," said he, "when I come back."

Then he journeyed on, and came to another city, and there the guard also asked him what trade he followed, and what he understood. "I know everything," answered he. "Then pray do us a good turn," said they; "tell us why a tree, which always before bore us golden apples, does not even bear a leaf this year." "Most willingly," said he, "as I come back."

At last his way led him to the side of a great lake of water, over which he must pass. The ferryman soon began to ask, as the others had done, what was his trade, and what he knew. "Everything," said he. "Then," said the other, "pray tell me why I am forced for ever to ferry over this water, and have never been able to get my freedom; I will reward you handsomely." "Ferry me over," said the young man, "and I will tell you all about it as I come home."

When he had passed the water, he came to the wonderful cave. It looked very black and gloomy; but the wizard king was not at home, and his grandmother sat at the door in her easy chair. "What do you want?" said she. "Three golden hairs from the giant's beard," answered he. "You will run a great risk," said she, "when he comes home; yet I will try what I can do for you." Then she changed him into an ant, and told him to hide himself in the folds of her cloak. "Very well," said he: "but I want also to know why

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the city fountain is dry; why the tree that bore golden apples is now leafless; and what it is that binds the ferryman to his post." "You seem fond of asking puzzling things," said the old dame; "but lie still, and listen to what the giant says when I pull the golden hairs, and perhaps you may learn what you want." Soon night set in, and the old gentleman came home. As soon as he entered he began to snuff up the air, and cried, "All is not right here: I smell man's flesh." Then he searched all round in vain, and the old dame scolded, and said, "Why should you turn everything topsy-turvy? I have just set all straight." Upon this he laid his head in her lap, and soon fell asleep. As soon as he began to snore, she seized one of the golden hairs of his beard and pulled it out. "Mercy!" cried he, starting up: "what are you about?" "I had a dream that roused me," said she, "and in my trouble I seized hold of your hair. I dreamt that the fountain in the market-place of the city was become dry, and would give no water; what can be the cause?" "Ah! if they could find that out they would be glad," said the giant: "under a stone in the fountain sits a toad; when they kill him, it will flow again."

This said, he fell asleep, and the old lady pulled out another hair. "What would you be at?" cried he in a rage. "Don't be angry," said she, "I did it in my sleep; I dreamt that I was in a great kingdom a long way off, and that there was a beautiful tree there, that used to bear golden apples, but that now has not even a leaf upon it; what is the meaning of that?" "Aha!" said the giant, "they would like

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very well to know that. At the root of the tree a mouse is gnawing; if they were to kill him, the tree would bear golden apples again: if not, it will soon die. Now do let me sleep in peace; if you wake me again, you shall rue it."

Then he fell once more asleep; and when she heard him snore she pulled out the third golden hair, and the giant jumped up and threatened her sorely; but she soothed him, and said, "It was a very strange dream I had this time: methought I saw a ferryman, who was bound to ply backwards and forwards over a great lake, and could never find out how to set himself free; what is the charm that binds him?" "A silly fool!" said the giant: "if he were to give the rudder into the hand of any passenger that came, he would find himself free, and the other would be forced to take his place. Now pray let me sleep."

In the morning the giant arose and went out; and the old woman gave the young man the three golden hairs, reminded him of the three answers, and sent him on his way.

He soon came to the ferryman, who knew him again, and asked for the answer which he had said he would give him. "Ferry me over first," said he, "and then I will tell you." When the boat reached the other side, he told him to give the rudder to the first passenger that came, and then he might run away as soon as he pleased. The next place that he came to was the city where the barren tree stood: "Kill the mouse," said he, "that is gnawing the tree's root, and you will have golden apples again." They gave him a rich gift for

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this news, and he journeyed on to the city where the fountain had dried up; and the guard asked him how to make the water flow. So he told them how to cure that mischief, and they thanked him, and gave him the two asses laden with gold.

And now at last this Luck's-child reached home, and his wife was very glad to see him, and to hear how well everything had gone with him. Then he gave the three golden hairs to the king, who could no longer deny him, though he was at heart quite as spiteful against his son-in-law as ever. The gold, however, astonished him, and when he saw all the treasure he cried out with joy, "My dear son, where did you find all this gold?" "By the side of a lake," said the youth, "where there is plenty more to be had." "Pray tell me where it lies," said the king, "that I may go and get some too." "As much as you please," replied the other. "You must set out and travel on and on, till you come to the shore of a great lake: there you will see a ferryman; let him carry you across, and when once you are over, you will see gold as plentiful as sand upon the shore."

Away went the greedy king; and when he came to the lake he beckoned to the ferryman, who gladly took him into his boat; and as soon as he was there gave the rudder into his hand and sprang ashore, leaving the old king to ferry away, as a reward for his craftiness and treachery.

"And is his majesty plying there to this day?" You may be sure of that, for nobody will trouble himself to take the rudder out of his hands.

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PEE-WIT.*

A POOR countryman, whose name was Pee-wit, lived with his wife in a very quiet way, in the parish where he was born. One day as he was ploughing with his two oxen in the field, he heard all on a sudden some one calling out his name. Turning round, he saw nothing but a bird that kept crying "Pee-wit! Pee-wit!" Now this poor bird is called a Pee-wit, and, like the cuckoo, always keeps crying out its own name. But the countryman thought it was mocking him, so he took up a huge stone and threw at it. The bird flew off safe and sound; but the stone fell upon the head of one of the oxen, and killed him upon the spot. "What can one do with an odd one?" thought Pee-wit to himself as he looked at the ox that was left; so without more ado he killed him too, skinned them both, and set out for the neighbouring town to sell the hides to the tanner for as much as he could get.

He soon found out where the tanner lived, and knocked at the door. Before, however, the door was opened, he saw through the window that the tanner's daughter was hiding in an old chest a friend of hers, whom she seemed to wish that no one should see. By and by the door was opened. "What do you want?"

* Is a translation of a story called Kibitz, from the *Volks-Sagen, Märchen, und Legenden*, of J. G. Büsching; but the tale in almost all its incidents coincides in substance with "Das Bürle" of MM. Grimm, who give two versions of it. It resembles in some instances the "Scarpafico" of Straparola, i. 3; and also *Pentamerone*, ii. 10; as well as an adventure in the English *History of Friar Bacon and his Man*.

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said the daughter. Then Pee-wit told her he wanted to sell his hides; and it came out that the tanner was not at home, and that no one there ever made bargains but himself. The countryman said he would sell cheap, and did not mind giving his hides for the old chest in the corner; meaning the one he had seen the young woman's friend get into.

Of course the maiden would not agree to this; and they went on talking the matter over so long, that at last in came the tanner, and asked what it was all about. Pee-wit told him the whole story, and asked whether he would give him the old chest for the hides. "To be sure I will," said he; and scolded his daughter for saying nay to such a bargain, which she ought to have been glad to make, if the countryman was willing. Then up he took the chest on his shoulders, and all the tanner's daughter could say mattered nothing; away it went into the countryman's cart, and off he drove. But when they had gone some way, the young man within began to make himself heard, and to beg and pray to be let out. Pee-wit, however, was not so soon to be brought over; but at last, after a long parley, a thousand dollars were bid and taken; the money was paid, and at that price the poor fellow was set free, and went about his business.

Then Pee-wit went home very happy, and built a new house, and seemed so rich that his neighbours wondered and said, "Pee-wit must have been where the golden snow falls." So they took him before the next justice of the peace, to give an account of himself and show that he came honestly by his wealth; and then he told them that he had sold his hides for one thousand

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dollars. When they heard it, they all killed their oxen, that they might sell the hides to the same tanner; but the justice said, "My maid shall have the first chance;" so off she went: but when she came to the tanner, he laughed at them all for a parcel of noodles, and said he had given their neighbour nothing but an old chest.

At this they were all very angry, and laid their heads together to work him some mischief, which they thought they could do while he was digging in his garden. All this, however, came to the ears of the countryman, who was plagued with a sad scold for his wife; and he thought to himself, "If any one is to come into trouble, I don't see why it should not be my wife, rather than Pee-wit;" so he told her that he wished she would humour him in a whim he had taken into his head, and would put on his clothes and dig the garden in his stead.

The wife did what was asked, and next morning began digging. But soon came some of the neighbours, and, thinking it was Pee-wit, threw a stone at her,—harder, perhaps, than they meant,—and killed her at once. Poor Pee-wit was rather sorry at this; but still he thought that he had had a lucky escape for himself, and that perhaps he might, after all, turn the death of his wife to some account: so he dressed her in her own clothes, put a basket with fine fruit (which was now scarce, it being winter) into her hand, and set her by the road-side, on a broad bench. After a while came by a fine coach with six horses, servants, and outriders, and within sat a noble lord, who lived not far off. When his lordship saw the beautiful fruit, he sent one of the

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servants to the woman, to ask what was the price of her goods. The man went and asked, "What is the price of this fruit?" No answer. He asked again. No answer. And when this had happened three times, he became angry, and, thinking she was asleep, gave her a box on the ear, when down she fell backwards into the pond that was behind the seat. Then up ran Pee-wit, and cried out and sorrowed, because they had drowned his poor dear wife; and threatened to have the lord and his servants tried for what they had done. His lordship begged him to be easy, and offered to give him the coach and horses, servants and all; so the countryman, after a long time, let himself be appeased a little, took what they gave, got into the coach, and set off towards his own home again.

As he came near, the neighbours wondered much at the beautiful coach and horses, and still more when they stopped and Pee-wit got out at his own door. Then he told them the whole story, which only vexed them still more; so they took him and fastened him up in a tub, and were going to throw him into the lake that was hard by. But whilst they were rolling the tub on before them towards the water they passed by an ale-house, and stopped to refresh themselves a little before they put an end to Pee-wit. Meantime they tied the tub fast to a tree, and there left it while they were enjoying themselves within doors.

Pee-wit no sooner found himself alone, than he began to turn over in his mind how he could get free. He listened, and soon heard, Ba, ba! from a flock of sheep and lambs that were coming by. Then he lifted up his

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voice, and shouted out, "I will not be burgomaster, I say; I will not be made burgomaster." The shepherd hearing this went up and said, "What is all this noise about?" "Oh!" said Pee-wit, "my neighbours will make me burgomaster against my will; and when I told them I would not agree, they put me into this cask, and are going to throw me into the lake." "I should like very well to be burgomaster, if I were you," said the shepherd. "Open the cask, then," said the other, "and let me out, and get in yourself, and they will make you burgomaster instead of me." No sooner said than done; the shepherd was in, Pee-wit was out: and as there was nobody to take care of the shepherd's flock, Pee-wit drove it off merrily towards his own house.

When the neighbours came out of the alehouse they rolled the cask on, and the shepherd began to cry out, "I *will* be burgomaster now; I *will* be burgomaster now." "I dare say you will, but you shall take a swim first," said a neighbour, as he gave the cask the last push over into the lake. This done, away they went home merrily, leaving the shepherd to get out as well as he could.

But as they came in at one side of the village, who should they meet coming in by the other way but Pee-wit, driving a fine flock of sheep and lambs before him! "How came you here?" cried all with one voice. "Oh! the lake is enchanted," said he; "when you threw me in I sunk deep and deep into the water, till at last I came to the bottom; there I knocked out the bottom of the cask, and then I found myself in a beautiful meadow, with fine flocks grazing upon it; so I chose a few for myself, and here I am." "Cannot we have some too?" said they. "Why not? there are hundreds and thou-

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sands left; you have nothing to do but to jump in, and fetch them out."

So they all agreed they would dive for sheep; the justice first, then his clerk, then the constables, and then the rest of the parish one after the other. When they came to the side of the lake, the blue sky was covered over with little white clouds, like flocks of sheep, and all were reflected in the clear water: so they called out, "There they are! there they are already!" and fearing lest the justice should get everything, they jumped in all at once; but Pee-wit jogged home, and made himself happy with what he had got, leaving his neighbours to find flocks for themselves as well as they could.



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SPITZ AND THE SPARROW.*

A SHEPHERD had a poor dog called Spitz, that had been a faithful servant. But Spitz grew old, and his master began to take no care of him, but often let him suffer from hunger. At last he could bear it no longer, so he took to his heels and ran off. On the road he met a sparrow, that said to him, "Why are you so sad, my friend?" "Because," said Spitz, "I am very hungry, and have nothing to eat." "If that be all," said the sparrow, "come with me to the next town." So on they went together into the town, and as they passed by a butcher's shop the sparrow said to the dog, "Stand there a little while, friend Spitz, till I peck you down a piece of meat." So the sparrow perched upon the shelf, and having first looked cunningly round and round at all about her, to see if any one was there watching her, she pecked and scratched at a beef-steak that was lying upon the edge of the shelf, till at last down it fell. Then Master Spitz snapped it up and scrambled away with it into a corner, where he soon ate it all up. "Well," said the sparrow, "you shall have some more if you will; so come on to the next shop, and I will get you a mutton-chop."

When the dog had eaten this, too, the sparrow said to him, "Well, my good friend, have you had enough now?" "I have had plenty of meat," said he, "but I should like to have a piece of bread to eat after it."

* "Der Hund und der Sperling;" told with variations in Zwehrn, Hesse, and Göttingen.

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"Come with me, then," said the sparrow, "and you shall soon have that too." So she took him to a baker's shop, and pecked at two rolls that lay in the window till they fell down.

When those were eaten, the sparrow asked Spitz whether he had had enough now. "Yes," said he; "and now let us take a walk a little way out of the town." So they both went out upon the high road; but as the weather was warm, they had not gone far before the dog said, "I am very much tired,—I should like to take a nap." "Very well," said the sparrow, "do so, and in the meantime I will perch upon that bush." So Spitz lay down in the road, and fell fast asleep.

Whilst he slept, there came by a carter with a cart drawn by three horses, and loaded with two casks of wine. The sparrow, seeing that the carter did not turn out of the way, but would go on in the track in which Spitz lay, so as to drive over him,—called out, "Stop! stop! Mr. Carter, or it shall be the worse for you." But the carter grumbled to himself, "You make it the worse for me, indeed! what can you do?" and cracked his whip, and drove his cart over the poor dog, so that the wheels crushed him to death. "There," cried the sparrow, "thou cruel villain, thou hast killed my friend Spitz! Now mind what I say. This deed of thine shall cost thee all thou art worth." "Do your worst, and welcome," said the brute.

But the sparrow crept under the tilt of the cart and pecked at the bung of one of the casks till she loosened it; and then all the wine ran out without the carter

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seeing it. At last he looked round, and saw that the cart was dripping, and the cask quite empty. "What an unlucky wretch I am!" cried he. "Not wretch enough yet!" said the sparrow, as she alighted upon the head of one of the horses, and pecked at him till he reared up and kicked. When the carter saw this he drew out his hatchet, and aimed a blow at the sparrow, meaning to kill her; but she flew away, and the blow fell upon the poor horse's head with such force that he fell down dead. "Unlucky wretch that I am!" cried he. "Not wretch enough yet!" said the sparrow. And as the carter went on with the other two horses, she again crept under the tilt of the cart, and pecked out the bung of the second cask, so that all the wine ran out.

When the carter saw this, he again cried out, "Miserable wretch that I am!" But the sparrow answered, "Not wretch enough yet!" and perched on the head of the second horse, and pecked at him too. The carter ran up and struck at her again with his hatchet; but away she flew, and the blow fell upon the second horse, and killed him on the spot. "Unlucky wretch that I am!" said he. "Not wretch enough yet!" said the sparrow; and perching upon the third horse, she began to peck him too. The carter was mad with fury; and without looking about him, or caring what he was about, struck again at the sparrow, but killed his third horse. "Alas! miserable wretch that I am!" cried he. "Not wretch enough yet!" answered the sparrow, as she flew away; "now will I plague and punish thee at thy own house." The carter

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was forced at last to leave his cart behind him, and to go home overflowing with rage and sorrow.

"Alas," said he to his wife, "what ill luck has befallen me! My wine is all spilt, and my horses are all three dead." "Alas, husband!" replied she, "and a wicked bird has come into the house and has brought with her all the birds in the world, I am sure; and they have fallen upon our corn in the loft, and are eating it up at such a rate!" Away ran the husband up stairs, and saw thousands of birds sitting upon the floor eating up his corn, with the sparrow in the midst. "Unlucky wretch that I am!" cried the carter; for he saw that his corn was almost all gone. "Not wretch enough yet!" said the sparrow; "thy cruelty shall cost thee thy life yet!" And away she flew.

The carter, seeing that he had thus lost all that he had, went down into his kitchen, and was still not sorry for what he had done, but sat himself angrily and sulkily in the chimney-corner. But the sparrow sat on the outside of the window, and cried, "Carter! thy cruelty shall cost thee thy life!" With that he jumped up in a rage, seized his hatchet, and threw it at the sparrow; but it missed her, and only broke the window. The sparrow now hopped in, perched upon the window-seat, and cried, "Carter! it will cost thee thy life!" Then he became mad and blind with rage, and struck the window-seat with such force that he cleft it in two: and as the sparrow flew from place to place, the carter and his wife were so furious that they broke all their goods, glasses, chairs, benches, the table, and at last the walls, without touching the bird at all. In the end,

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however, they caught her; and the wife said, "Shall I kill her at once?" "No," cried he, "that is letting her off too easily; she shall die a much more cruel death. I will eat her." But the sparrow began to flutter about, and stretched out her neck and cried, "Carter! it will cost thee thy life yet!" With that he could wait no longer; so he gave his wife the hatchet, and cried, "Wife, strike at her and kill her in my hand!" And the wife struck; but she missed her aim and hit her husband on the head, so that he fell down dead, when the sparrow flew quietly home to her nest.

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EVENING THE TWELFTH.

HANSEL AND GRETHEL—LILY AND THE LION— DONKEY-WORT— HEADS OFF.

HANSEL AND GRETHEL.*

THERE was once a poor man, who was a woodman, and went every day to cut wood in the forest. One day as he went along, he heard a cry like a little child's:

* A portion of "Bruderchen und Schwesterchen;" the remainder we omitted, as branching into a new series of distinct adventures. The story is very common in Germany, and is also known in Sweden. Prætorius, vol. ii. p. 255, will give the curious the whole art, mystery, and history, of transformation of men into animals.

We must apologise to the reader of the original for the way in which three stories, viz. "Fundevogel," "Der Liebste Roland," and "Hansel and Grethel," have been here combined in one. Several of the incidents will be familiar to the English reader; indeed, they are

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so he followed the sound, till at last he looked up a high tree, and on one of the branches sat a very little child. Now its mother had fallen asleep, and a vulture had taken it out of her lap and flown away with it, and left it on the tree. Then the woodcutter climbed up, took the little child down, and found it was a pretty little girl; and he said to himself, "I will take this poor child home, and bring her up with my own son Hansel." So he brought her to his cottage, and both grew up together: he called the little girl Grethel, and the two children were so very fond of each other that they were never happy but when they were together.

But the woodcutter became very poor, and had nothing in the world he could call his own; and indeed he had scarcely bread enough for his wife and the two children to eat. At last the time came when even that was all gone, and he knew not where to seek for help in his need. Then at night, as he lay on his bed, and turned himself here and there, restless and full of care, his wife said to him, "Husband, listen to me, and take the two children out early to-morrow morning; give each of them a piece of bread, and then lead them into

common to almost every country, and are found as well in the Neapolitan *Pentamerone*, as in the Hungarian Collection of Georg von Gaal.

Those who wish to trace the dance-inspiring instrument of music through all its forms of tradition, must be referred to the "Editor's Preface" to the late edition of Warton, p. 64.*

* The old oak in the cut to this tale is the portrait of a venerable friend; not so well known as its size and antiquity deserve.—(See Loudon's *Arboretum*, Part III. cap. cv. pp. 1764 and 1775.)

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the midst of the wood, where it is thickest, make a fire for them, and go away and leave them alone to shift for themselves, for we can no longer keep them here." "No, wife," said the husband, "I cannot find it in my heart to leave the children to the wild beasts of the forest; they would soon tear them to pieces." "Well, if you will not do as I say," answered the wife, "we must all starve together." And she would not let him have any peace until he came into her hard-hearted plan.

Meantime the poor children too were lying awake restless, and weak from hunger, so that they heard all that Hansel's mother said to her husband. "Now," thought Grethel to herself, "it is all up with us:" and she began to weep. But Hansel crept to her bedside, and said, "Do not be afraid, Grethel, I will find out some help for us." Then he got up, put on his jacket, and opened the door and went out.

The moon shone bright upon the little court before the cottage, and the white pebbles glittered like daisies on the green meadows. So he stooped down, and put as many as he could into his pocket, and then went back to the house. "Now, Grethel," said he, "rest in peace!" and he went to bed and fell fast asleep.

Early in the morning, before the sun had risen, the woodman's wife came and awoke them. "Get up, children," said she, "we are going into the wood; there is a piece of bread for each of you, but take care of it, and keep some for the afternoon." Grethel took the bread, and carried it in her apron, because Hansel

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had his pocket full of stones; and they made their way into the wood.

After they had walked on for a time, Hansel stood still and looked towards home; and after a while he turned again, and so on several times. Then his father said, "Hansel, why do you keep turning and lagging about so? move on a little faster." "Ah, father," answered Hansel, "I am stopping to look at my white cat, that sits on the roof, and wants to say good-bye to me." "You little fool!" said his mother, "that is not your cat; it is the morning sun shining on the chimney-top." Now Hansel had not been looking at the cat, but had all the while been lingering behind, to drop from his pocket one white pebble after another along the road.

When they came into the midst of the wood the woodman said, "Run about, children, and pick up some wood, and I will make a fire to keep us all warm." So they piled up a little heap of brushwood, and set it on fire; and as the flames burnt bright, the mother said, "Now set yourselves by the fire, and go to sleep, while we go and cut wood in the forest; be sure you wait till we come again and fetch you." Hansel and Grethel sat by the fireside till the afternoon, and then each of them ate their piece of bread. They fancied the woodman was still in the wood, because they thought they heard the blows of his axe; but it was a bough, which he had cunningly hung upon a tree, in such a way that the wind blew it backwards and forwards against the other boughs; and so it sounded as the axe does in cutting. Thus they waited

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till evening: but the woodman and his wife kept away, and no one came to fetch them.

When it was quite dark Grethel began to cry; but then Hansel said, "Wait awhile till the moon rises." And when the moon rose he took her by the hand, and there lay the pebbles along the ground, glittering like new pieces of money, and marking out the way. Towards morning they came again to the woodman's house, and he was glad in his heart when he saw the children again, for he had grieved at leaving them alone. His wife also seemed to be glad; but in her heart she was angry at it.

Not long afterwards there was again no bread in the house, and Hansel and Grethel heard the wife say to her husband, "The children found their way back once, and I took it in good part; but now there is only half a loaf of bread left for them in the house; to-morrow you must take them deeper into the wood, that they may not find their way out, or we shall all be starved.' It grieved the husband in his heart to do as his selfish wife wished, and he thought it would be better to share their last morsel with the children; but as he had done as she said once, he did not dare now to say no. When the children had heard all their plan, Hansel got up, and wanted to pick up pebbles as before; but when he came to the door, he found his mother had locked it. Still he comforted Grethel, and said, "Sleep in peace, dear Grethel! God is very kind, and will help us."

Early in the morning, a piece of bread was given to each of them, but still smaller than the one they had before. Upon the road Hansel crumbled his in his

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pocket and often stood still, and threw a crumb upon the ground. "Why do you lag so behind, Hansel?" said the woodman; "go your ways on before." "I am looking at my little dove that is sitting upon the roof, and wants to say good-bye to me." "You silly boy!" said the wife, "that is not your little dove; it is the morning sun, that shines on the chimney-top." But Hansel still went on crumbling his bread, and throwing it on the ground. And thus they went on still further into the wood, where they had never been before in all their life.

There they were again told to sit down by a large fire, and go to sleep; and the woodman and his wife said they would come in the evening and fetch them away. In the afternoon Hansel shared Grethel's bread, because he had strewed all his upon the road; but the day passed away, and evening passed away too, and no one came to the poor children. Still Hansel comforted Grethel, and said, "Wait till the moon rises; and then I shall be able to see the crumbs of bread which I have strewed, and they will show us the way home."

The moon rose; but when Hansel looked for the crumbs they were gone, for hundreds of little birds in the wood had found them and picked them up. Hansel, however, set out to try and find his way home; but they soon lost themselves in the wilderness, and went on through the night and all the next day, till at last they laid down and fell asleep for weariness. Another day they went on as before, but still did not come to the end of the wood; and they were as hungry as could be, for they had had nothing to eat.

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In the afternoon of the third day they came to a strange little hut, made of bread, with a roof of cake, and windows of barley-sugar. "Now we will sit down and eat till we have had enough," said Hansel; "I will eat off the roof for my share; do you eat the windows, Grethel, they will be nice and sweet for you." Whilst Grethel, however, was picking at the barley-sugar, a pretty voice called softly from within,

"Tip, tap! who goes there?"

But the children answered,

"The wind, the wind,
That blows through the air!"

and went on eating. Now Grethel had broken out a round pane of the window for herself, and Hansel had torn off a large piece of cake from the roof, when the door opened, and a little old fairy came gliding out. At this Hansel and Grethel were so frightened, that they let fall what they had in their hands. But the old lady nodded to them, and said, "Dear children, where have you been wandering about? Come in with me; you shall have something good."

So she took them both by the hand, and led them into her little hut, and brought out plenty to eat,—milk and pancakes, with sugar, apples, and nuts; and then two beautiful little beds were got ready, and Grethel and Hansel laid themselves down, and thought they were in heaven. But the fairy was a spiteful one, and made her pretty sweetmeat house to entrap little children. Early in the morning, before they were awake, she went to their little beds; and though she

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saw the two sleeping and looking so sweetly, she had no pity on them, but was glad they were in her power. Then she took up Hansel, and fastened him up in a coop by himself, and when he awoke he found himself behind a grating, shut up safely, as chickens are; but she shook Grethel, and called out, "Get up, you lazy little thing, and fetch some water; and go into the kitchen, and cook something good to eat: your brother is shut up yonder; I shall first fatten him, and when he is fat, I think I shall eat him."

When the fairy was gone poor Grethel watched her time, and got up, and ran to Hansel, and told him what she had heard, and said, "We must run away quickly, for the old woman is a bad fairy, and will kill us." But Hansel said, "You must first steal away her fairy wand, that we may save ourselves if she should follow; and bring the pipe too that hangs up in her room." Then the little maiden ran back, and fetched the magic wand and the pipe, and away they went together; so when the old fairy came back and could see no one at home, she sprang in a great rage to the window, and looked out into the wide world (which she could do far and near), and a long way off she spied Grethel, running away with her dear Hansel. "You are already a great way off," said she; "but you will still fall into my hands."

Then she put on her boots, which walked several miles at a step, and scarcely made two steps with them before she overtook the children; but Grethel saw that the fairy was coming after them, and, by the help of the wand, turned her friend Hansel into a lake of water,

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and herself into a swan, which swam about in the middle of it. So the fairy sat herself down on the shore, and took a great deal of trouble to decoy the swan, and threw crumbs of bread to it; but it would not come near her, and she was forced to go home in the evening without taking her revenge. Then Grethel changed herself and Hansel back into their own forms once more, and they went journeying on the whole night, until the dawn of day: and then the maiden turned herself into a beautiful rose, that grew in the midst of a quickset hedge; and Hansel sat by the side.

The fairy soon came striding along. "Good piper," said she, "may I pluck yon beautiful rose for myself?" "O yes," answered he. "And then," thought he to himself, "I will play you a tune meantime." So when she had crept into the hedge in a great hurry, to gather the flower—for she well knew what it was,—he pulled out the pipe slily, and began to play. Now the pipe was a fairy pipe, and, whether they liked it or not, whoever heard it was obliged to dance. So the old fairy was forced to dance a merry jig, on and on without any rest, and without being able to reach the rose. And as he did not cease playing a moment, the thorns at length tore the clothes from off her body, and pricked her sorely, and there she stuck quite fast.

Then Grethel set herself free once more, and on they went; but she grew very tired, and Hansel said, "Now I will hasten home for help." And Grethel said, "I will stay here in the meantime, and wait for you." Then Hansel went away, and Grethel was to wait for him.

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But when Grethel had staid in the field a long time, and found he did not come back, she became quite sorrowful, and turned herself into a little daisy, and thought to herself, "Some one will come and tread me under foot, and so my sorrows will end." But it so happened that, as a shepherd was keeping watch in the field, he saw the daisy; and thinking it very pretty, he took it home, placed it in a box in his room, and said, "I have never found so pretty a daisy before." From that time everything throve wonderfully at the shepherd's house. When he got up in the morning, all the household work was ready done; the room was swept and cleaned, the fire made, and the water fetched; and in the afternoon, when he came home, the table-cloth was laid, and a good dinner ready set for him. He could not make out how all this happened, for he saw no one in his house; and although it pleased him well enough, he was at length troubled to think how it could be, and went to a cunning woman who lived hard by, and asked her what he should do. She said, "There must be witchcraft in it; look out to-morrow morning early, and see if anything stirs about in the room: if it does, throw a white cloth at once over it, and then the witchcraft will be stopped." The shepherd did as she said, and the next morning saw the box open, and the daisy come out: then he sprang up quickly, and threw a white cloth over it: in an instant the spell was broken, and Grethel stood before him, for it was she who had taken care of his house for him; and she was so beautiful, that he asked her if she would marry him. She said, "No," because she wished to be faithful to

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her dear Hansel; but she agreed to stay, and keep house for him till Hansel came back.

Time passed on, and Hansel came back at last; for the spiteful fairy had led him astray, and he had not been able for a long time to find his way, either home or back to Grethel. Then he and Grethel set out to go home; but after travelling a long way, Grethel became tired, and she and Hansel laid themselves down to sleep in a fine old hollow tree that grew in a meadow by the side of the wood. But as they slept the fairy—who had got out of the bush at last—came by; and finding her wand was glad to lay hold of it, and at once turned poor Hansel into a fawn while he was asleep.

Soon after Grethel awoke, and found what had happened; and she wept bitterly over the poor creature; and the tears too rolled down his eyes, as he laid himself down beside her. Then she said, "Rest in peace, dear fawn; I will never, never leave thee." So she took off her golden necklace, and put it round his neck, and plucked some rushes, and plaited them into a soft string to fasten to it, and led the poor little thing by her side when she went to walk in the wood; and when they were tired they came back, and laid down to sleep by the side of the hollow tree, where they lodged at night: but nobody came near them except the little dwarfs that lived in the wood, and these watched over them while they were asleep.

At last one day they came to a little cottage; and Grethel having looked in, and seen that it was quite empty, thought to herself, "We can stay and live here."

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Then she went and gathered leaves and moss to make a soft bed for the fawn; and every morning she went out and plucked nuts, roots, and berries for herself, and sweet shrubs and tender grass for her friend; and it ate out of her hand, and was pleased, and played and frisked about her. In the evening, when Grethel was tired, and had said her prayers, she laid her head upon the fawn for her pillow, and slept; and if poor Hansel could but have his right form again, she thought they should lead a very happy life.

They lived thus a long while in the wood by themselves, till it chanced that the king of that country came to hold a great hunt there. And when the fawn heard all around the echoing of the horns, and the baying of the dogs, and the merry shouts of the huntsmen, he wished very much to go and see what was going on. "Ah, sister! sister!" said he, "let me go out into the wood, I can stay no longer." And he begged so long, that she at last agreed to let him go. "But," said she, "be sure to come to me in the evening; I shall shut up the door, to keep out those wild huntsmen; and if you tap at it and say, 'Sister, let me in!' I shall know you: but if you don't speak, I shall keep the door fast." Then away sprang the fawn, and frisked and bounded along in the open air. The king and his huntsmen saw the beautiful creature, and followed, but could not overtake him; for when they thought they were sure of their prize, he sprang over the bushes, and was out of sight at once.

As it grew dark he came running home to the hut, and tapped, and said, "Sister, sister, let me in!" Then

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she opened the little door, and in he jumped, and slept soundly all night on his soft bed.

Next morning the hunt began again; and when he heard the huntsmen's horns, he said, "Sister, open the door for me, I must go again." Then she let him out, and said, "Come back in the evening, and remember what you are to say." When the king and the huntsmen saw the fawn with the golden collar again, they gave him chase; but he was too quick for them. The chase lasted the whole day; but at last the huntsmen nearly surrounded him, and one of them wounded him in the foot, so that he became sadly lame, and could hardly crawl home. The man who had wounded him followed close behind, and hid himself, and heard the little fawn say, "Sister, sister, let me in!" upon which the door opened, and soon shut again. The huntsman marked all well, and went to the king and told him what he had seen and heard; then the king said, "To-morrow we will have another chase."

Grethel was very much frightened when she saw that her dear little fawn was wounded; but she washed the blood away, and put some healing herbs on it, and said, "Now go to bed, dear fawn, and you will soon be well again. The wound was so slight, that in the morning there was nothing to be seen of it; and when the horn blew, the little thing said, "I can't stay here, I must go and look on; I will take care that none of them shall catch me." But Grethel said, "I am sure they will kill you this time: I will not let you go." "I shall die of grief," said he, "if you keep me here; when I hear the horns, I feel as if I could fly." Then

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Grethel was forced to let him go: so she opened the door with a heavy heart, and he bounded out gaily into the wood.

When the king saw him, he said to his huntsmen, "Now chase him all day long, till you catch him; but let none of you do him any harm." The sun set, however, without their being able to overtake him, and the king called away the huntsmen, and said to the one who had watched, "Now come and show me the little hut." So they went to the door and tapped, and said, "Sister, sister, let me in!" Then the door opened, and the king went in, and there stood a maiden more lovely than any he had ever seen. Grethel was frightened to see that it was not her fawn, but a king with a golden crown that was come into her hut: however, he spoke kindly to her, and took her hand, and said, "Will you come with me to my castle, and be my wife?" "Yes," said the maiden, "I will go to your castle, but I cannot be your wife; and my fawn must go with me, I cannot part with that." "Well," said the king, "he shall come and live with you all your life, and want for nothing." Just then in sprang the little fawn; and his sister tied the string to his neck, and they left the hut in the wood together.

Then the king took Grethel to his palace, and on the way she told him all her story: and then he sent for the fairy, and made her change the fawn into Hansel again; and he and Grethel loved one another, and were married, and lived happily together all their days in the good king's palace.

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LILY AND THE LION *

A MERCHANT, who had three daughters, was once setting out upon a journey; but before he went he asked each daughter what gift he should bring back for her. The eldest wished for pearls; the second for jewels; but the third, who was called Lily, said, "Dear father, bring me a rose." Now it was no easy task to find a rose, for it was the middle of winter; yet as she was his prettiest daughter, and was very fond of flowers, her father said he would try what he could do. So he kissed all three, and bid them good-bye.

And when the time came for him to go home, he had bought pearls and jewels for the two eldest, but he

* "Das singende springende Löweneckerchen" of Grimm, from Hesse. Another version with variations comes from the Schwalmgegend; and from this latter we have taken the opening incident of the summer and winter garden, in preference to the parallel adventure in the story which MM. Grimm have adopted in their text. We have made two or three other alterations in the way of curtailment of portions of the story. The common tale of "Beauty and the Beast" has always some affinity to the legend of Cupid and Psyche. In the present version of the same fable the resemblance is striking throughout. The poor heroine pays the price of her imprudence in being compelled to wander over the world in search of her husband: she goes to heavenly powers for assistance in her misfortunes; and at last, when within reach of the object of her hopes, is near being defeated by the allurements of pleasure. Mrs. Tighe's beautiful poem would seem purposely to describe some of the immediate incidents of our tale, particularly that of the dove.

The incidents in which the misfortune originates are to be found in *Pentamerone*, ii. 9 (Lo Catenaccio), and still further in v. 4 (Lo Turzo d'Oro). The scene in the bridegroom's chamber is in *Pentam.* v. 3 (Pintosmauto). Prætorius, ii. p. 266, gives a "Beauty and the Beast" story from Sweden.

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had sought everywhere in vain for the rose; and when he went into any garden and asked for such a thing, the people laughed at him, and asked him whether he thought roses grew in snow. This grieved him very much, for Lily was his dearest child; and as he was journeying home, thinking what he should bring her, he came to a fine castle; and around the castle was a garden, in one half of which it seemed to be summer time, and in the other half winter. On one side the finest flowers were in full bloom, and on the other everything looked dreary and buried in the snow. "A lucky hit!" said he, as he called to his servant, and told him to go to a beautiful bed of roses that was there, and bring him away one of the finest flowers.

This done, they were riding away well pleased, when up sprang a fierce lion, and roared out, "Whoever has stolen my roses shall be eaten up alive!" Then the man said, "I knew not that the garden belonged to you; can nothing save my life?" "No!" said the lion, "nothing, unless you undertake to give me whatever meets you first on your return home: if you agree to this, I will give you your life, and the rose too for your daughter." But the man was unwilling to do so, and said, "It may be my youngest daughter, who loves me most, and always runs to meet me when I go home." Then the servant was greatly frightened, and said, "It may perhaps be only a cat or a dog. And at last the man yielded with a heavy heart, and took the rose; and said he would give the lion whatever should meet him first on his return.

And as he came near home, it was Lily, his youngest

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and dearest daughter, that met him; she came running, and kissed him, and welcomed him home; and when she saw that he had brought her the rose, she was still more glad. But her father began to be very sorrowful, and to weep, saying, "Alas, my dearest child! I have bought this flower at a high price, for I have said I would give you to a wild lion; and when he has you, he will tear you in pieces, and eat you." Then he told her all that had happened, and said she should not go, let what would happen.

But she comforted him, and said, "Dear father, the word you have given must be kept; I will go to the lion, and soothe him: perhaps he will let me come safe home again."

The next morning she asked the way she was to go, and took leave of her father, and went forth with a bold heart into the wood. But the lion was an enchanted prince. By day he and all his court were lions, but in the evening they took their right forms again. And when Lily came to the castle, he welcomed her so courteously that she agreed to marry him. The wedding-feast was held, and they lived happily together a long time. The prince was only to be seen as soon as evening came, and then he held his court; but every morning he left his bride, and went away by himself, she knew not whither, till the night came again.

After some time he said to her, "To-morrow there will be a great feast in your father's house, for your eldest sister is to be married; and if you wish to go and visit her my lions shall lead you thither." Then she rejoiced much at the thoughts of seeing her father

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once more, and set out with the lions; and every one was overjoyed to see her, for they had thought her dead long since. But she told them how happy she was, and stayed till the feast was over, and then went back to the wood.

Her second sister was soon after married, and when Lily was asked to the wedding, she said to the prince, "I will not go alone this time—you must go with me." But he would not, and said that it would be a very hazardous thing; for if the least ray of the torch-light should fall upon him his enchantment would become still worse, for he should be changed into a dove, and be forced to wander about the world for seven long years. However she gave him no rest, and said she would take care no light should fall upon him. So at last they set out together, and took with them their little child; and she chose a large hall with thick walls for him to sit in while the wedding-torches were lighted; but, unluckily, no one saw that there was a crack in the door. Then the wedding was held with great pomp, but as the train came from the church, and passed with the torches before the hall, a very small ray of light fell upon the prince. In a moment he disappeared, and when his wife came in and looked for him, she found only a white dove; and it said to her, "Seven years must I fly up and down over the face of the earth, but every now and then I will let fall a white feather, that will show you the way I am going; follow it, and at last you may overtake and set me free.

This said, he flew out at the door, and poor Lily followed; and every now and then a white feather fell,

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and showed her the way she was to journey. Thus she went roving on through the wide world, and looked neither to the right hand nor to the left, nor took any rest, for seven years. Then she began to be glad, and thought to herself that the time was fast coming when all her troubles should end; yet repose was still far off, for one day as she was travelling on she missed the white feather, and when she lifted up her eyes she could nowhere see the dove. "Now," thought she to herself, "no aid of man can be of use to me." So she went to the sun and said, "Thou shinest everywhere, on the hill's top and the valley's depth—hast thou anywhere seen my white dove?" "No," said the sun, "I have not seen it; but I will give thee a casket —open it when thy hour of need comes."

So she thanked the sun, and went on her way till eventide; and when the moon arose, she cried unto it, and said, "Thou shinest through all the night, over field and grove; hast thou nowhere seen my white dove?" "No," said the moon, "I cannot help thee; but I will give thee an egg—break it when need comes."

Then she thanked the moon, and went on till the night-wind blew; and she raised up her voice to it, and said, "Thou blowest through every tree and under every leaf: hast thou not seen my white dove?" "No," said the night-wind, "but I will ask three other winds; perhaps they have seen it." Then the east wind and the west wind came, and said they too had not seen it, but the south wind said, "I have seen the white dove—he has fled to the Red Sea, and is changed

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once more into a lion, for the seven years are passed away, and there he is fighting with a dragon; and the dragon is an enchanted princess, who seeks to separate him from you." Then the night-wind said, "I will give thee counsel. Go to the Red Sea; on the right shore stand many rods — count them, and when thou comest to the eleventh, break it off, and smite the dragon with it; and so the lion will have the victory, and both of them will appear to you in their own forms. Then set out at once with thy beloved prince, and journey home over sea and land, but be sure and do not delay!"

So our poor wanderer went forth, and found all as the night-wind had said; and she plucked the eleventh rod, and smote the dragon, and the lion forthwith became a prince, and the dragon a princess again. But Lily forgot the counsel which the night-wind had given, and did not set out at once homeward; and the false princess watched her time, and took the prince by the arm, and carried him away.

Thus the unhappy traveller was again forsaken and forlorn; but she took heart and said, "As far as the wind blows, and so long as the cock crows, I will journey on, till I find him once again." She went on for a long, long way, till at length she came to the castle whither the princess had carried the prince; and there was a feast got ready, and she heard that the wedding was about to be held. "Heaven aid me now!" said she; and she took the casket that the sun had given her, and found that within it lay a dress as dazzling as the sun itself. So she put it on, and went into the

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palace, and all the people gazed upon her; and the dress pleased the bride so much that she asked whether it was to be sold. "Not for gold and silver," said she; "but for flesh and blood." The princess asked what she meant, and she said, "Let me speak with the bridegroom this night in his chamber, and I will give thee the dress." At last the princess agreed, but she told her chamberlain to give the prince a sleeping draught, that he might not hear or see her. When evening came, and the prince had fallen asleep, she was led into his chamber, and she sat herself down at his feet and said, "I have followed thee seven years. I have been to the sun, the moon, and the night-wind, to seek thee, and at last I have helped thee to overcome the dragon. Wilt thou then forget me quite?" But the prince all the time slept so soundly, that her voice only passed over him, and seemed like the whistling of the wind among the fir-trees.

Then poor Lily was led away, and forced to give up the golden dress; and when she saw that there was no help for her, she went out into a meadow, and sat herself down and wept. But as she sat she bethought herself of the egg that the moon had given her; and when she broke it, there ran out a hen and twelve chickens of pure gold, that played about, and then nestled under the old one's wings, so as to form the most beautiful sight in the world. And she rose up and drove them before her, till the bride saw them from her window, and was so pleased that she came forth and asked her if she would sell the brood. "Not for gold or silver, but for flesh and blood: let me again

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this evening speak with the bridegroom in his chamber, and I will give thee the whole brood."

Then the princess thought to betray her as before, and agreed to what she asked: but when the prince went to his chamber he asked the chamberlain why the wind had whistled so in the night. And the chamberlain told him all—how he had given him a sleeping draught, and how a poor maiden had come and spoken to him in his chamber, and was to come again that night. Then the prince took care to throw away the sleeping draught; and when Lily came and began again to tell him what woes had befallen her, and how faithful and true to him she had been, he knew his beloved wife's voice, and sprang up, and said, "You have awakened me as from a dream, for the strange princess had thrown a spell around me, so that I had altogether forgotten you; but Heaven hath sent you to me in a lucky hour."

And they stole away out of the palace by night unawares, and journeyed home, and there they found their child, now grown up to be comely and fair; and after all their troubles they lived happily together to the end of their days.

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DONKEY-WORT.*

A MERRY young huntsman, named Peter, was once riding briskly along through a wood, one while winding his horn and another singing a merry song:—

"Merrily rides the huntsman bold,
Blithesome and gay rides he:
He winds his horn, and he bends his bow,
Under the greenwood tree."

As he journeyed along, there came up a little old woman, and said to him, "Good day, good day, Mr. Huntsman bold! you seem merrry enough, but I am hungry and thirsty; do pray give me something to eat." So Peter took pity on her, and put his hand in his pocket, and gave her what he had. Then he wanted to go his way; but she took hold of him, and said, "Listen, Master Peter, to what I am going to tell you; I will reward you for your kindness. Go your way, and after a little time you will come to a tree, where you will see nine birds sitting upon a cloak. Shoot into the midst of them, and one will fall down dead. The cloak will fall, too; take it as a wishing-cloak, and

* The "Krautesel" of MM. Grimm. The transformation will of course remind the reader of *Apuleius*. See also Prætorius, ii. 452, where the lily has the restorative power. But the whole is only another version of the story of *Fortunatus;* the origin of which is not known, though the common version of it was probably got up in Spain, if we may judge by the names Andalusia, Marsepia, and Ampedo. One version of it is in the *Gesta Romanorum*.

See some observations on the nature of the precious gifts, on which the plot of this and the following story turns, in the preface to the late edition of Warton's *History of English Poetry* (p. 66).

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when you wear it, you will find yourself at any place you may wish to be. Cut open the dead bird, take out its heart and keep it, and you will find a piece of gold under your pillow every morning when you rise. It is the bird's heart that will bring you this good luck."

The huntsman thanked her, and thought to himself, "If all this do happen, it will be a fine thing for me." When he had gone a hundred steps or so, he heard a screaming and chirping in the branches over him; so he looked up, and saw a flock of birds, pulling a cloak with their bills and feet; screaming, fighting, and tugging at each other, as if each wished to have it himself. "Well," said the huntsman, "this is wonderful; this happens just as the old woman said." Then he shot into the midst of them, so that their feathers flew all about. Off went the flock chattering away; but one fell down dead, and the cloak with it. Then Peter did as the old woman told him, cut open the bird, took out the heart, and carried the cloak home with him.

The next morning, when he awoke, he lifted up his pillow, and there lay the piece of gold glittering underneath; the same happened next day, and, indeed, every day when he arose. He heaped up a great deal of gold, and at last thought to himself, "Of what use is this gold to me whilst I am at home? I will go out into the world, and look about me."

Then he took leave of his friends, and hung his horn and bow about his neck, and went his way merrily as before, singing his song:—

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" Merrily rides the huntsman bold,
Blithesome and gay rides he:
He winds his horn, and he bends his bow,
Under the greenwood tree."

Now it so happened that his road led through a thick wood, at the end of which was a large castle in a green meadow; and at one of the windows stood an old woman, with a very beautiful young lady by her side, looking about them. The old woman was a fairy, and she said to the young lady, whose name was Meta, "There comes a young man out of the wood, with a wonderful prize; we must get it away from him, my dear child, for it is more fit for us than for him. He has a bird's heart that brings a piece of gold under his pillow every morning." Meantime the huntsman came nearer, and looked at the lady, and said to himself, "I have been travelling so long, that I should like to go into this castle and rest myself, for I have money enough to pay for anything I want;" but the real reason was, that he wanted to see more of the beautiful lady. Then he went into the house, and was welcomed kindly; and it was not long before he was so much in love, that he thought of nothing else but looking at Meta's eyes, and doing everything that she wished. Then the old woman said, "Now is the time for getting the bird's heart." So Meta stole it away, and he never found any more gold under his pillow; for it lay now under Meta's, and the old woman took it away every morning: but he was so much in love that he never missed his prize.

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"Well," said the old fairy, "we have got the bird's heart, but not the wishing-cloak yet, and that we must also get." "Let us leave him that," said Meta; "he has already lost all his wealth." Then the fairy was very angry, and said, "Such a cloak is a very rare and wonderful thing, and I must and will have it." So Meta did as the old woman told her, and sat herself at the window, and looked about the country, and seemed very sorrowful. Then the huntsman said, "What makes you so sad?" "Alas, dear sir," said she, "yonder lies the granite rock, where all the costly diamonds grow, and I want so much to go there, that, whenever I think of it, I cannot help being sorrowful; for who can reach it? only the birds and the flies,—man cannot." "If that's all your grief," said huntsman Peter, "I'll take you there with all my heart." So he drew her under his cloak, and the moment he wished to be on the granite mountain, they were both there.

The diamonds glittered so on all sides, that they were delighted with the sight, and picked up the finest. But the old fairy made a deep drowsiness come upon him; and he said to the young lady, "Let us sit down and rest ourselves a little, I am so tired that I cannot stand any longer." So they sat down, and he laid his head in her lap and fell asleep; and whilst he was sleeping on, the false Meta took the cloak from his shoulders, hung it on her own, picked up the diamonds, and wished herself at her own home again.

When poor Peter awoke, and found that his faithless Meta had tricked him, and left him alone on the wild rock, he said, "Alas! what roguery there is in the

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world!" And there he sat in great grief and fear upon the mountain, not knowing what in the world he should do.

Now this rock belonged to fierce giants, who lived upon it; and as he saw three of them striding about, he thought to himself, "I can only save myself by feigning to be asleep;" so he laid himself down, as if he were in a sound sleep. When the giants came up to him, the first kicked him with his foot, and said, "What worm is this that lies here curled up?" "Tread upon him and kill him," said the second. "It's not worth the trouble," said the third; "let him live: he will go climbing higher up the mountain, and some cloud will come rolling and carry him away." Then they passed on. But the huntsman had heard all they said, and as soon as they were gone he climbed to the top of the mountain; and when he had sat there a short time, a cloud came rolling around him, and caught him in a whirlwind, and bore him along for some time, till it settled in a garden, and he fell quite gently to the ground, amongst the greens and cabbages.

Then Master Peter got up and scratched his head, and looked around him, and said, "I wish I had something to eat; if I have not I shall be worse off than before: for here I see neither apples nor pears, nor any kind of fruits; nothing but vegetables." At last he thought to himself, "I can eat salad, it will refresh and strengthen me." So he picked out a fine head of some plant that he took for a salad, and ate of it; but scarcely had he swallowed two bites, when he felt himself quite changed, and saw with horror that he was turned into

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an ass. However, he still felt very hungry, and the green herbs tasted very nice; so he ate on till he came to another plant, which looked very like the first: but it really was quite different, for he had scarcely tasted it when he felt another change come over him, and soon saw that he was lucky enough to have found his old shape, and to have become Peter again.

Then he laid himself down and slept off a little of his weariness; and when he awoke the next morning he brake off a head of each sort of salad, and thought to himself, "This will help me to my fortune again, and enable me to punish some folks for their treachery." So he set about trying to find the castle of his old friends; and, after wandering about a few days, he luckily found it. Then he stained his face all over brown, so that even his mother would not have known him, and went into the castle and asked for a lodging; "I am so tired," said he, "that I can go no further." "Countryman," said the fairy, "who are you? and what is your business?" "I am," said he, "a messenger sent by the king to find the finest salad that grows under the sun. I have been lucky enough to find it, and have brought it with me; but the heat of the sun is so scorching that it begins to wither, and I don't know that I can carry it any further."

When the fairy and the young lady heard of this beautiful salad, they longed to taste it, and said, "Dear countryman, let us just taste it!" "To be sure!" answered he; "I have two heads of it with me, and I will give you one;" so he opened his bag and gave them the bad sort. Then the fairy herself took it into

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the kitchen to be dressed; and when it was ready she could not wait till it was carried up, but took a few leaves immediately, and put them in her mouth: but scarcely were they swallowed when she lost her own form, and ran braying down into the court in the form of an ass. Now the servant-maid came into the kitchen, and seeing the salad ready was going to carry it up; but on the way she, too, felt a wish to taste it, as the old woman had done, and ate some leaves: so she also was turned into an ass, and ran after the other, letting the dish with the salad fall on the ground.

Peter had been sitting all this time chatting with the fair Meta, and as nobody came with the salad, and she longed to taste it, she said, "I don't know where the salad can be." Then he thought something must have happened, and said, "I will go into the kitchen and see." And as he went he saw two asses in the court running about, and the salad lying on the ground. "All right!" said he; "those two have had their share." Then he took up the rest of the leaves, laid them on the dish, and brought them to the young lady, saying, "I bring you the dish myself, that you may not wait any longer." So she ate of it, and, like the others, ran off into the court braying away.

Then Peter the huntsman washed his face and went into the court, that they might know him. "Now you shall be paid for your roguery," said he, and tied them all three to a rope, and took them along with him, till he came to a mill, and knocked at the window. "What's the matter?" said the miller. "I have three tiresome beasts here," said the other; "if you will

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take them, give them food and room, and treat them as I tell you, I will pay you whatever you ask." "With all my heart," said the miller; "but how shall I treat them?" Then the huntsman said, "Give the old one stripes three times a-day and hay once; give the next (who was the servant-maid) stripes once a-day and hay three times; and give the youngest (who was the pretty Meta) hay three times a-day and no stripes:" for he could not find it in his heart to have her beaten. After this he went back to the castle, where he found everything he wanted.

Some days after the miller came to him and told him the old ass was dead. "The other two," said he, "are alive and eat; but they are so sorrowful that they cannot last long." Then Peter pitied them, and told the miller to drive them back to him; and when they came, he gave them some of the good salad to eat.

The moment they had eaten, they were both changed into their right forms, and poor Meta fell on her knees before the huntsman and said, "Forgive me all the ill I have done thee; my mother forced me to it, and it was sorely against my will, for I always loved you well. Your wishing-cloak hangs up in the closet; and as for the bird's heart, I will give you that too." But Peter said, "Keep it; it will be just the same thing in the end, for I mean to make you my wife."

So Meta was very glad to come off so easily; and they were married, and lived together very happily till they died.

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HEADS OFF.*

THERE was once a merchant who had only one child, a son, that was very young, and barely able to run alone. He had two richly-laden ships then making a voyage upon the seas, in which he had embarked all his wealth, in the hope of making great gains, when the news came that both were lost. Thus from being a rich man he became all at once so very poor that no-

* "Der König vom Goldenen Berg" of Grimm; from Zwehrn and other quarters. There are many remarkable features in this story, more especially its striking resemblance to the story of Sigurd or Siegfred, as it is to be collected from the *Edda*, the *Volsunga Saga*, *Wilkina Saga*, the *Niebelungen Lied*, and the popular tale of *The Horny Siegfred*. It is neatly abridged in Herbert's *Misc. Poetry*, vol. ii. part ii. p. 14. The placing upon the waters; the arrival at the castle of the dragon or snake; the treasures there; the disenchantment of Brynhilda (see our tale of Rose-bud); the wishing-ring; the gift of the ring or girdle; the separation, from which jealousy and mischief are to flow; the disguise of the old cloak, which we can easily believe to have been a genuine tarn-cap; the encountering of the discordant guardians of the treasures, as in the *Niebelungen Lied;* the wonderful sword Balmung or Mimung;

"(Thro' hauberk as thro' harpelon
The smith's son's swerd shall hew;)"*

the boots "once worn by Loke when he escaped from Valhalla;" and the ultimate revenge;—are all points more or less coincident with adventures well known to those who have made the old fables of the North the objects of their researches. It should be recollected, however, that both the cap of invisibility and the boots of swiftness are to be found in the *Relations of Ssidi Kur*. The Hungarian tales published by Georg von Gaal, Vienna, 1822, contain one very similar to this in many particulars. Three dwarfs are there the inheritors of the wonderful treasures, which consist of a cloak, mile-shoes, and a purse which is always full.

* "Ettin Langshanks," translated from the *Kämpe Visir* in the *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*.

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thing was left to him but one small plot of land; and there he often went in an evening to take his walk, and ease his mind of a little of his trouble.

One day, as he was roaming along in a brown study, thinking with no great comfort on what he had been, and what he now was, and was like to be, all on a sudden there stood before him a little rough-looking black dwarf. "Prithee, friend, why so sorrowful?" said he to the merchant; "what is it you take so deeply to heart?" "If you could do me any good I would willingly tell you," said the merchant. "Who knows but I may?" said the little man: "tell me what ails you, and perhaps you will find I may be of some use." Then the merchant told him how all his wealth was gone to the bottom of the sea, and how he had nothing left but that little plot of land. "Oh! trouble not yourself about that," said the dwarf; "only undertake to bring me here, twelve years hence, whatever meets you first on your going home, and I will give you as much gold as you please." The merchant thought this was no great thing to ask; that it would most likely be his dog, or his cat, or something of that sort, but forgot his little boy Heinel: so he agreed to the bargain, and signed and sealed the bond, to do what was asked of him.

But as he drew near home, his little boy was so glad to see him that he crept behind him, and laid fast hold of his legs, and looked up in his face and laughed. Then the father started, trembling with fear and horror, and saw what it was that he had bound himself to do; but as no gold was come, he made himself easy, by thinking that it was only a joke that the dwarf was

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playing him, and that, at any rate, when the money came, he should see the bearer, and would not take it in.

About a month afterwards he went up stairs into a lumber-room to look for some old iron, that he might sell it and raise a little money; and there, instead of his iron, he saw a large pile of gold lying on the floor. At the sight of this he was overjoyed, and forgetting all about his son, went into trade again, and became a richer merchant than before.

Meantime little Heinel grew up, and as the end of the twelve years drew near the merchant began to call to mind his bond, and became very sad and thoughtful; so that care and sorrow were written upon his face. The boy one day asked what was the matter, but his father would not tell for some time; at last, however, he said that he had, without knowing it, sold him for gold to a little, ugly-looking, black dwarf, and that the twelve years were coming round when he must keep his word. Then Heinel said, "Father, give yourself very little trouble about that; I shall be too much for the little man."

When the time came, the father and son went out together to the place agreed upon: and the son drew a circle on the ground, and set himself and his father in the middle of it. The little black dwarf soon came, and walked round and round about the circle, but could not find any way to get into it, and he either could not, or dared not, jump over it. At last the boy said to him, "Have you anything to say to us, my friend, or what do you want?" Now Heinel had found a friend in a good fairy, that was fond of him, and had told him what to do; for this fairy knew what

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good luck was in store for him. "Have you brought me what you said you would?" said the dwarf to the merchant. The old man held his tongue, but Heinel said again, "What do you want here?" The dwarf said, "I come to talk with your father, not with you." "You have cheated and taken in my father," said the son; "pray give him up his bond at once." "Fair and softly," said the little old man; "right is right. I have paid my money, and your father has had it, and spent it; so be so good as to let me have what I paid it for." You must have my consent to that first," said Heinel; "so please to step in here, and let us talk it over." The old man grinned, and showed his teeth, as if he should have been very glad to get into the circle if he could. Then at last, after a long talk, they came to terms. Heinel agreed that his father must give him up, and that so far the dwarf should have his way: but, on the other hand, the fairy had told Heinel what fortune was in store for him, if he followed his own course; and he did not choose to be given up to his hump-backed friend, who seemed so anxious for his company.

So, to make a sort of drawn battle of the matter, it was settled that Heinel should be put into an open boat, that lay on the sea-shore hard by; that the father should push him off with his own hand, and that he should thus be set adrift, and left to the bad or good luck of wind and weather. Then he took leave of his father, and set himself in the boat; but before it got far off a wave struck it, and it fell with one side low in the water so the merchant thought that poor Heinel was lost, and went home very sorrowful, while the

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dwarf went his way, thinking that any rate he had had his revenge.

The boat, however, did not sink, for the good fairy took care of her friend, and soon raised the boat up again, and it went safely on. The young man sat safe within, till at length it ran ashore upon an unknown land. As he jumped upon the shore he saw before him a beautiful castle, but empty and dreary within, for it was enchanted. "Here," said he to himself, "must I find the prize the good fairy told me of." So he once more searched the whole palace through, till at last he found a white snake, lying coiled up on a cushion in one of the chambers.

Now the white snake was an enchanted princess; and she was very glad to see him, and said, "Are you at last come to set me free? Twelve long years have I waited here for the fairy to bring you hither as she promised, for you alone can save me. This night twelve men will come: their faces will be black, and they will be dressed in chain armour. They will ask what you do here, but give no answer; and let them do what they will, beat, whip, pinch, prick, or torment you, bear all; only speak not a word, and at twelve o'clock they must go away. The second night twelve others will come: and the third night twenty-four, who will even cut off your head; but at the twelfth hour of that night their power is gone, and I shall be free, and will come and bring you the water of life, and will wash you with it, and bring you back to life and health." And all came to pass as she had said; Heinel bore all, and spoke not a word; and the third night the princess came, and fell on his neck and kissed

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him. Joy and gladness burst forth throughout the castle, the wedding was celebrated, and he was crowned king of the Golden Mountain.

They lived together very happily, and the queen had a son. And thus eight years had passed over their heads, when the king thought of his father; and he began to long to see him once again. But the queen was against his going, and said, "I know well that misfortunes will come upon us if you go." However, he gave her no rest till she agreed. At his going away she gave him a wishing-ring, and said, "Take this ring, and put it on your finger, whatever you wish it will bring you: only promise never to make use of it to bring me hence to your father's house." Then he said he would do what she asked, and put the ring on his finger, and wished himself near the town where his father lived.

Heinel found himself at the gates in a moment; but the guards would not let him go in, because he was so strangely clad. So he went up to a neighbouring hill, where a shepherd dwelt, and borrowed his old frock, and thus passed unknown into the town. When he came to his father's house, he said he was his son; but the merchant would not believe him, and said he had had but one son, his poor Heinel, who he knew was long since dead; and as he was only dressed like a poor shepherd, he would not even give him anything to eat. The king, however, still vowed that he was his son, and said, "Is there no mark by which you would know me if I am really your son?" "Yes," said his mother, "our Heinel had a mark like a raspberry on his right arm." Then he showed them the mark, and they knew that what he had said was true.

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He next told them how he was king of the Golden Mountain, and was married to a princess, and had a son seven years old. But the merchant said, "That can never be true; he must be a fine king truly who travels about in a shepherd's frock!" At this the son was vexed; and forgetting his word, turned his ring, and wished for his queen and son. In an instant they stood before him; but the queen wept, and said he had broken his word, and bad luck would follow. He did all he could to soothe her, and she at last seemed to be appeased; but she was not so in truth, and was only thinking how she should punish him.

One day he took her to walk with him out of the town, and showed her the spot where the boat was set adrift upon the wide waters. Then he sat himself down, and said, "I am very much tired; sit by me, I will rest my head in your lap, and sleep awhile." As soon as he had fallen asleep, however, she drew the ring from his finger, and crept softly away, and wished herself and her son at home in their kingdom. And when he awoke he found himself alone, and saw that the ring was gone from his finger. "I can never go back to my father's house," said he, "they would say I am a sorcerer: I will journey forth into the world, till I come again to my kingdom."

So saying, he set out and travelled till he came to a hill, where three giants were sharing their father's goods; and as they saw him pass, they cried out and said, "Little men have sharp wits; he shall part the goods between us." Now there was a sword, that cut off an enemy's head whenever the wearer gave the words, "Heads off!" a cloak, that made the owner

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invisible, or gave him any form he pleased; and a pair of boots, that carried the wearer wherever he wished. Heinel said they must first let him try these wonderful things, then he might know how to set a value upon them. Then they gave him the cloak, and he wished himself a fly, and in a moment he was a fly. "The cloak is very well," said he; "now give me the sword." "No," said they; "not unless you undertake not to say, 'Heads off!' for if you do, we are all dead men." So they gave it him, charging him to try it only on a tree. He next asked for the boots also; and the moment he had all three in his power, he wished himself at the Golden Mountain; and there he was at once. So the giants were left behind, with no goods to share or quarrel about.

As Heinel came near his castle he heard the sound of merry music; and the people around told him that his queen was about to marry another husband. Then he threw his cloak around him, and passed through the castle-hall, and placed himself by the side of his queen, where no one saw him. But when anything to eat was put upon her plate, he took it away and ate it himself; and when a glass of wine was handed to her, he took it and drank it: and thus, though they kept on giving her meat and drink, her plate and cup were always empty.

Upon this fear and remorse came over her, and she went into her chamber alone, and sat there weeping; and he followed her there. "Alas!" said she to herself, "was I not once set free? why then does this enchantment still seem to bind me?"

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"False and fickle one!" said he, "one indeed came who set thee free, and he is now near thee again; but how have you used him? ought he to have had such treatment from thee?" Then he went out and sent away the company, and said the wedding was at an end, for that he was come back to the kingdom. But the princes, and peers, and great men mocked at him. However, he would enter into no parley with them, but only asked them whether they would go in peace, or not. Then they turned upon him and tried to seize him; but he drew his sword: "Heads off!" cried he: and with the word, the traitors' heads fell before him, and Heinel was once more king of the Golden Mountain.



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